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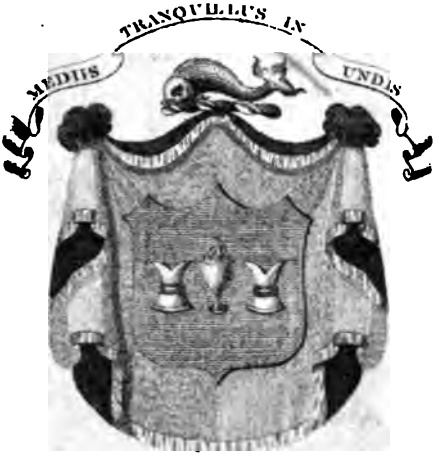

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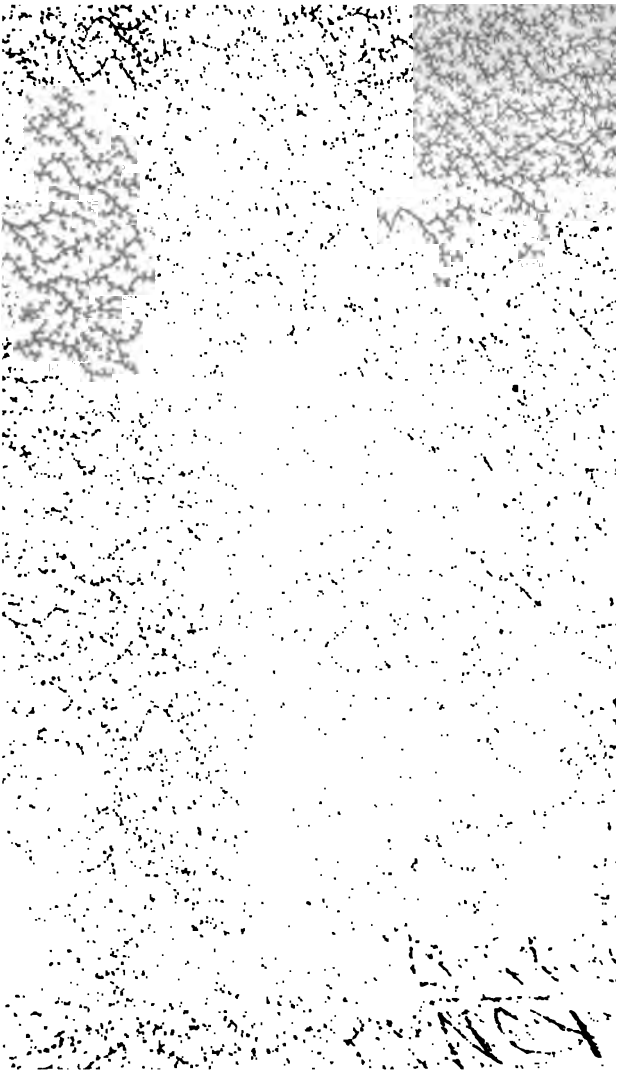

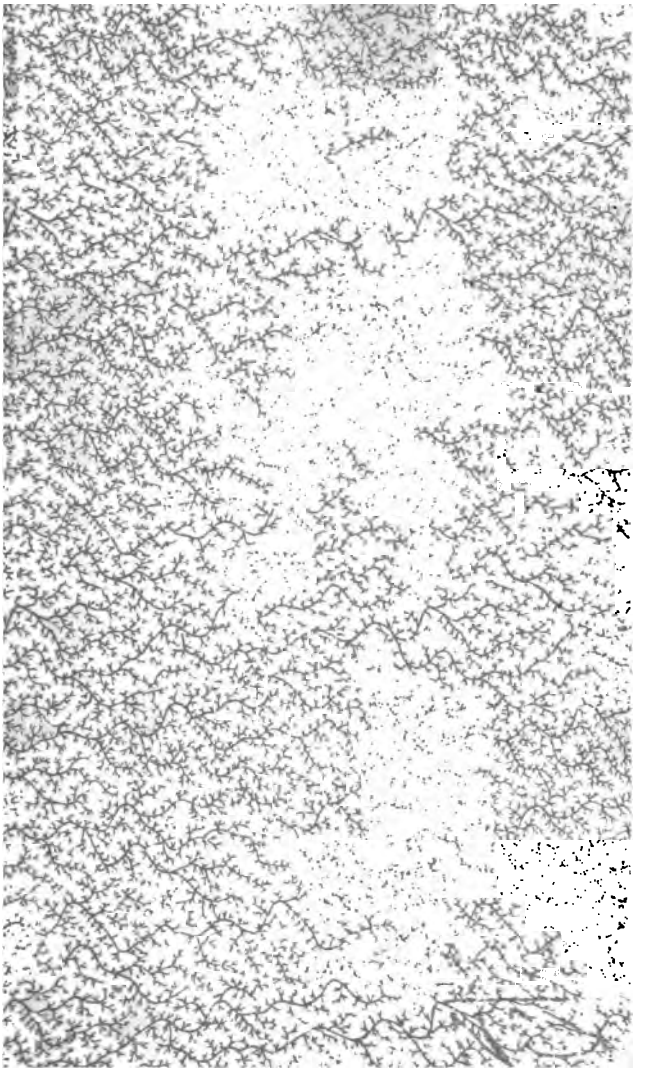

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No. 105. THURSDAY, JANUARY 2, 1755.

As I am desirous of beginning the new year well, I shall devote this paper to the service of my fair countrywomen, for whom I have so tender a concern, that I examine into their conduct with a kind of parental vigilance and affection. I sincerely wish to approve, but at the same time am determined to admonish and reprimand, whenever, for their sakes, I may think it necessary. I will not, as far as in me lies, suffer the errors of their minds to disgrace those beautiful dwellings in which they are lodged; nor will I, on the other hand, silently and quietly allow the affectation and abuse of their persons to reflect contempt and ridicule upon their understandings.

Native artless beauty has long been the peculiar distinction of my fair fellow-subjects. Our poets have long sung their genuine lilies and roses, and our painters have long endeavoured, though in vain, to imitate them: beautiful nature mocked all their art. But I am now informed by persons of unquestioned truth and sagacity, and indeed I have observed but too many instances of it myself, that a great number of those inestimable originals, by a strange inversion of things, give the lie to their poets, and servilely copy their painters; degrading and disguising themselves into worse copies of bad copies of themselves. It is even whispered about town of that excellent artist, Mr. Liotard, that he lately

refused a fine woman to draw her picture, all that he never copied any body's works but hi and GOD ALMIGHTY'S.

I have taken great pains to inform myself growth and extent of this heinous crime o *painting*; (I had almost given it a harder n and I am sorry to say, that I have found it extremely epidemical. The present state of its several degrees, appears to be this.

The inferior class of women, who always ap betters, make use of a sort of rough-cast, liti perior to the common lath and plaster, which very cheap, and can be afforded out of the profits of the evening.

The class immediately above these, paint sionally, either in size or oil, which at sixpen foot square, comes within a moderate week lowance.

The generality of women of fashion make a superfine stucco, or plaster of Paris highly g which does not require a daily renewal, and with some slight occasional repairs, last as l their curls, and stand a pretty strong collision

As for the transcendent and divine pearl p with an exquisite varnish superinduced to fix is by no means common, but is reserved for not only of the first rank, but of the most derable fortunes; it being so very costly, tha pin-monies can keep a face in it, as a face o dition ought to be kept. Perhaps the same n of pearls *whole*, might be more acceptable to lovers, than in powder upon the lady's face.

I would now fain undeceive my fair country-w of an error, which, gross as it is, they too fond tertain. They flatter themselves that this ar is not discoverable, or distinguishable from *white*. But I beg leave to assure them, that

ever well prepared the colour may be, or however skilful the hand that lays it on, it is immediately discovered by the eye at a considerable distance, and by the nose upon a nearer approach; and I overheard the other day at the coffee-house captain Phelim M'Manus complaining, that when warm upon the face it had the most nauseous taste imaginable. Thus offensive to three of the senses, it is not, probably, very inviting to a fourth.

Talking upon this subject lately with a friend, he said, that in his opinion, a woman who painted white, gave the public a pledge of her chastity, by fortifying it with a wall, which she must be sure that no man would desire either to batter or scale. But I confess I did not agree with him as to the motive, though I did as to the consequences; which are, I believe, in general, that they lose both *operam et oleum*. I have observed that many of the sagacious landlords of this great metropolis who let lodgings, do at the beginning of the winter new vamp, paint, and stucco the fronts of their houses, in order to catch the eyes of passengers, and engage lodgers. Now to say the truth, I cannot help suspecting that this is rather the real motive of my fair countrywomen, when they thus incrust themselves. But alas! those outward repairs will never tempt people to *inquire within*. The cases are greatly different; in the former they both adorn and preserve, in the latter they disgust and destroy.

In order therefore to put an effectual stop to this enormity, and save, as far as I am able, the native carnations, the eyes, the teeth, the breath, and the reputations of my beautiful fellow-subjects, I here give notice, that if after one calendar month from the date hereof (I allow that time for the consumption of stock in hand) I shall receive any authentic testimonies (and I have my spies abroad) of this

sophistication and adulteration of the fairest works of nature, I am resolved to publish at full length the names of the delinquents. This may perhaps at first sight seem a bold measure; and actions of scandal and defamation may be thought of: but I go upon safe ground; for before I took this resolution, I was determined to know all the worst possible consequences of it to myself, and therefore consulted one of the most eminent council in England, an old acquaintance and friend of mine, whose opinion I shall here most faithfully relate.

When I had stated my case to him as clearly as I was able, he stroaked his chin for some time, picked his nose, and hemmed thrice, in order to give me his very best opinion. 'By publishing the names at full length in your paper, I humbly conceive,' said he, 'that you avoid all the troublesome consequences of *innuendo's*. But the present question, if I apprehend it aright, seems to be, whether you may thereby be liable to any other action, or actions, which, for brevity sake, I will not here enumerate. Now by what occurs to me off-hand, and without consulting my books, I humbly apprehend that no action will lie against you; but on the contrary I do conceive, and indeed take upon me to affirm, that you may proceed against these criminals, for such I will be bold to call them, either by action or indictment: the crime being of a public and a heinous nature. Here it is not only the *suppressio veri*, which is highly penal, but the *crimen falsi* too. An *action popular*, or of *qui tam*, would certainly lie; but however I should certainly prefer an indictment upon the statutes of forgery, 2 Geo. II. cap. 25. and 7 Geo. II. chap. 22. for forgery, I maintain it, it is. The fact, as you well know, will be tried by a jury, of whom one moiety will doubtless be plasterers; so that it will unquestionably be found.' Here my

council paused for some time, and hemmed pretty often; however I remained silent, observing plainly by his countenance that he had not finished, but was thinking on. In a little time he resumed his discourse, and said, 'All things considered, Mr. Fitz-Adam, I would advise you to bring your indictment upon the *Black Act*, 9 Geo. I. cap. 22. which is a very fine penal statute.' I confess I could not check the sudden impulse of surprize which this occasioned in me; and interrupting him perhaps too hastily, 'What, sir,' said I, 'indict a woman upon the *Black Act* for *painting White*?' Here my council interrupting me in his turn, said with some warmth, 'Mr. Fitz-Adam, Mr. Fitz-Adam, you, like too many others, have not sufficiently considered all the beauty, good sense, and solid reasoning of the law. The law, sir, let me tell you, abhors all refinements, subtleties and quibblings upon words. What is black or white to the law? Do you imagine that the law views colours by the rule of optics? No, God forbid it should. The law makes black white, or white black, according to the rules of justice. The law considers the meaning, the intention, the *quo animo* of all actions, not their external modes. Here a woman disguises her face with white, as the Waltham people did with black, and with the same fraudulent and felonious intention. Though the colour be different, the guilt is the same in the intendment of the law. It is felony without benefit of clergy, and the punishment is death.' As I perceived that my friend had now done, I asked his pardon for the improper interruption I had given him, owned myself convinced, and offered him a fee, which he took by habit, but soon returned, by reflection upon our long acquaintance and friendship.

This I hope will be sufficient to make such of my fair *country-women* as are conscious of their guilt,

seriously consider their danger; though perhaps, from my natural lenity, I shall not proceed against them with the utmost rigour of the law, nor follow the example of the ingenious author of our last musical drama, who strings up a whole row of Penelope's maids of honour. I shall therefore content myself with publishing the names of the delinquents as above-mentioned; but others may possibly not have the same indulgence; and the law is open for all.

I shall conclude this paper with a word or two of serious advice to all my readers of all sorts and sexes. Let us follow nature, our honest and faithful guide, and be upon our guard against the flattering delusions of art. Nature may be helped and improved, but will not be forced or changed. All attempts in direct opposition to her, are attended with ridicule; many with guilt. The woman to whom nature has denied beauty, in vain endeavours to make it by art; as the man to whom nature has denied wit, becomes ridiculous by the affectation of it: they both defeat their own purposes, and are in the case of the valetudinarian, who creates or increases his distempers by his remedies, and dies of his immoderate desire to live.

No. 106. THURSDAY, JANUARY 9, 1755.

Satis Eloquentiæ ——— SALLUST.

HAVING received a letter of a very extraordinary nature, I think myself obliged to give it to the public, though I am afraid many of my readers may object to the terms of art, of which I cannot divest it: but I shall make no apology for what may any

way tend to the advancement of a science, which is now become so fashionable, popular, and flourishing.

Mr. FITZ-ADAM,

As all sorts of persons are at this present juncture desirous of becoming speakers; and as many of them, through the neglect of parents or otherwise, have been totally ungrounded in the first principles or rudiments of rhetoric, I have with great pains and judgment selected such particulars as may most immediately, and without such rudiments, conduce to the perfection of that science, and which, if duly attended to, will teach grown gentlemen to speak in public in so compleat a manner, that neither they nor their audience shall discover the want of an earlier application.

I do not address myself to you like those who correspond with the daily papers, in order to puff off my expeditious method by referring you to the many persons of quality, whom I have taught in four-and-twenty hours; I chuse openly and fairly to submit my plan to your inspection, which will shew you, that I teach rather how to handle antagonists than arguments.

I distinguish what kind of man to cut with a syllogism, and whom to overwhelm with the sorites; whom to ensnare with the crocodile, and whom to hamper in the horns of the dilemma. Against the pert, young, bold asserter, I direct the *argumentum ad verecundiam*. This is frequently the most decisive argument that can be used in a populous assembly. If, for instance, a forward talker should advance that such an ancient poet is dull, you put him at once both to silence and shame, by saying, that Aristotle has commended him. If the dispute be about a Greek word, and he pronounces it to be

inelegant, and never used by any author of credit, you confound him by telling him it is in Aristophanes; and you need not discover that it is in the mouth of a bird, a frog, or a Scythian who talks broken Greek.

To explain my *argumentum ad ignorantiam* (which appears to be of the least use, because it is only to be employed against a *modest man*) let us suppose a person speaking with diffidence of some transaction on the continent: you may ask him with a sneer, Pray, sir, *were you ever abroad?* If he has related a fact from one of our American islands, you may assert he can know nothing of the affairs of that island, *for you were born there;* and to prove his ignorance, ask him *what latitude it is in.*

In loquacious crowds, you will have much more frequent occasions for using my *argumentum ad hominem;* and the minute particulars into which men are led by egotism, will give you great advantages in pressing them with consequences drawn from their supposed principles. You may also take away the force of a man's argument, by concluding from some equivocal expression, that he is a jacobite, a republican, a courtier, a methodist, a freethinker, or a jew. You may fling at his country, or profession: he talks like an apothecary, you believe him to be a tooth-drawer, or know that he is a taylor. This argument might be of great use at the bar in examining witnesses, if the lawyers would not think it inconsistent with the dignity and politeness of their profession.

By this sketch of my plan, you may see that my pupils may most properly be said to study men: and the principal thing I endeavour to teach them from that knowledge, is, the art of discovering the different strength of their competitors, so as to know when *to answer,* and when to lie by. And as I entirely

throw out of my system the *argumentum ad judicium*, which, according to Mr. Locke, 'is the using of proofs drawn from any of the foundations of knowledge,' there will be nothing in my academy that will have the least appearance of a school, and of consequence nothing to make a gentleman either afraid or ashamed of attending it.

Inquire for A. B. at the bar of the Bedford coffee-house.

As the foregoing letter so fully explains itself, I shall take no other notice of it; but in complaisance to my correspondent, shall throw together a few loose observations on our present numerous societies for the propagation of eloquence. And here I cannot but please myself with the reflection, that as dictionaries have been invented, by the help of which those who cannot *study* may learn arts and sciences; here is now found a method of teaching them to those who cannot *read*.

These foundations are instituted in the very spirit of Lycurgus, who discountenanced all written laws, and established in their stead a system of policy called RHETRA, from its being spoken, which he ordered to be the daily subject of discourse, and ordained mixed assemblies for that end, where the young might be taught, by attending to the conversation of the old.

In Turkey, where the majority of the inhabitants can neither write nor read, the charitable care of that considerate people has provided a method of compensating the want of those arts, and even the use of the press, by having a relay of narrators ready to be alternately elevated on a stool in every coffee-house, to supply the office of news-papers and pamphlets to the Turkish quidnuncs and critics.

Speech being the faculty which exalts man above the *rest of the creation*, we may consider eloquence

as the talent which gives him the most distinguis pre-eminence over his own species: and yet Juv makes no scruple to declare, that it would h been better for Cicero, to have been a mere p taster, and for Demosthenes to have worked ur his father as a blacksmith, than to have freque the schools of rhetoric.

Diis ille adversis genitus fatoque sinistro,
Quem pater, ardentis massæ fuligine lippus,
A fornace et forcipibus, gladiosque parante
Incude, ac luteo Vulcano, ad Rhetora misit.

I am glad to find that our blacksmiths and o artisans have a nobler way of thinking, and spirit to do for themselves what the father of Dem thenes did for him. And I see this with the gre pleasure, as I hope I may consider the semina which are daily instituted as rising up in suppor truth, virtue and religion, against the libels of press. It is not to be doubted but that we are on the side of oral argumentation, as no man have the face to utter before witnesses such sha ful doctrines as have too frequently appeared anonymous pamphlets. If it should ever be obje that the frequency of such assemblies may possi in time, produce sophistry, quibbling, immora and scepticism, because this was the case at Ath so famous for its numerous schools of philoso where, as Milton says,

Much of the Soul they talk, but all awry;
And in themselves seek virtue, and to themselves
All glory arrogate, to God *give none:*
Rather accuse him under usual names,
Fortune and Fate:——

I answer, that these false doctrines of God and soul were thus bandied about by a parcel of h thens, blind and ignorant at best, but for the grea

part the most useless, idle and profligate members of the state; and that it is not therefore to be apprehended, in this enlightened age, that men of sober lives, and profitable professions, will run after sophists, to waste their time, and unhinge their faith and opinions. However, as the perverseness of human nature is strange and unaccountable, if I should find these modern schools in any way to contribute to the growth of infidelity or libertinism, I hereby give notice that I shall publicly retract my good opinion of them, notwithstanding all my prepossessions in favour of eloquence.

Though the following letter is written with all the spleen and acrimony of a rival orator, I think myself obliged, from the impartiality I observe to all my correspondents, to give it a place in this paper.

SIR,

As all intruders and interlopers are ever disagreeable to established professions, I am so incensed against some late pretenders to oratory, that though I daily fulminate my displeasure *ex cathedrâ*, I now apply to you for a more extensive proclamation of my resentment.

I have been for many years an ORATOR of the STAGE ITINERANT; and from my earliest youth was bred under the auspices of Apollo, to those two beloved arts of that deity, PHYSIC and ELOQUENCE: not like these pretenders, who betray not only a deficiency of erudition, but also a most manifest want of generosity; a virtue, which our professors have ever boasted. Universal benevolence is our fundamental principle. We raise no poll-tax on our hearers: our words are gratuitous, like the air and light in which they are delivered. I have therefore no jealousy of these mercenary spirits; my audi-

ences have only been led aside by novelty; th will soon grow weary of such extortioners, and r turn to the old stage. But the misfortune is, th these innovations have turned the head of a mo necessary servant of mine, commonly known by tl name of Merry Andrew: and I must confess it giv me a real uneasiness, when one of his wit and par talks of setting up against me.

Yours,

CIRCUMFORANEU

No. 107. THURSDAY, JANUARY 16, 1755.

——Quicquid Græcia mendax
Audet in historiâ —— Juv.

As the French have lately introduced an entir new method of writing history, and as it is to b presumed we shall be as ready to ape them in thi as in all other fashions; I shall lay before the publi a loose sketch of such rules as I have been abl hastily to throw together for present use, till som great and distinguished critic may have leisure t collect his ideas, and publish a more complete an regular system of the modern art of writing history.

For the sake of brevity I shall enter at once upo my subject, and address my instruction to the futur historian.

Remember to prefix a long preface to your his tory, in which you will have a right to say whatev comes into your head: for all that relates to you history may with propriety be admitted, and all tha is foreign to the purpose may claim a place in it, because it is a preface. It will be sufficient there fore if I give you only a hint upon the occasion,

which if you manage with dexterity, or rather audacity, will stand you in great stead.

Be sure you seize every opportunity of introducing the most extravagant commendations of Tacitus; but be careful how you enter too minutely into any particulars you may have heard of that writer, for fear of discovering that you have *only* heard of them. The safest way will be to keep to the old custom of abusing all other historians, and vilifying them in comparison of him. But in the execution of this, let me entreat you to do a little violence to your modesty, by avoiding every insinuation that may set him an inch above yourself.

Before you enter upon the work, it will be necessary to divest yourself entirely of all regard for truth. To conquer this prejudice, may perhaps cost you some pains; but till you have effectually overcome it, you will find innumerable difficulties continually obtruding themselves to thwart your design of writing an entertaining history in the modern taste.

The next thing is to find out some shrewd reason for rejecting all such authentic papers as are come to light since the period you are writing of was last considered; for if you cannot cleverly keep clear of them, you will be obliged to make use of them; and then your performance may be called dull and dry; which is a censure you ought as carefully to avoid, as to contend for that famous compliment which was paid the author of the history of Charles the Twelfth, by his most illustrious patron, who is himself an historian, *Plus beau que la verité.*

I am aware of the maxim of Polybius, 'that history void of truth, is an empty shadow.' But the motto of this paper may serve to convict that dogmatist of singularity, by shewing that his own countrymen disavowed his *pretended* axiom even to a proverb.

Though we may allow truth to the first historian of any particular æra, the nature of things requires that truth must gradually recede, in proportion to the frequency of treating the same period; or else the last hand would be absolutely precluded from every advantage of novelty. It is fit therefore that we modernize the maxim of Polybius, by substituting the word WIT in the place of TRUTH; but as all writers are not blessed with a ready store of wit, it may be necessary to lay down some other rules for the compiling of history, in which it is expedient that we avail ourselves of all the artifices which either have been, or may be made use of, to surprize, charm, sadden, or confound the mind of the reader.

In treating of times that have been often written upon, there can be no such thing as absolute novelty; therefore the only method to be taken in such cases, is to give every occurrence a new turn. You may take the side of Philip of Macedon against Demosthenes and the obstinate republicans; and you will have many instances to shew how wantonly whole seas of blood have been shed for the sake of those two infatuating sounds, LIBERTY and RELIGION. It was a lucky hit of an English biographer, that of writing the vindication and panegyric of Richard the third: and I would advise you to attempt something of the same nature. For instance. You may undertake to shew the unreasonableness of our high opinion of queen Elizabeth, and our false notions of the happiness of her government. For as to lives and characters, you have one principal rule to observe; and that is, to elevate the bad, and depreciate the good. But in writing the characters of others, always keep your own (if you have any value for it) in view; and never allow to any great personage a virtue which you either feel the want

, or a notorious disregard for. You may question
e moral character of Socrates, the chastity of
yrus, the constancy of the martyrs, the piety and
ncerity of the reformers, the bravery of Cromwell,
id the military talents of king William; and you
ed never fear the finding authorities to support
ou in any detraction, among the writers of anec-
otes; since Dion Cassius, a grave historian, has
nfidently asserted that Cicero prostituted his
ife, trained up his son in drunkenness, committed
cest with his daughter, and lived in adultery with
erellia.

I come next to ornaments; under which head I
nsider sentences, prodigies, digressions, and de-
riptions. On the two first I shall not detain you,
it will be sufficient to recommend a free use of
em, and to be new, if you can. Of digressions
ou may make the greatest use, by calling them to
our aid whenever you are at a fault. If you want
swell your history to a folio, and have only mat-
r for an octavo (suppose, for example, it were the
ory of Alexander), you may enter into an inquiry
what that adventurer would have done, if he had
t been poisoned; whether his conquests, or Kouly
han's, were the most extraordinary: what would
ve been the consequence of his marching west-
ard; and whether he would have beat the duke of
arlborough. You may also introduce in this place
dissertation upon fire-arms, or the art of fortifi-
tion. In descriptions, you must not be sparing,
t outgo every thing that has been attempted be-
re you. Let your battles be the most bloody,
our sieges the most obstinate, your castles the most
pregnable, your commanders the most consum-
ate, and their soldiers the most intrepid. In de-
ribing a sea-fight, let the enemy's fleet be the
ost numerous, and their ships the largest that ever

were known. Do not scruple to burn a thousand ships, and turn their crews half-scorched into the sea; there let them survive a while by swimming, that you may have an opportunity of jamming them between their own and the enemy's vessels: and when you have gone through the dreadful distresses of the action, conclude by blowing up the admiral's own ship, and scattering officers of great birth and bravery in the air. In the sacking of a town, murder all the old men and young children in the cruellest manner, and in the most sacred retreats. Devise some ingenious insults on the modesty of matrons. Ravish a great number of virgins, and see that they are all in the height of beauty and purity of innocence. When you have fired all the houses, and cut the throats of ten times the number of inhabitants they contained, exercise all manner of barbarity on the dead bodies. And that you may extend the scene of misery, let some escape, but all naked. Tear their uncovered limbs; cut their feet for want of shoes; harden the hearts of the peasants against them, and arm the elements with unusual rigour for their persecution: drench them with rain, benumb them with frost, and terrify them with thunder and lightning.

If in writing voyages and travels you have occasion to send messengers through an uninhabited country, do not be over-tender or scrupulous how you treat them. You may stop them at rivers, and drown all their servants and horses: infest them with fleas, lice, and musquitoes, and when they have been eaten sufficiently with these vermin, you may starve them to a desire of eating one another; and if you think it will be an ornament to your history, e'en cast the lots, and set them to dinner. But if you do this, you must take care that the savage chief to whom they are sent, does not treat them

with man's flesh; because it will be no novelty: I would rather advise you to alter the bill of fare to an elephant, a rhinoceros, or an alligator. The king and his court will of course be drinking out of human skulls; but what sort of liquor you must fill them with, to surprize an European, I must own I cannot conceive. In treating of the Indian manners and customs, you may make a long chapter of their conjuring, their idolatrous ceremonies, and superstitions; which will give you a fair opportunity of saying something smart on the religion of your own country. On their marriages you cannot dwell too long; it is a pleasing subject, and always, in those countries, leads to polygamy, which will afford occasion for reflections moral and entertaining. When your messengers have their audience of the king, you may as well drop the business they went upon, and take notice only of his civilities and politeness in offering to them the choice of all the beauties of his court; by which you will make them amends for all the difficulties you have led them into.

I cannot promise you much success in the speeches of your savages, unless it were possible to hit upon some bolder figures and metaphors than those which have been so frequently used. In the speeches of a civilized people, insert whatever may serve to display your own learning, judgment, or wit; and let no man's low extraction be a restraint on the advantages of your education. If in an harangue of Wat Tyler, a quotation from the classics should come in pat, or in a speech of Muley Moluch a sentence from Mr. Locke, let no consideration deprive your history of such ornaments.

To conclude, I would advise you in general not to be sparing of your speeches, either in number or length: and *if you* also take care to add a proper

quantity of reflections, your work will be greedily bought up by all members of oratories, reasoning societies, and other talkative assemblies of this most eloquent metropolis.

No. 108. THURSDAY, JANUARY 23, 1755.

Hoc est Romæ decedere? Quos ego hominis effugi, cum in hos incidi?
CICERO ad ATTICUM.

I HAVE generally observed when a man is talking of his country-house, that the first question usually asked him is, 'Are you in a good neighbourhood?' From the frequency of this inquiry one would be apt to imagine that the principal happiness of a country life was generally understood to result from the neighbourhood: yet whoever attends to the answer commonly made to this question, will be of a contrary opinion. Ask it of a lady, and you will be sure to hear her exclaim, 'Thank God! we have no neighbours!' which may serve to convince you that you have paid your court very ill, in supposing that a woman of fashion can endure the insipid conversation of a country neighbourhood. The man of fortune considers every inferior neighbour as an intruder on his sport, and quarrels with him for killing that game, with which his very servants are cloyed. If his neighbour be an equal, he is of consequence more averse to him, as being in perpetual contest with him as a rival. His sense of a superior may be learnt from those repeated advertisements, which every body must have observed in the public papers, recommending a house upon sale, for being ten miles distant from a lord. The humourist hides himself from his neighbour; the man of

arrogance despises him; the modest man is afraid of him; and the penurious considers a length of uninhabited fen as the best security for his beef and ale.

If we trace this spirit to its source, we shall find it to proceed partly from pride and envy, and partly from the high opinion that men are apt to entertain of their own little clans or societies, which the living in large cities tends greatly to increase, and which is always accompanied with a contempt for those who happen to be strangers to such societies, and consequently, a general prejudice against the UNKNOWN. The truth of the matter is, that persons UNKNOWN are, for that very reason, persons that we have no desire to KNOW.

A man of a sociable disposition, upon coming into an inn, inquires of the landlord what company he has in the house: the landlord tells him, 'There is a fellow of a college, a lieutenant of a man of war, a lawyer, a merchant, and the captain in quarters;' to which he never fails to add, 'and I dare say, sir, that any of them will be very glad of your company;' knowing that men drink more together than when alone. 'Have you nobody else?' says the guest sullenly. 'We have nobody else, sir.' 'Then get me my supper as fast as you can, and I'll go to bed.' The same behaviour is practised by each of these gentlemen in his turn; and for no other reason, than that none of the company happens to be either of his profession or acquaintance.

But if we look with the least degree of wonder at the manner in which the greatest part of mankind behave to strangers, it should astonish us to see how they treat those whom they are intimately acquainted with, and whom they rank under the sacred titles of neighbours and friends. Yet such is

the malignity of human nature, that the smallest foible, the most venial inadvertency, or the slightest infirmity, shall generally occasion contempt, hatred, or ridicule, in those very persons who ought to be the foremost to conceal or palliate such failings. Death, accident, robbery, and ruin, instead of exciting compassion, are only considered as the great sources of amusement to a neighbourhood. Does any disgrace befal a family? The tongues and pens of all their acquaintance are instantly employed to disperse it through the kingdom. Nor is their alacrity in divulging the misfortunes of a neighbour at all more remarkable than their humanity in accounting for them. They are sure to ascribe every trivial evil to his folly, and every great one to his vices. But these are slight instances of malevolence; your true neighbour's spleen is never effectually roused but by prosperity. An unexpected succession to a large fortune; the discovery of a mine upon your estate; a prize in the lottery; but most of all, a fortunate marriage, shall employ the malice and invention of a neighbourhood for years together.

Envy is ingenious, and will sometimes find out the prettiest conceits imaginable, to serve her purposes: yet it is observable, that she delights chiefly in contradiction. If you excel in any of the elegant arts, she pronounces at once that you have no taste; if in wit, you are dull; if you live in apparent harmony with your wife and family, she is sure you are unhappy; if in affluence or splendor, she knows that you are a beggar. It must indeed be confessed, that envy does meet with great provocations; and there are people in the world, who take extraordinary pains to appear much more happy, rich, virtuous, and considerable, than they really are: but, on the other hand, were they to take equal care to

avoid such appearances, they would not be able absolutely to escape her rancour.

I was entertained last summer by a friend in the country, who seemed to have formed very just ideas of a neighbourhood. This gentleman had a considerable estate left him, which he had little reason to expect; and having no particular passion to gratify, it was indifferent to him how he disposed of this large addition to his income. He had no desire of popularity, but had a very great dislike to an ill name; which made him altogether as anxious to screen himself from detraction, as others are to acquire applause. Some weeks passed away in that common dilemma into which an increase of fortune throws every thinking man, who knows that by hoarding up he must become the aversion, and by squandering the contempt of all his neighbours. But disliking the appearance of parsimony more than extravagancy, he proposed laying out a considerable sum all at once, upon rebuilding his house: but that design was soon over-ruled by the consideration that it would be said he had destroyed a very convenient mansion, for the sake of erecting a showy outside. He next determined to new-model his gardens, from an opinion that he should oblige all sorts of people, by affording bread to the industrious, and pleasant walks to the idle: but recollecting that in the natural beauties of his grounds he had great advantages over the old gardens of his neighbours, and from thence knowing that he must become the object of their spleen and abuse, he laid aside also that invidious design. In the same manner he was obliged to reject every proposal of expence, that might in any way be considered as a monument of superiority; therefore, to avoid the other censure of penuriousness, he resolved at last to procure the best cook that could be had for mo-

ney. From that time he has taken no thought but to equip himself and his attendants in the plainest manner, keeping religiously to the sole expence of a constant good table, and avoiding in that, as well as in every thing else, whatever has the least appearance of ostentation. Thus has he made himself inoffensively remarkable, and, what was the great point of his life, escaped detraction; excepting only that a certain dignified widow, who had been originally house-keeper to her late husband, takes occasion frequently to declare, she does not care to dine with him, because the dishes are so ill served up, and so tasteless, that she can never make a dinner.

I know not how to close this subject more properly, than by sketching out the characters of what are called GOOD and BAD NEIGHBOURS.

A GOOD NEIGHBOUR is one, who having no attention to the affairs of his own family, nor any allotment for his time, is ready to dispose of it to any of his acquaintance, who desire him to hunt, shoot, dance, drink, or play at cards with them: who thinks the civilities he receives in one house no restriction upon his tongue in another, where he makes himself welcome by exposing the foibles or misfortunes of those he last visited, and lives in a constant round of betraying and lessening one family or another.

A BAD NEIGHBOUR is he who retires into the country, from having been fatigued with business, or tired with crowds; who from a punctilio in good breeding, does not shew himself forward in accepting of the visits of all about him, conscious of his love of quiet, and fearing lest he should be thought tardy in his returns of civility. His desire of being alone with his family, procures him the character of reserved and morose; and his candid endeavours to

explain away the malicious turn of a tale, that of contradictory and disagreeable. Thus vindicating every one behind his back, and consequently offending every one to his face, he subjects himself to the personal dislike of all, without making one friend to defend him.

If after this it be asked, what are the duties of neighbourhood? I answer in the words of Mr. Addison, in that incomparable essay of his on the employment of time. 'To advise the ignorant, relieve the needy, comfort the afflicted, are duties that fall in our way almost every day of our lives. A man has frequent opportunities of mitigating the fierceness of a party; of doing justice to the character of a deserving man; of softening the envious, quieting the angry, and rectifying the prejudiced; which are all of them employments suited to a reasonable nature, and bring great satisfaction to the person who can busy himself in them with discretion.'

I have always considered the ninety-third Spectator, from whence the foregoing passage is taken, as the most valuable lesson of that eminent moralist; because a due observance of the excellent plan of life, which he has there delineated, can never fail to make men HAPPY and GOOD NEIGHBOURS.

No. 109. THURSDAY, JANUARY 30, 1755.

To Mr. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

A LONDON gentleman and his lady, who are distant relations, as well as old acquaintance, did my wife and me the favour to spend some days with us last summer in the country. We took the usual methods to make their time pass agreeably; car-

ried them to all the Gothic and Chinese houses in the neighbourhood; and embraced all opportunities of procuring venison, fish, and game for them: which last, by the way, it has been no easy matter to come in for since the association.

At their leaving us, they were so obliging as to say, their visit had gone off very pleasantly, and hoped we would return it, by coming to see them in town. Accordingly, the mornings growing foggy, the evenings long, and this invitation running in our heads, we resolved to accept it: and arriving in town about the middle of November last, we fixed ourselves in lodgings near our friends, intending to breakfast, dine and sup with them, for the most part, during our stay in town. But will you believe me, Mr. Fitz-Adam? we never were more surprized in all our lives, than at receiving a card the morning after our arrival (which I think was the 18th of November) from the lady of the family we came to visit, inviting us to play at cards with her on the 28th of next March. We thought at first that it must be a mistake for the 28th of November; but upon consulting our landlady, she informed us that such invitations were very usual, and that, as we were well acquainted with the family, the lady had probably appointed the first day she was disengaged.

As my wife and I seldom play at cards, except at Christmas, we thought it scarce worth our while to wait for a game till almost Whitsuntide, and therefore very prudently set out the next day for the country; from whence I believe we shall be in no great haste to pay a second visit to our friends in town.

I am, SIR,

Your very humble servant,

HUMPHREY CUBBINS.

Mr. FITZ-ADAM,

I live so much in the world, and so entirely for ıe world, that the very name of your Paper se- ıred me for one of your constant readers. But ;ally if your periodical WORLD continues to con- adict the *beau monde* as much as it has done in vo or three essays relating to us women, I shall ink your sentiments fitter for the man of the IOON, than the man of the WORLD.

A little while ago you were pleased to be ex- emely out of humour at the nakedness of our ecks; and now in your paper N° 105, you are ually offended at our covering our faces. What capricious man you are! I apprehend, sir, that a ertain quantity of nakedness has always been al-)wed us; and I know of no law that confines it to ny particular part of our persons. If therefore we huse to stucco over our faces, you ought in reason) allow us to exhibit a little more of our necks nd shoulders.

Her sagacious majesty, queen Elizabeth, conscious f a bad complexion, and fearing that a brown eck, though right royal, might excite less admira- on than the undignified alabaster of the meanest f her subjects, chose that they should conceal what erself could not equal, under innumerable folds of wn and point: a piece of envious cruelty, which ıotwithstanding your sex have been pleased to ce- brate her as the guardian of English liberty) must ake her appear to ours little better than a tyrant, ır having imprisoned so much British beauty in a ngeon where not the smallest spark of light could eak in upon any part of it. The face indeed was ill left visible by that envious queen, which is at esent almost the only part of our attractions that e have thought proper to cover. You ought erefore to consider, when you find fault with our

open necks, that our faces are plastered over; a instead of complaints against our covered faces, y should rest satisfied with the ample amends make you by our other discoveries.

I am, SIR,

Your true friend, and faithful counsellor,

FARDILL

SIR,

I have with great seriousness and attention re over the WORLD of the 2d of this month, whi shews me my complexion in so very different light from that in which my looking-glass has r presented it, that I should instantly lay aside t roses and lilies I have purchased, and content m self with the skin wherewith nature has thought to cover me, if it were not for a very material co sideration. The truth is, that I am to be marri in a few days to a gentleman, whose fortune above any hopes I could have conceived, while my natural sallowness; and who I find has be principally attracted by the splendor of my cor plexion. But you may depend on my resigning all after the first month of my marriage. You ca not surely, Mr. Fitz-Adam, be so cruel as to deny bride the happiness of the honey-moon: by th time, perhaps, my husband may be pretty indiffere whether I am brown or fair: if not, a change complexion is no cause for a divorce, either by t ancient canons, or the late marriage act; so y know, sir, his approbation is of no great cons quence to

Your constant reader,

MATILD

SIR,

To persuade your sex that black is white h been the darling wish and constant endeavour

ours: but we have never succeeded literally in this art, till we knew how to paint ourselves: I am therefore as much surprized that a man of your sense should expect to make us give up so desirable a power, as that you should wish to do it.

Have not the sex in all ages, both in prose and verse, lamented the short duration of the lilies and roses that bloom on a fair skin? I have seen it set forth in such affecting strains, as have drawn tears from me when a girl of eighteen, from having felt it with all the bitterness of prophetic sadness. Can there be a nobler invention than this, which substitutes so durable a bloom in the place of those transient colours, which fade almost as fast as the flower to which they are compared? This eternal spring of beauty is surely the peculiar blessing of the present age. A man might now reflect without terror on an antediluvian marriage, since his wife after five or six hundred years of wedlock, might be as blooming as on her bridal-day. Time is the greatest enemy to the pleasures of us mortals: how glorious then is the victory, when we can baffle him in a point in which he has hitherto exerted his most cruel tyranny!

I suppose your next attack will be upon the new lustre that our necks have acquired by the same art; an improvement which cannot, in my humble opinion, be too much admired. I remember when women with the whitest necks had such an odious clearness in their skins, that you might almost see the blood circulate through their veins; an amusing spectacle indeed for a philosopher, and such perhaps as might give doctor Harvey the first hint of the discoveries he afterwards made: but surely it could be no very agreeable sight to a person of any delicacy, when compared with the present resplendent white which every neck exhibits. Good flesh

and blood is a phrase very well suited to a milk-maid; but I fancy a woman of fashion would chuse to excite sublimer ideas: and indeed our sex could never so properly assume the title of goddesses, as now that we have laid aside so much of the rustic appearance of mere mortal women.

I am, SIR,

Your humble servant,

BELINDA.

SIR,

I like the intention of your paper upon face-painting so well, that I shall readily comply with it, and return to the complexion that nature has bestowed upon me (which you must know is an olive) if you can persuade others to do the same. But who could bear to be the shade to an assembly, dazzling bright with borrowed lilies, to look like the corner of the moon in an eclipse? Indeed it is impossible for me to bring myself to such an excess of fortitude. An olive is a good sort of complexion for a wit, but a vile one for a beauty; the title for which we women universally long; while that of wit is only the last resource of our vanity, when nature or age denies us all pretensions to the other.

Go on and prosper, Mr. Fitz-Adam; reduce us again to our natural colour, and you shall find I will not be the last, though I cannot bear to be the first that shall comply.

Your most devoted,

OLIVIA BLANCHE.

o. 110. SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 6, 1755.

——Uno avulso non deficit alter
ureus, et simili frondescit virga metallo. VIRG.

OUGH I have studied the ways of men with the
est application for many years, I must ingenu-
confess my inability to dive into the secrets of
particular society, the members of which, by
superior capacities, have hitherto inveloped
selves in an impenetrable cloud of mystery.
y body must have observed, that in all public
s in this kingdom there are swarms of adven-
s, who neither derive any possessions from
dent ancestors, nor are of any profession, yet
figure most splendidly both in the great and
world, to the amazement of all who know
. The only answer I could ever obtain, when
e enquired how Mr. Such-a-one, a member of
ociety lived, was, *The Lord knows.* Which an-
one would think should imply, that HE *who*
h the ravens, and cloatheth the lilies of the field,
hus plentifully provided for them, impercepti-
the eyes of other mortals. But as the lives of
gentlemen seem to claim no such indulgence
Heaven, I should have entertained a very com-
nt opinion of them, if the legislature, by the
l of the witch act, had not taught me to believe
our intercourse with the devil was at an end.
e midst of my doubts, the following letter gave
erfect satisfaction.

To Mr. FITZ-ADAM.

IR,

out ten years ago the public was entertained

with a very fanciful performance, intitled *Hermippus Redivivus, or the Sage's triumph over old age and the grave.* Though the ingenious author modestly sets out with shewing the possibility of a man's extending the span of life to a longer space than he generally now enjoys, by inhaling the salubrious breath of unpolluted virgins; yet by degrees, almost imperceptible to the reader, he slides into the hermetic philosophy, of which he is an enthusiastic admirer, and becomes, before the conclusion of his book, as thorough a believer in the power of the STONE and UNIVERSAL ELIXIR, as if he had been personally present when an adept had made projection. He introduces several most surprising stories concerning philosophers, who being skilled in the arcanum, lived for three or four centuries in the most unimpaired vigour both of mind and body. But as the most enviable state of human felicity is imperfect, though these sages were masters of that omnipotent metal, which can make knaves honest, blockheads wits, and cowards heroes; which yields in the established commerce of the world, all the necessaries, emoluments, and luxuries of life, and almost deifies its possessors, they were frequently necessitated to lead the lives of vagabonds, and to skulk from the observation of mankind in the darkest shades of obscurity.

Among many other surprising stories, he gives an account of a stranger who some time ago resided at Venice. It was very remarkable, he says, that this man, though he lived in the utmost affluence and splendor, was unacquainted with any person belonging to the city before he came thither; that he followed no trade or merchandize: that he had no property in the common funds of the state; nor ever received any remittance from abroad: yet abounded *in wealth,* till an accident, which he relates, drove

him from Italy, from whence he suddenly disappeared, and no mortal ever learnt from what place he came, or whither he went.

If this man was an Hermetic philosopher in possession of the great secret, as the author insinuates, I am inclined to think, from a similarity of circumstances, that we have at this very time a great number of that sect in this metropolis, who, for the good of the nation, make gold at their pleasure. I have had the happiness of an acquaintance with several of these great men, who, without any visible means of livelihood, have shone forth with uncommon lustre for a time, and then, to the regret of crowds of taylors, woollen-drapers, lace-men, mercers, milliners, &c. have suddenly disappeared, and nobody ever knew the place of their retirement. This speedy retreat I attribute to their fears lest the state should discover from what source their wealth arose, and force them by its power to prostitute so sacred and inestimable a science to the destructive views of ambition.

It has been observed of several of these philosophers, that they have pretended to be of some lucrative profession or employment, in order, as is supposed, to shelter themselves from the prying eyes of certain individuals, who are apt, from I know not what old-fashioned notion, to regard very coolly those persons, who being in possession of no lands or chattels by inheritance, are unconnected with society, and do not lend a helping hand in supplying something to the real or imaginary wants of mankind. Many have affected to be thought the heirs of rich uncles or aunts in the country, from whom they were supplied with the comfortable sufficiencies for genteel life: while others have insinuated by their friends, that SOMEBODY has left them SOMETHING SOMEWHERE; and so feigned that they

lived (as honest people phrase it) *by their means.* But before inquiry could be made into those means (if I may have leave to borrow a scripture expression) *they went hence, and were no more seen.*

I remember a few years ago, there was a particular coffee-house about Covent-garden, much frequented by these adepts, which a friend of mine, a man of wit and humour, used ludicrously to call the ANNUAL coffee-house, as the same face was seldom observed to BLOW there a second time. But of late they have been cautious of raising any suspicion by assembling in too great numbers together, and are therefore dispersed through all the coffee-houses in this idle and genteel part of the city.

I would not be understood, from any thing I have said, to infer that none of this respectable sect ever take up their fixed residence in town; for I have known several and their families who have constantly dwelt here, and who, to the astonishment of the whole circle of their acquaintance, have lived for twenty years together in great splendour and luxury, spent every year as much as their original principal fortune amounted to, and still flourish on in the same manner.

Every one in high life must, I dare say, have observed, that no people live so well as those whom the world pronounces to be RUINED. I have known many of those RUINED persons, both peers and commoners, riot in every luxury and extravagance, while the haughty owners of thousands of unmortgaged acres have repined and sickened at their superior enjoyments. In short, such has been my association of ideas of late, that when I hear any man pronounced RUINED, I immediately conclude, by that expression, that he has been admitted by the fraternity into the inestimable secret of the Hermetic philosophy.

But however desirous the possessors of this FIRST SCIENCE may be of appearing to draw their subsistence from the common and vulgar supplies of land, trade, stocks, or professions, rather than have it suspected from whence their mysterious finances arise, yet such numbers now abound of all ranks and conditions, that the government, I am told, begins to entertain an idea, or, as the vulgar phrase it, to have an *inkling* of the matter. Indeed I am greatly surprized that the affair was not found out sooner; for it is mathematically demonstrable, that if Great Britain and Ireland were large enough to hold all the boasted possessions of these nominal landowners, the dominions of his present majesty would exceed the bluster of a Spanish title, and be larger than the four quarters of the globe joined together. But here let me stop, and not endeavour to reveal more of that science, which is destined by fate to remain a secret from all but the truly initiated; lest by farther profane babbling, the present sons of HERMES should take umbrage, and transfer the the unspeakable advantages that accrue to society from their presence, to lands of more faith and less curiosity. I could wish therefore that the administration would suppress farther inquiries about these affairs, and be contented, like honest plain tradesmen, who grow rich they cannot tell how, to receive that inundation of wealth, which flows so unaccountably into the kingdom, without troubling their repose by an over-great solicitude to know the source it springs from; for fear, like fairy favours, the blessing should be snatched from the land, for the unpardonable crime of endeavouring to satisfy a prohibited curiosity.

I am, SIR,

Your most obedient humble Servant,

A. Z.

No. 111. THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 13, 1755.

It is very well known that religion and politics are perfectly understood by every body, as they require neither study nor experience. All people therefore decide peremptorily, though often variously, upon both.

All sects, severally sure of being in the right, intimate, at least, if not denounce, damnation to those who differ from them, in points so clear, so plain, and so obvious. On the other hand, the infidel, not less an enthusiast than any of them (though upon his own principles he cannot damn, because he knows to demonstration that there is no future state) would very gladly hang, as hypocrites or fools, the whole body of believers.

In politics the sects are as various and as warm: and what seems very extraordinary, is, that those who have studied them the most, and experienced them the longest, always know them the least. Every administration is in the wrong, though they have the clue and secret of business in their hands; and not less than six millions of their fellow-subjects (for I only except very young children) are willing and able to discover, censure, reform, and correct their errors, and put them in the right way.

These considerations, among many others, determined me originally not to meddle with religion or politics, in which I could not instruct, and upon which I thought it not decent to trifle.

Entertainment alone must be the object of an humble weekly author of a sheet and a half. A certain degree of bulk is absolutely necessary for a certain degree of dignity either in man or book. A

system of ethics, to be respected as it ought, requires at least a quarto; and even moral essays cannot decently, and with utility, appear in less than a thick octavo. But should I, in my ignoble state of a fugitive sheet and a half, presume with a grave face to censure folly, or with an angry one to lash vice, the porter of every well-bred family in town would have orders to deny me; and I should forfeit my place at the breakfast-table, where now, to my great honour and emolument, I am pretty generally served up. But if by the introduction of that wit and humour, which I believe even my enemies must allow me, I can without offence to the politer part of readers, slide in any useful moral, I will not neglect the opportunity; for I will be witty whenever I can, and instructive whenever I dare; and when my scattered leaves shall, like the Sybils, come to be collected, I believe, I may without vanity assert, that they will be, at least, as good oracles.

But in this design too I am aware of difficulties, little inferior to those which discouraged me from meddling with religion and politics: for every body has wit and humour, and many have more of both than they, or at least their friends, know what to do with. As they are gifts of nature, not to be acquired by art, who is there that thinks himself so disinherited by nature as not to have some share of them? Nay, those (if such there are) who are modest enough to think themselves cut off with a shilling, husband that twelvepence with care, and frugally spend their penny upon occasion, as sly wags, and dry jokers.

In this universal profusion, this prodigious plenty of wit and humour, I cannot help distrusting a little the success, though by no means the merit of my own; for I have interior conviction, that no man in England has so much. But tastes are various, and

the market is glutted. However, I should hope, that my candid readers will have the same regard for my opinion, which they have for most of the opinions they entertain; that is, that they will take it upon trust, especially as they have it *from the gentleman's own mouth.*

The better to take my measures for the future, I have endeavoured to trace the progress and reception of my paper, through the several classes of its readers.

In families of condition, it is first received by the porter, who yawning, just casts his half-open eyes upon it; for it comes out so early as between ten and eleven; but finding neither the politics nor the casualties of the week in it, throws it aside, and takes up in its stead a daily news-paper, in which all those matters are related with truth and perspicuity.

From thence it is sent up to Mrs. Betty, to lay upon the breakfast-table. She receives it in pretty much the same manner, finds it deficient in point of news, and lays it down in exchange for the Daily-Advertiser, where she turns with impatience to the advertisements, to see what invitations are thrown out by single gentlemen of undoubted characters, to agreeable young women of unblemished reputations, to become either their wives or their companions. And, by a prudent forecast, she particularly attends to the premiums so frequently offered, for a fine wholesome breast of milk.

When it is introduced into my lady's dressing-room, it undergoes a severer examination: for if my lord and lady ever meet, it is then and there. The youngest, probably, of the young ladies is appointed to read it aloud, to use her to read at sight. If my lord, who is a judge of wit, as well as of property in the last resort, gives a favourable nod, and says, *it is*

well enough to-day; my lady, who does not care contradict him in trifles, pronounces it to be *charn ing.* But if unfortunately my lord, with an air ‹ distaste, calls it *poor stuff;* my lady discovers it t be *horribly stupid.* The young family are unani mously of opinion, that the name of Adam Fitz· Adam is a very comical one, and inquire into the meaning of the globe in· the frontispiece; by which (if any body could tell them) they might get a pretty notion of geography.

In families of an inferior class, I meet with a fuller, though perhaps not a more favourable trial. My merits and demerits are freely discussed. Some think me too grave, others trifling. The mistress of the house, though she detests scandal, wishes, for example's sake only, that I would draw the characters, and expose the intrigues of the fine folks. The master wonders that I do not give the ministers a rap; and concludes that I receive hush-money. But all agree in saying, facetiously and pleaıantly enough, that the WORLD does not inform hem how the WORLD goes. This is followed by ıany other *bons mots,* equally ingenious, alluding to ıe title of my paper, and worth at least the two·ıce a week that it costs.

In the city (for my paper has made its way to ıt end of the town, upon the supposition of its be- a fashionable one in this) I am received and sidered in a different light. All my general re- tions upon the vices or the follies of the age, by the ladies, supposed to be levelled at par- ar persons, or at least discovered to be very ap- ble to such and such of the QUALITY. They lso thought to be *very pat* to several of their ıeighbours and acquaintance; and shrewd hints kind greatly embellish the conversation of the ıg. The graver and more frugal part of that·

opulent metropolis, who do not themselves buy, but borrow my paper of those who do, complain that, though there is generally room sufficient at the end of the last page, I never insert the price of stocks, nor of goods at Bear-key. And they are every one of them astonished how certain transactions of the court of aldermen on one hand, and of the common-council on the other, can possibly escape my animadversion, since it is impossible that they can have escaped my knowledge.

Such are the censures and difficulties to which a poor weekly author is exposed. However I have the pleasure, and something more than the pleasure, of finding that two thousand of my papers are circulated weekly. This number exceeds the largest that was ever printed even of the Spectators, which in no other respects do I pretend to equal. Such extraordinary success would be sufficient to flatter the vanity of a good author, and to turn the head of a bad one. But I prudently check and stifle those growing sentiments in my own breast, by reflecting upon other circumstances that tend to my humiliation. I must confess that the present fashion of curling the hair has proved exceeding favourable to me: and perhaps the quality of my paper, as it happens to be peculiarly adapted to that purpose, may contribute, more than its merit, to the sale of it. A head that has taken a right French turn, requires, as I am assured, fourscore curls in distinct papers; and those curls must be renewed as often as the head is combed, which is perhaps once a month. Four of my papers are sufficient for that purpose, and amount only to eight pence, which is very little more than what the same quantity of plain paper would cost. Taking it therefore all together, it seems not inconsistent with good œconomy to purchase it at so small a price. This re-

flection might mortify me as an author, but on the other hand, self-love, which is ingenious in availing itself of the slightest favourable circumstances, comforts me with the thought, that, of the prodigious number of daily and weekly papers that are now published, mine is perhaps the only one that is ultimately applied to the head.

No. 112. THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 20, 1755.

A LATE noble author has most justly and elegantly defined CUSTOM to be, *The result of the passions and prejudices of many, and of the designs of a few; the ape of reason, who usurps her seat, exercises her power, and is obeyed by mankind in her stead.*

This definition enables us to account for the various absurd and wicked customs which have severally and successively prevailed in all ages and countries, and also for those which unfortunately prevail in this: for they may all be traced up to *the passions and prejudices of the many, and the designs of a few.*

It is certain, however, that there has not been time when the prerogative of human reason was more freely asserted, nor errors and prejudices more ably attacked and exposed by the best writers, than now. But may not the principle of inquiry and detection be carried too far, or at least made too general? And should not a prudent discrimination of cases be attended to?

A prejudice is by no means necessarily (though generally thought so) an error. On the contrary, it may be a most unquestioned truth, though it be still a prejudice in those, who, without any ex-

amination, take it upon trust, and entertain it by habit.

There are even some prejudices, founded upon error, which ought to be connived at, or perhaps encouraged; their effects being more beneficial to society, than their detection can possibly be.

Human reason, even when improved by knowledge, and undisturbed by the passions, is not an infallible, though it is our best guide: but unimproved by knowledge, and adulterated by passion, it becomes the most dangerous one: constituting obstinate wrong-headedness, and dignifying, nay, almost sanctifying error.

The bulk of mankind have neither leisure nor knowledge sufficient to reason right: why then should they be taught to reason at all? Will not honest instinct prompt, and wholesome prejudices guide them much better than half reasoning?

The power of the magistrate to punish bad, and the authority of those of superior rank to set good examples, properly exerted, would probably be of more diffusive advantage to society, than the most learned theological, philosophical, moral and casuistical dissertations. As for instance:

An honest cobler in his stall, thinks and calls himself a good honest protestant; and, if he lives at the city end of the town, probably goes to his parish church on Sundays. Would it be honest, would it be wise, to say to this cobler, 'Friend, you only think yourself a member of the church of England; but in reality you are not one, since you are only so from habit and prejudice, not from examination and reflection. But study the ablest controversial writers of the popish and reformed churches; read Bellarmine, Chillingworth, and Stillingfleet, and then you may justly call yourself, what in truth you are not now, a protestant.'

Should our mender of shoes follow this advice (which I hope he would not) a useful cobler would most certainly be lost, in a useless polemic, and a scurvy logician.

It would be just the same thing in morals. Our cobler received from his parents that best and shortest of all christian and moral precepts, *do as you would be done by:* he adopted it without much examination, and scrupulously practised it in general, though with some few exceptions perhaps in his own trade. But should some philosopher, for the advancement of truth and knowledge, assure this cobler, 'That his honesty was mere prejudice and habit, because he had never sufficiently considered the relation and fitness of things, nor contemplated the beauty of virtue; but that if he would carefully study the Characteristics, the Moral Philosopher, and thirty or forty volumes more upon that subject, he might then, and not till then, justly call himself an honest man;' what would become of the honesty of the cobler after this useful discovery, I do not know; but this I very well know, that he should no longer be My cobler.

I shall borrow him in two instances more, and then leave him to his honest, useful, homespun prejudices, which half-knowledge and less reasoning will, I hope, never tempt him to lay aside.

My cobler is also a politician. He reads the first news-papers he can get, desirous to be informed of the state of affairs in Europe, and of the street robberies in London. He has not, I presume, analysed the interests of the respective countries of Europe, nor deeply considered those of his own: still less is he systematically informed of the political duties of a citizen and a subject. But his heart and his habits supply those defects. He glows with zeal for the honour and prosperity of old Eng-

land; he will fight for it, if there be occasion, and drink to it perhaps a little too often, and too much. However, is it not to be wished that there were in this country six millions of such honest and zealous, though uninformed citizens?

All these unreflected and unexamined opinions of our cobler, though prejudices in him, are in themselves undoubted and demonstrable truths, and ought therefore to be cherished even in their coarsest dress. But I shall now give an instance of a common prejudice in this country, which is the result of error, and which yet I believe no man in his senses would desire should be exposed or removed.

Our honest cobler is thoroughly convinced, as his forefathers were for many centuries, that one Englishman can beat three Frenchmen; and in that persuasion, he would by no means decline the trial. Now, though in my own private opinion, deduced from physical principles, I am apt to believe that one Englishman could beat no more than two Frenchmen of equal strength and size with himself, I should however be very unwilling to undeceive him of that useful and sanguine error, which certainly made his countrymen triumph in the fields of Poictiers and Crecy.

But there are prejudices of a very different nature from these; prejudices not only founded on original error, but that gave birth and sanction to the most absurd, extravagant, impious and immoral customs.

Honour, that sacred name, which ought to mean the spirit, the supererogation of virtue, is, by custom, profaned, reduced, and shrunk to mean only a readiness to fight a duel upon either a real or an imaginary affront, and not to cheat at play. No vices nor immoralities whatsoever blast this fashion-

able character, but rather, on the contrary, dignify and adorn it: and what should banish a man from all society, recommends him in general to the best. He may, with great honour, starve the tradesmen, who by their industry supply not only his wants, but his luxury. He may debauch his friend's wife, daughter, or sister; he may, in short, undoubtedly gratify every appetite, passion, and interest, and scatter desolation round him, if he be but ready for single combat, and a scrupulous observer of all the moral obligations of a gamester.

These are the prejudices for wit to ridicule, for satire to lash, for the rigour of the law to punish, and (which would be the most effectual of all) for fashion to discountenance and proscribe. And these shall in their turns be the subjects of some future papers.

No. 113. THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 27, 1755.

THE custom of DUELLING is most evidently *the result of the passions of the many, and of the designs of a few;* but here the definition stops; since, far from being *the ape of reason*, it prevails in open defiance of it. It is the manifest offspring of barbarity and folly, a monstrous birth, and distinguished by the most shocking and ridiculous marks of both its parents.

I would not willingly give offence to the politer part of my readers, whom I acknowledge to be my best customers, and therefore I will not so much as hint at the impiety of this practice; nor will I labour to shew how repugnant it is to instinct, reason, and every moral and social obligation, even to the fashionable *fitness of things*. Viewed on the crimi-

nal side, it excites horror; on the absurd side, it is an inexhaustible fund of ridicule. The Guilt has been considered and exposed by abler pens than mine, and indeed ought to be censured with more dignity, than a fugitive weekly paper can pretend to: I shall therefore content myself with ridiculing the Folly of it.

The ancients most certainly have had very imperfect notions of HONOUR, for they had none of DUELLING. One reads, it is true, of murders committed every now and then among the Greeks and Romans, prompted only by interest or revenge, and performed without the least Attic politeness, or Roman urbanity. No letters of gentle invitation were sent to any man to come and have his throat cut the next morning; and we may observe that Milo had not the common decency to give Clodius, the most profligate of men, the most dangerous of citizens, and his own inveterate enemy, an equal chance of destroying him.

This delicacy of sentiment, this refinement of manners, was reserved for the politer Goths, Visigoths, Ostrogoths, Vandals, &c. to introduce, cultivate, and establish. I must confess that they have generally been considered as barbarous nations; and to be sure there are some circumstances which seem to favour that opinion. They made open war upon Learning, and gave no quarter even to the monuments of arts and sciences. But then it must be owned, on the other hand, that upon those ruins, they established the honourable and noble science of HOMICIDE, dignified, exalted, and ascertained TRUE HONOUR, worshipped it as their deity, and sacrificed to it hecatombs of human victims.

In those happy days, HONOUR, that is, single combat, was the great and unerring test of civil *rights, moral* actions, and sound doctrines. It was

d by the church; and the churchmen were
ıally allowed the honour and pleasure of
ve read of many instances of DUELS be-
ſen and Priests. Nay, it was, without ap-
e infallible test of female chastity. If a
, or any lady of distinction, was suspected of
incontinency, some brave champion, who
ımonly privy to, or perhaps the author of it,
ırth in her defence, and asserted her inno-
ith the point of his sword or lance. If by
vity, skill, strength, and courage, he mur-
ıe accuser, the lady was spotless; but if her
ın fell, her guilt was manifest. This heroic
y in defence of the fair, I presume, occa-
hat association of ideas (otherwise seem-
relative to each other) of the BRAVE and
R: for indeed *in those days* it behoved a
ıo had the least regard for her reputation,
: a lover of uncommon activity, strength,
rage. This notion, as I am well assured,
ails in many reputable families about Co-
den, where the BRAVE in the kitchen, are
ithin call of the FAIR in the first or second

ıis summary method of proceeding, the
, the delays, and the expence of the law,
ıided, and the troublesome shackles of the
nocked off; HONOUR ruling in their stead.
e the utility and justice of this method, I
elp mentioning a very extraordinary DUEL
a man of distinction and a dog, in the year
presence of king Charles the fifth of France.
: relation and the print of this DUEL are to
in father Montfaucon.

tleman of the court was supposed to have
d another, who had been missing for some
his suspicion arose from the mute testi-

mony of the absent person's dog, a large Irish greyhound, who with uncommon rage attacked this supposed murderer wherever he met him. As he was a gentleman, and a man of very nice honour (though by the way he really had murdered the man) he could not bear lying under so dishonourable a suspicion, and therefore applied to the king for leave to justify his innocence by single combat with the said dog. The king, being a great lover of justice, granted his suit, ordered lists to be made ready, appointed the time, and named the weapons. The gentleman was to have an offensive club in his hand, the dog a defensive tub to resort to occasionally. The Irish greyhound willingly met this fair inviter at the time and place appointed; for it has always been observable of that particular breed, that they have an uncommon alacrity at single combat. They fought; the dog prevailed, and almost killed the honourable gentleman, who had then the honour to confess his guilt, and of being hanged for it in a few days.

When letters, arts, and sciences revived in Europe, the science of HOMICIDE was farther cultivated and improved. If on the one hand, it lost a little of the extent of its jurisdiction, on the other, it acquired great precision, clearness, and beauty, by the care and pains of the very best Italian and Spanish authors, who reduced it into a regular body, and delighted the world with their admirable codes, digests, pandects, and reports, *della cavalleresca*, in some hundreds of volumes. Almost all possible cases of HONOUR were considered and stated; two-and-thirty different sorts of lies were distinguished; and the adequate satisfaction necessary for each, was with great solidity and precision ascertained. A kick with a thin shoe was declared more injurious to honour (though not so

painful to the part kicked) than a kick with a thick shoe; and in short, a thousand other discoveries of the like nature, equally beneficial to society, were communicated to the world in those voluminous treasures of HONOUR.

In the present degenerate age, these fundamental laws of HONOUR are exploded and ridiculed; and single combat thought a very uncertain, and even unjust decision of civil property, female chastity, and criminal accusations, but I would humbly ask, why? Is not single combat as just a decision of any other thing whatsoever, as it is of veracity, the case to which it is now in a manner confined? I am of opinion that there are more men in the world who lie and fight too, than there are who will lie and not fight; because I believe there are more men in the world who have, than who want courage. But if fighting is the test of veracity, my readers of condition will I hope pardon me, when I say, that my future inquiries and researches after truth, shall be altogether confined to the three regiments of guards.

There is one reason indeed which makes me suspect that a DUEL may not always be the infallible criterion of veracity, and that is, that the combatants very rarely meet upon equal terms. I beg leave to state a case, which may very probably, and not even unfrequently happen, and which yet is not provided for, nor even mentioned in the INSTITUTES OF HONOUR.

A very lean, slender, active young fellow of great HONOUR, weighing perhaps not quite twelve stone, and who has from his youth taken lessons of HOMICIDE from a murder-master, has, or thinks he has, a point of honour to discuss with an unwieldy, fat, middle-aged gentleman, of nice HONOUR likewise, weighing four-and-twenty stone, and who in his youth may *not possibly* have had the same com-

mendable application to the noble science of HOMICIDE. The lean gentleman sends a very civil letter to the fat one, inviting him to come and be killed by him the next morning in Hyde-park. Should the fat gentleman accept this invitation, and waddle to the place appointed, he goes to inevitable slaughter. Now upon this state of the case, might not the fat gentleman, consistent with the rules of HONOUR, return the following answer to the invitation of the lean one?

'SIR,

'I find by your letter that you do me the justice to believe that I have the true notions of honour that become a gentleman; and I hope I shall never give you reason to change your opinion. As I entertain the same opinion of you, I must suppose that you will not desire that we should meet upon very unequal terms, which must be the case were we to meet to-morrow. At present I unfortunately weigh four-and-twenty stone, and I guess that you do not exceed twelve. From this circumstance singly, I am doubly the mark that you are; but besides this, you are active, and I am unwieldy. I therefore propose to you, that from this day forwards, we severally endeavour by all possible means, you to fatten, and I to waste, till we can meet at the medium of eighteen stone. I will lose no time on my part, being impatient to prove to you that I am not quite unworthy of the good opinion which you are pleased to express of,

SIR, *Your very humble servant.*

P. S. I believe it may not be amiss for us to communicate to each other from time to time, our gradations of increase or decrease, towards the desired medium, in which I presume, two or three pounds more or less on either side, ought not to be considered.'

This, among many other cases that I could mention, sufficiently proves, not only the expediency, but the necessity of restoring, revising, and perhaps adding to the practice, rules and statutes of single combat, as it flourished in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. I grant that it would probably make the common law useless; but little, trifling, and private interests ought not to stand in the way of great, public, and national advantages.

No. 114. THURSDAY, MARCH 6, 1755.

THE notion of BIRTH, as it is commonly called and established by custom, is also the manifest result *of the prejudices of the many, and of the designs of a few.* It is the child of Pride and Folly, coupled together by that industrious pander Self-love. It is surely the strongest instance, and the weakest prop of human vanity. If it means any thing, it means a long lineal descent from a founder, whose industry or good fortune, whose merit, or perhaps whose guilt, has enabled his posterity to live useless to society, and to transmit to theirs their pride and their patrimony. However, this extravagant notion, this chimerical advantage, the effect of blind chance, where prudence and option cannot even pretend to have the least share, is that FLY which, by a kind of Egyptian superstition, Custom all over Europe has deified, and at whose tawdry shrine good sense, good manners, and good nature are daily sacrificed.

The vulgar distinction between people of BIRTH and people of NO BIRTH will probably puzzle the critics and antiquarians of the thirtieth or fortieth centuries, when in their judicious or laborious re-

searches into the customs and manners of these present times, they shall have reason to suppose, that in the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries, the island of Great Britain was inhabited by two sorts of people, some BORN, but the much greater number UNBORN. The fact will appear so *incredible*, that it will certainly be *believed;* the only difficulty will be how to account for it; and that, as it commonly does, will engross the attention of the learned. The case of Cadmus's men, will doubtless be urged as a case in point, to prove the possibility of the thing; and the truth of it will be confirmed by the records of the university of Oxford, where it will appear that an unborn person, called for that reason *Terræ Filius*, annually entertained that university with an oration in the theatre.

I therefore take with pleasure this opportunity of explaining and clearing up this difficulty to my remotest successors in the republic of letters, by giving them the true meaning of the several expressions of GREAT BIRTH, NOBLE BIRTH, BIRTH, and NO BIRTH AT ALL.

Great and illustrious BIRTH is ascertained and authenticated by a pedigree carefully preserved in the family, which takes at least an hour's time to unroll, and when unrolled, discloses twenty intermarriages of valiant and puissant Geoffreys and Hildebrands, with as many chaste and pious Blaunches and Mauds, before the conquest, not without here and there a dash of the Plantagenets. But if unfortunately the insolent worms should have devoured the pedigree as well as the persons of the illustrious family, that defect may be supplied by the authentic records of the herald's office, that inestimable repository of good sense and useful knowledge. If this GREAT BIRTH is graced with a peerage, so

much the better; but if not, it is no great matter; for being so solid a good in itself, it wants no borrowed advantages, and is unquestionably the most pleasing sentiment that a truly generous mind is capable of feeling.

NOBLE BIRTH implies only a peerage in the family. Ancestors are by no means necessary for this kind of birth; the patent is the midwife of it, and the very first descent is noble. The family arms, however modern, are dignified by the coronet and mantle; but the family livery is sometimes, for very good reasons, laid aside.

BIRTH, singly, and without an epithet, extends, I cannot positively say how far, but negatively, it stops where useful arts and industry begin. Merchants, tradesmen, yeomen, farmers, and ploughmen, are not BORN, or at least, in so mean a way as not to deserve that name; and it is perhaps for that reason that their mothers are said to be *delivered*, rather than *brought to bed* of them. But baronets, knights, and esquires have the honour of being BORN.

I must confess that before I got the key to this fashionable language, I was a good deal puzzled myself with the distinction between BIRTH, and NO BIRTH; and having no other guide than my own weak reason, I mistook the matter most grossly. I foolishly imagined that *well-born*, meant born with a sound mind in a sound body; a healthy, strong constitution, joined to a good heart and a good understanding. But I never suspected that it could possibly mean the shrivelled tasteless fruit of an old genealogical tree. I communicated my doubts, and applied for information to my late worthy and curious friend, the celebrated Mrs. Kennon, whose valuable collection of fossils and minerals lately sold, sufficiently proves her skill and researches in the most recondite parts of nature. *She, with that* frankness and humanity

which were natural to her, assured me that it was all a vulgar error, in which however the nobility and gentry prided themselves: but that in truth she had never observed the children of the quality to be wholesomer and stronger than others, but rather the contrary; which difference she imputed to certain causes, which I shall not here specify. This natural (and, I dare say, to the best of her observation, true) account confirmed me in my former philosophical error. But still not thoroughly satisfied with it, and thinking that there must be something more in what was so universally valued, I determined to get some farther information, by addressing myself to a person of vast, immense, prodigious BIRTH, and descended *atavis regibus*, with whom I have the honour of being acquainted. As he expatiates willingly upon that subject, it was very easy for me to set him a going upon it, insomuch, that upon some few doubts which I humbly suggested to him, he spoke to me in the following manner:

'I believe, Mr. Fitz-Adam, You are not (for nobody is) ignorant of the antiquity of my family, which by authentic records I can trace up to king Alfred, some of whose blood runs at this moment in my veins; and I will not conceal from you that I find infinite inward comfort and satisfaction in that reflection. Let people of NO BIRTH laugh as much as they please at these notions; they are not imaginary; they are real; they are solid; and whoever is WELL BORN, is glad that he is so. A merchant, a tradesman, a yeoman, a farmer, and such sort of people, may perhaps have common honesty and vulgar virtues; but take my word for it, the more refined and generous sentiments of honour, courage, and magnanimity, can only flow in ancient and noble blood. What shall animate a tradesman or

mean-born man to any great and heroic virtues? Shall it be the examples of his ancestors? He has none. Or shall it be that impure blood that rather stagnates than circulates in his veins; No; ANCIENT BIRTH and NOBLE BLOOD are the only true sources of great virtues. This truth appears even among brutes, who we observe never degenerate, except in cases of mis-alliances with their inferiors. Are not the pedigrees of horses, cocks, dogs, &c. carefully preserved, as the never-failing proofs of their swiftness and courage? I repeat it again, BIRTH is an inestimable advantage, not to be adequately understood but by those who have it.'

My friend was going on, and to say the truth, growing dull, when I took the liberty of interrupting him, by acknowledging that the cogency of his arguments, and the self-evidence of his facts, had entirely removed all my doubts, and convinced me of the unspeakable advantages of ILLUSTRIOUS BIRTH; and unfortunately I added, that my own vanity was greatly flattered by it, in consequence of my being lineally descended from the first man. Upon this my friend looked grave, and seemed rather displeased; whether from a suspicion that I was jesting, or upon an apprehension that I meant to *out-descend* him, I cannot determine; for he contented himself with saying, 'That is not a necessary consequence, neither, Mr. Fitz-Adam, since I have read somewhere or other of pre-adamites, which opinion did not seem to me an absurd one.'

Here I took my leave of him, and went home full of reflections upon the astonishing powers of self-love, than can extract comfort and pleasure from such groundless, absurd, and extravagant prejudices. In all other respects my friend is neither a fool nor a madman, and can talk very rationally upon any rational subject. But such is the inconsistency both of the

human mind and the human heart, that one must not form a general judgment of either, from one glaring error, or one shining excellence.

No. 115. THURSDAY, MARCH 13, 1755.

THOUGH it is a general observation, that the actions of mankind commonly begin and end in SELF, yet to an impartial person, who reads over with attention the advertisements in our public papers, it will appear that there are instances of public-spiritedness in the present times, that put to shame every record that can be produced in favour of times past: and though I am sorry to say that these instances are confined to one particular profession of men, yet the benefits that accrue from them are general and universal. Not to keep my readers in suspence, the public-spirited gentlemen I mean, are the *gentlemen of the faculty*, or, as they more modesty call themselves, *the practitioners in physic*. The disinterested zeal with which these gentlemen devote their labours to the good of mankind, ought, I confess, to be celebrated by much abler pens than mine; and happy indeed is it that they themselves seem to think so; and have therefore done that justice to their own merits, which their warmest advocates must have despaired of doing for them.

The most illustrious Doctor De CORTESE, physician of the most serene republic of Venice, has abandoned his native country and friends, and with the no less illustrious Doctor TOSCANO, his colleague, has generously taken up his residence in this metropolis, where diseases and death fly before him.

A physician of our own nation challenges the regard of his countrymen, by politely and elegantly setting forth in the daily papers, that 'As nothing is more repugnant to humanity than denying relief to a fellow creature in misery, applause surely is most due to those, who by long study and great application, have extracted a medicine from the vegetable and mineral creation, that infallibly cures, &c.'

The truly disinterested proprietor of *the Old Iron Pear-tree Water and its Salts*, condescends to do himself the justice to acknowledge his great benevolence to mankind, by prefacing his address to the public in the following words, 'That the UNHAPPY may know where to apply for relief, is the full end of this advertisement.'

The *gentleman of much experience in physic*, who has discovered the celebrated LOTION or wash that makes every body beautiful, tells us, '*That for the* CONVENIENCY *of persons of distinction, and the* GENERAL GOOD *of mankind*, it is sold at Mr. Foy's china-shop, opposite St. James's palace.'

Who is there that can read, that does not look with admiration and astonishment on the disinterested benevolence of these truly great persons? But when we consider a still greater instance of public-spiritedness; when we think of that justly celebrated great man and physician, the incomparable Doctor TAYLOR; who, not satisfied with restoring the invaluable blessing of sight to every individual of his blind countrymen, pays his charitable visits to every part of Europe, dealing light and comfort to all nations; where shall we find words to express the ideas we are filled with? It is with great pleasure that I embrace this opportunity of congratulating his holiness the Pope, and their eminences the Cardinals, on the arrival of that illustrious person at

Rome, of which the Daily Advertiser thus particularly informs us:

'Rome, December the 27th. The CHEVALIER TAYLOR, celebrated medicine-oculist to their imperial majesties, to the kings of Great-Britain, Poland, Sweden, Denmark, and to all the sovereign princes in Europe, arrived a few weeks since in this capital from Muscovy, and the morning after his arrival was presented to his holiness. From the reputation he has acquired here by the success he had with the princesses of Ruspuly, Justinana, and with many other illustrious personages, together with a number extraordinary of the subjects of this country, the Pope has not only been pleased to grant him three different audiences, but has declared him, by patent, medicine-oculist to his person and court: and, to give him yet a greater mark of his favour has caused him to be made Chevalier of his court, to be received as a member of the Roman senate, and fellow of the Roman university. The patents of these dignities, together with all the others he has received from the courts and universities abroad, are in the hands of his son in London. By a list it appears, that the CHEVALIER is now physician-oculist (by patent) to six crowned heads; to near twenty sovereign princes; member of almost all the universities, academies, and societies of the learned in Europe; that he is the author of twenty-four different works that he has wrote himself in different languages, three of which are published in Italian; and to complete all, he was received as a member of the university of Padua, by order of the senate of Venice, with distinct approbation from the famous professor Morgagni: and this crowned by the dignities he has received from the court and senate of Rome. The CHEVALIER will direct his

course through Italy, where he will end his tour through all Europe.'

I have transcribed the whole of this advertisement (which possibly may not appear to be quite as accurately worded as if drawn up by the Doctor himself) because I am desirous of rescuing from a perishable news-paper the authentic records of the dignities and honours of the CHEVALIER TAYLOR. I cannot conceal from my readers that I have one melancholy thought upon this occasion; it is, that as most of these high honours have been conferred upon the CHEVALIER by the catholic princes, and particularly by his holiness the Pope, it is greatly to be feared that from a principle of gratitude, the CHEVALIER may possibly have made them a compliment of his protestant faith. If my apprehensions of this event are groundless, how ought we to rejoice that such distinguished titles are bestowed, even by the enemies of our religion, upon one of our own countrymen!

Indeed as the principal blessing of life is health, it is no wonder that princes and great men are so ready to reward with honours all those who are the insurers of it: and it is with no small satisfaction that I see those eminent physicians, Doctor ROCK, Doctor WEST, together with a long *et cætera* of doctors, who content themselves with publishing their merits without their names, offering their several specifics to the public, under a patent from the crown.

But it is the disinterested spirit of these great persons, and not their honours, that I am at present celebrating: and I take shame to myself, that as an author, and consequently a physician of the mind, I have been less careful in setting forth either the excellency of my labours, or in extending them as I ought to have done to all sorts of people. I had never considered till very lately, that the paper of the

WORLD, though it cost no more than two-pence, and is published but once a week, yet when continued to a hundred thousand numbers, or perhaps to the end of time (for I have taken care that the secret of writing it shall not die with me) must be too heavy a tax on the generations of the poor. From a due consideration of this weighty affair, and influenced thereto by the noble and disinterested spirit of my brethren the doctors, I have directed my good friend Mr. Dodsley to bind up in three neat pocket volumes the aggregate of these my labours, for the years one thousand seven hundred fifty-three, and one thousand seven hundred fifty-four; and to distribute the said volumes among all the booksellers of this great metropolis, to be sold by them to-morrow and for ever at so small a price as three shillings a volume. And I have the pleasure of declaring, with equal truth with the proprietor of the Old Iron Pear-tree Water and its Salts, *that to relieve the* UNHAPPY *is the full end of this publication.*

For the great utility of these incomparable volumes, I might refer the reader to the praises I have almost every where bestowed upon them in the volumes themselves, though, I confess, not altogether in so ample a manner as their merits required. I might also have presented him with a list of attestations sent me under the hands and seals of most of the principal nobility of these kingdoms, setting forth their marvellous effects on their morals and understandings: but as these attestations would have made a much larger work than the volumes themselves, I thought it prudent to omit them. In fact, nothing need be said of these books, but that they are an easy, pleasant, and infallible cure for every disorder of the human mind.

I had written thus far, when I received a visit from *a friend*, who, upon my acquainting him with the

public-spirited scheme which I have laid before my readers, shook his head, and told me, that an author of his acquaintance had greatly out-done me in generosity; of which he could convince me in an hour's time. He then left me abruptly, without so much as waiting for an answer, and in less than the time proposed, sent me the following advertisement, cut out of a news-paper. 'This day was published Nurse Truelove's new-year's gift, or the book of books for children, adorned with cuts, and designed as a present for every little boy who would become a great man, and ride upon a fine horse; and to every little girl who would become a great woman, and ride in a lord-mayor's gilt coach. Printed for the author, who has ordered these books to be given GRATIS to all little good boys and girls, at the bible and crown in St. Paul's church-yard, they paying for the binding, which is only two-pence each book.'

I confess very freely that the generosity of this advertisement put me a little out of countenance; but as I pique myself upon nothing so much as my benevolence to mankind, I soon came to a resolution not to be out-done by this public-spirited gentleman; and I hereby give notice, that the above-mentioned three volumes of the WORLD, together with a very elaborate index to each (all of which were, I confess, intended to be SOLD) will now be given GRATIS at every bookseller's shop in town, to all sorts of persons, *they only paying* NINE SHILLINGS *for the* BINDING.

No. 116. THURSDAY, MARCH 20, 1755.

Personam, thyrsumque tenet, et subligar Acci.
Juv.

To Mr. Fitz-Adam.

Sir,

I am left guardian to three young ladies, whose father was my intimate acquaintance at the time he made his addresses to their late mother: and I very well remember he could not obtain admittance till he had first procured himself the ornament of a star and ribbon, and would never have gained the lady but from the happy thought of adding another lace to his liveries. As it appeared to me that his success was owing to these exteriors, I conceived no great opinion of the good sense of his lady; but as she made my friend a good wife, I reflected that she might justly be influenced by the ribbon, as it marked the consequence of her lover, and by the additional lace, as it seemed to bespeak his riches. It is, however, still a doubt with me, whether she ever felt a sincere passion for the man she married; and what increases this doubt is, that I could never discover in either of her daughters, any symptoms of what I can properly call love. The eldest, who reads romances, is continually professing a sincere disposition to requite (after a proper time) the pains of one who shall enterprize, fight, starve, or catch cold for her. The second would be happy with a scare-crow, who, with the dignity of a title, should discover what she calls a Taste, in tricking out his person with embroidery, laces, jewels, and trinkets. The third would never desire to *see* the object of her passion; provided she might receive

ams of paper filled with flames, darts, arrows, and ich missive weapons, which do most execution from distance. Last week my three wards came into my om, desiring leave to go to the next masquerade. gave a hasty consent, imagining there could be no nger for ladies whom I knew to be safe on the le of love; but since I have recollected my oughts, I am apprehensive that the eldest may be ught by some *avanturier*, with sounding language d a romantic habit; the second by a Turkish emror not worth ten chequins; and the youngest by mooth-tongued flattering poet, who when he has lled off his borrowed habit of a shepherd, has perps no other to put on.

You will not be surprised, after this representan, to hear me complain of the distress my promise s brought upon me; but as I never break my rd with them, I must for once trust them to their e. But I cannot forbear intreating you, while the pression is strong in my rash mind, to write a per on the dangerous consequences which these ntastic diversions may bring upon young people, giving a wild and extravagant turn to their imanations. You will perhaps wonder to hear the efts which my consent has already produced. This orning I found the eldest of my young ladies essed out, as she told me, in the character of rus, in a suit of Persian armour of her own convance. The second, who is of a large size, and s contracted a remarkable unweildiness by the ute she observes in never moving off her couch, s at the same time under the hands of one of the ncers at the theatre, who was lacing her up in a bit made after that which she wears herself in e of her serious dances. The youngest was a use, and expressed great satisfaction in the negliit flow of her robe, but complained that she had

not *fettled her head.* I could not help saying sorry I had contributed my part to the *unsett* This was very ill received; which indeed I have foreseen, as well from the opposition w implied to her diversion, as because the muse things in the world, detests a pun.

This, Mr. Fitz-Adam, is a very ominous beg of an affair, which I am afraid will have a wor If it be attended with any of the consequences I apprehend, you shall hear farther from the mean time, I hope to hear from you on th ject, and am,

SIR,

Your humble servan

PRUDI

As I have received no farther intelligence this correspondent, and as it is now near a since this letter came to hand, I am apt to that none of those dreadful consequences hav pened, which he so greatly apprehended, and th three ladies escaped without any other accident now and then a laugh at their affectation.

I must confess I am one of those who think querade an innocent amusement, and that have long since left off going to it with any either good or bad: not that the vices objected are left off, but that they are carried on wi difficulty in other places, and without the sus that would attend them there. And I may ve to say, if people will keep from the dangers gaming-table, they will run no other hazard masquerade, than that of making themselves r lous. I will go still farther, by protesting a the injustice of charging this diversion in pa lar, with the mischiefs of play, or the affecte *lies* mentioned in my correspondent's letter, by

posing that the men game higher, or that the women dress more fantastically in the Hay-market than elsewhere. That it is an unprofitable amusement, and not worthy the anxiety and pains that are usually bestowed upon it, I very readily acknowledge, but have nothing farther to say against it.

And here I cannot help observing, for the information of the declaimer against the present times, that our ancesters bestowed more thought and trouble on their elaborate fooleries of this kind, than their posterity have done since; and that they were sometimes attended with more dangerous consequences. Witness the famous *Balet des Ardens*, where Charles the sixth of France and several young gentlemen of his court, in order to represent savages, endeavoured to imitate hair by sticking flax upon their close jackets of canvas, which were besmeared for that purpose with pitch and other inflammable matter, and all excepting the king, chained themselves together so fast, that a spark of fire from a flambeau falling upon one of their dresses, burnt two of them to death before they could be separated, and scorched the others so that the greatest part of them died in a few days.

Henry the eighth was the first who brought these diversions into England; and as they were very amusing from their novelty, they were frequently exhibited in that reign with great success. It is perhaps to a building erected by that monarch for an occasional masquerade, that the first idea of Ranelagh owes its birth. It will not, I believe, be denied, that the modern Ranelagh is rather an improvement upon the old one; a description of which, together with the disaster that befel it, is thus particularly set forth by the historian of those times.

'The king caused to be builded a banqueting-

house, eight hundred feet in compass, like a t
after a goodly device, builded in such a
as (I think) was never seen. And in the n
the same banqueting-house was set up a gr
lar of timber, made of eight great masts, bo
gether with iron bands for to hold them to
for it was a hundred and thirty-four feet in
and cost six pounds thirteen shillings and four
to set it upright. The banqueting-house v
vered over with canvas, fastened with ropes a
as fast as might be devised; and within th
house was painted the heavens, with stars, sun
and clouds, with divers other things made
over men's heads. And about the high p
timber that stood upright in the midst, wa
stages of timber for organs and other instrum
stand upon, and men to play on them. Bu
morning of the same day, wherein the build
accomplished, the wind began to rise, and a
blew off the canvas, and all the elements, v
stars, sun, moon, and clouds; and all the
seats that were made with great riches, bes
other things, were all dashed and lost.'

Thus fell the first Ranelagh, though bu
cording to this historian) as strong as could
vised. The modern Ranelagh has proved i
be a stronger building, having as yet been
by no storms but those of the legislature;
our magistrates had thought proper) we mi
have challenged all Europe to shew us the
sion of a masquerade in the perfection with
was there exhibited, either for the spacious
the room, the beauty of the ladies, the splen
their jewels, or the elegance of their habits,
the choice of the latter may no longer be a
to the invention, or occasion the same hur
harrassment, and disappointment that I a

have happened on some late occasions, it may be proper to take notice that my ingenious and accurate friend, Mr. Jefferys of St. Martin's-lane, is now engraving select representations of the most approved modes of dress of all those nations who have discovered either taste or fancy in that science. And I hope that in this undertaking he will acquit himself as well to the polite world, as he has to the commercial, by the great care and pains he has bestowed in ascertaining the geography of those parts of the globe with which this country is most particularly connected, and which may sometimes furnish topics for conversation to the full as entertaining as the most earnest preparations for a subscription masquerade.

No. 117. THURSDAY, MARCH 27, 1755.

In nova fert animus. OVID.

THERE is perhaps no passion which more strongly marks the general character of mankind, which operates more forcibly, or actuates more universally, than the desire of NOVELTY. Its effects appear conspicuous in proportion as every age or nation is advanced in those refinements which are the natural consequence of an extensive intercourse with other countries, and of wealth, security, and ease, under the lenity of a free government.

The Athenians, the most polished nation in all antiquity, and who enjoyed these advantages in the highest degree, were, if we may trust their own writers, as passionately fond of the SOMETHING NEW as my own countrymen can possibly be; nay, far exceeded them: for however great may be the

evidence to which we have pushed our invention of [illegible] public amusement, yet we must [illegible] no less in extravagance, than we do in [illegible] people, who expended the treasure which [illegible] to clothe and feed an army, or to man a fleet, on dinners and entertainments at home. It was a proper censure of our gayest modern to inform them, that without ridottos, masquerades and operas, the charge only of acting three tragedies of Sophocles amounted to the sum total of the supplies raised for the service of the nation in a general war.

The passion for novelty, as it acts on different subjects, has very different consequences. When religion or government are its objects, it is the source of most terrible evils. New men and new modes have been the dread of the wisest politicians; and when things were tolerably well, to maintain them upon the old footing, has been generally thought the safest measure for the happiness of the community. To create a desire of novelty, either in the governed, or in the governing, has often distracted the peace of kingdoms. When it goes no further than to decide the dress of the person, or the ornaments of our equipage, all is safe; its highest degree of excess will then only afford a subject of ridicule. A smart-cock'd hat, or embroidered sleeve, a short petticoat, or well-fancied furbelow, will neither endanger the church, nor enthrall the state. The pursuit indeed of such kind of novelties may rather occasion many advantages to the public; while that vanity which is absurd in the particular, is useful in the general. Novelty and fashion are the source and support of trade, by constantly supplying matter for the employment of industry. By increasing the wants, they increase the connections of mankind; and so

hey do not, by too great an extravagance,
ıeir own end, in disabling the rich from
he reward of that industry to the poor,
ver excellent purposes to society.

nly the improvements of every invention
convenience and ease of life, but even of
ich constitute its real ornament, are owing
lesire of novelty. Yet here too we may
uton; and nature seems to have set us
which we cannot pass without running into
urdities. For the very principle which has
ed to the perfection of the finer arts, may
he cause of their degeneracy and corrup-
ıe search of the SOMETHING NEW has step
onducted mankind to the discovery of all
ruly beautiful in those arts; and the same
or the desire of novelty never stops) al-
gins to urge us beyond that point to which
ıte should always confine itself.

it is that musical composition ceases to be
merely for touching the passions, and for
the emotions of the heart from the soft to
g, from the amorous to the fierce, or from
o the melancholy, and only seems to be
ısidered as highly excellent, when it im-
ıs with the idea of difficulty in the exe-

ı unnatural and unconnected, and a style
ıd embarrassed with its own pomp, but void
ng and sentiment, will always be the con-
of endeavouring, in the same way, to in-
ı new taste into poetry. Hence it will be-
hement without strength, and ornamented
beauty; and the native, warm, and soft
language of that amiable mistress, will
please her more judicious lovers by an af-
of pleasing only in a new manner.

Strange as it may appear that this should find admirers, yet it is not any more to be wondered at than the applause which is so fondly given to Chinese decorations, or to the barbarous productions of a Gothic genius, which seems once more to threaten the ruin of that simplicity which distinguished the Greek and Roman arts as eternally superior to those of every other nation.

Few men are endued with a just taste; that is, with an aptitude to discover what is proper, fit, and right, and consequently beautiful, in the several objects which offer themselves to their view. Though beauty in these external objects, like truth in those of the understanding, is self-evident and immutable, yet, like truth, it may be seen perversely, or not at all, because not considered. Now all men are equally struck with the novelty of an appearance; but few, after this first emotion, call in their judgment to correct the decision of their eye, and to tell them whether the pleasure they feel has any other cause than mere novelty. It is certain that a frequent review and comparing of the same objects together would greatly improve an indifferent taste; and that hardly any one would be unable to determine, when once accustomed to such an attention, whether the proportions of architecture taken from the theatre of Marcellus at Rome, or from the emperor of China's palace at Pekin, produced the most agreeable forms.

The present vogue of Chinese and Gothic architecture has, besides its novelty, another cause of its good reception; which is, that there is no difficulty in being merely WHIMSICAL. A spirit capable of entering into all the beauties of antique simplicity, is the portion of minds used to reflection, and the result of a corrected judgment: but here all men are equal. A manner confined to no rules cannot

aving the crowd of imitators in its party, ›velty is the sole criterion of elegance. It ection, that the very end of all building is :hat all reference to use and climate, all of one proportion to another, of the thing ıg to the thing supported, of the accessory :incipal, and of the parts to the whole, is ;irely subverted.

aintings, which, like the architecture, con- revolt against the truth of things, as little :serve the name of elegant. False lights, lows, false perspective and proportions, gay without that gradation of tints, that mutual f enlightened and darkened objects which ınd give force to each other, at the same t they give repose to the eye, in short, :oherent combination of forms in nature, expression and without meaning, are the ı of Chinese painting.

ı Chinese and Gothic spirit has begun to some of the finest streets in this capital, r an academy shall be founded for the pro- he arts of sculpture, painting and architec- ıe scheme should be thought of at the same liscourage the encroachment of this pre- legance; and an ANTI-CHINESE society ı much more important institution in the arts, than an ANTI-GALLICAN in that of

A correspondent of mine, I dare say, glad to be a member of it, if we may be :o judge of his sentiments from the follow-

FITZ-ADAM,

ıarried to a lady of great fortune, of which, little or none myself, she has reserved lisposition to her own management by the

marriage-articles. She is passionately fond of novelty, and changes her dress and furniture as often almost as she does her temper. In short, every thing about her is a proof of her mutability. She has not more new head-dresses in a year, than new words, which she is perpetually coining, because she would pass for a wit. The unintelligibility of her dialect occasions sometimes great confusion in the family; and her acquaintance no sooner begin to understand her, than she changes her phraseology, and they are puzzled again by a new mode of expression. She came home the other morning from a visit, in raptures with lady Fiddlefaddle's Chinese dressing-room; since which we have had most terrible revolutions. Her grandfather, who left her every thing, was a man celebrated for his taste; but his fine collection of pictures by the best Italian masters, is now converted into Indian paintings; and the beautiful vases, busts, and statues, which he brought from Italy, are flung into the garret as lumber, to make room for great-bellied Chinese pagods, red dragons, and the representation of the ugliest monsters that ever, or rather never existed. This extravagance is not confined within doors. The garden is filled with whimsical buildings, at a prodigious expence; with summer houses without shade, and with temples that seem to be dedicated to no other deities than the winds. If by reading your paper she should be persuaded to leave off every Chinese fashion, but that of pinched feet and not stirring abroad. I should think myself a happy man, and very much, Mr. Fitz-Adam,

Your obliged humble servant

). THURSDAY, APRIL 3, 1755.

Vicinas urbes alit. HOR.

of lamenting that it is my lot to live in
n virtue, sense, conversation, all private
affections, are totally swallowed up by
predominant passion of gaming, I en-
divert my concern by turning my at-
the manners of the times, where they
be more elegant, more natural, or more
seful than those of preceding ages. I
larly pleased with considering the pro-
a just taste and real good sense have
modern mode of gardening. This sci-
present founded on such noble and libe-
es, that the very traveller now receives
ntages from the embellishments he rides
e visitor did formerly, when art and pri-
he only ideas annexed to a garden.
lern art of *laying out ground* (for so we
, till a new name be adopted to express
ated an idea) has spread so widely, and
e is become so extensive, as to take in
vantages of gardening and agriculture.
back to antiquity, we shall find the gar-
cinous in Homer, and the paintings of
ry in Virgil, hardly to correspond with
of the poets, or the beatitude they have
them. The villa's of Cicero and Pliny,
have so affectionately described, do not
dmiration. A favourable aspect, variety
s and shades of plane trees, seem to be
test merit. Their successors in that

happy climate have made their gardens
ries for statues, bas relieves, urns, and wh
by them entitled *virtù*; the disposition of v
naments, together with some straight walks
green oaks, and tricks in water, compl
system.

In France the genius of *Le Nautre* wo
bably have shewn itself in more beautiful
tions than the Tuilleries and Versailles, h
been shackled by lines and regularity, and
elegance and taste been over-laid by magni

This forced taste, aggravated by some l
quisitions, for more than half a century
the face of nature in this country, thoug
of our best writers had conceived nobler i
prepared the way for those improvemen
have since followed. Sir William Templ
Gardens of Epicurus, expatiates with great
on that at More-Park in Hertfordshire;
he has extolled it as the pattern of a perfe
for use, beauty, and magnificence, he ris
bler images, and in a kind of prophetic spi
out a higher style, free and unconfined.
diction is verified upon the spot; and it
have been the peculiar destiny of that
place, to have passed through all the transfo
and modes of taste, having exercised th
of the most eminent artists successively,
ing as a model of perfection in each ki
boundless imagination of Milton, in th
book of Paradise Lost, struck out a plan
den, which I would propose for the enter
and instruction of my readers, as conta
the views, objects, and ambition of mo
signing.

It is the peculiar happiness of this age to
just and noble ideas brought into practi

rity banished, prospects opened, the country lled in; nature rescued and improved, and art cently concealing herself under her own per- tions.

I enlarge upon this subject, because I would do tice to our nobility and men of fortune, who by easonable employment of the poor, have made s their private amusement a national good. It notorious that in the season of the harvest, the rcity of hands to gather in the fruits of the earth o great, that few of our farmers can find men to their work for three months, unless they can ep them in employment the other nine. Here new mode of gardening comes in greatly to the istance of the labourer; and as it consists iefly in the removal of earth, the whole cost goes ectly to his support.

It has been the constant cry of all politicians and iters on trade, that taxes should be laid on lux- . How happy is it that luxury should take so e a share in the payment of that tax, which lies t heavy on the present times! I mean the 's rate. Our manufactures, it must be granted, of the greatest national benefit; inasmuch as maintain multitudes of families, which all the te fortunes in a country would be insufficient pport. But the fact is, that in the harvest a there is always the greatest scarcity of hus- ien in those countries where manufactures are nown to flourish; and it is also a fact, that anufactures afford no support to the hus- an in the other seasons: so that I know of that can procure to him the necessaries of the winter, but the judicious allotment of comfortable season to the works above- ed, which are now carrying on with vigour t every part of England.

I must also do our men of taste the justice to acknowledge, that they have been the chief promoters, even of our manufactures. One of the first embellishers of the gardens in the present mode, was the same nobleman who established the looms for the carpets at Wilton. In the north, whole countries have been civilized, industry encouraged, and variety of manufactures instituted by the magnificent charity of the noble person, who among the least of his perfections must be allowed to be the best planter in Europe. And if ever this country should boast the establishment of the art of weaving tapestry, she will be beholden to the same Royal hand to which she owes (if I may name it after the exalted blessings of LIBERTY and PEACE) the adorning Windsor park.

Whatever may have been reported, whether truly or falsely, of the Chinese gardens, it is certain that we are the first of the Europeans who have founded this taste; and we have been so fortunate in the genius of those who have had the direction of some of our finest spots of ground, that we may now boast a success equal to that profusion of expence which has been destined to promote the rapid progress of this happy enthusiasm. Our gardens are already the astonishment of foreigners, and, in proportion as they accustom themselves to consider and understand them, will become their admiration. And as the good taste of our writers has lately invited the literati from all parts of Europe to visit us, this other taste will greatly contribute to make the growing fashion of travelling to England more general; and by this means we may hope to see part of those sums brought back again, which this country has been from year to year so unprofitably drained of.

But to set this science in the strongest light of a

political benefit, let us consider what pains have been unsuccessfully taken for many years past by the best patriots of Spain, to introduce, not only manufactures, but even agriculture itself, among the starving inhabitants. These conceited Quixotes, who please themselves with boasting that the sun is continually enlightening some part of their dominions, are so satisfied with this important reflection, that they seem to desire no other advantage from his beams. Ustariz, their latest and best writer on commerce, has bestowed whole pages in describing the wretched condition of families, the mortality of weakly children, the present race useless, the growing hope cut off, and all this because the inhabitants cannot be persuaded to use the most obvious means for their sustenance and preservation, the tilling of the earth. Yet there is a way to induce even the proudest Spaniard to apply himself earnestly to the cultivation of his country: I mean by the force of example. If the grandees would make it a fashion; if they would talk, as one may frequently hear the first men of this nation, of the various methods of improving land, and pique themselves upon their success in husbandry, the imitative pride of the yeoman might be usefully turned into another channel. He would be ambitious of having his fields as green as those of his neighbour; he would then take his stately strides at the tail of his plough, and (as Addison says of Virgil) 'throw about his dung with an air of majesty.' He would then find a nobler use for the breed of cattle than the romantic purpose of a bull-feast; and his vanity, thus properly directed, would in a few years make his country the finest garden in the universe.

If the noble duke who cloathed the sands of Claremont with such exquisite verdure, had made

the same glorious experiment in Spain, he would have brought no less riches, and much more happiness to that nation, than the conquests of Philip, or the discoveries of Columbus.

No. 119. THURSDAY, APRIL 10, 1755.

Sanctius his animal, mentisque capacius altæ
Deerat adhuc, & quod dominari in cætera posset.

OVID.

It has been hinted to me since the publication of my last week's paper upon gardening, that while I am acknowledging the merit of the Great in making that science useful to their poor neighbours and the public, I forget to make mention of those liberal geniuses, under whose immediate direction all these improvements are carried on, while their benevolent patrons are employed in other services to their country in its capital. And as I am never backward in doing justice to men of merit, I have devoted this paper to the celebration of the extensive and various talents, which the almost omniscient professors of gardening may so justly boast.

The good old English nobleman or country squire, whose delight was a garden, used to take from the tail of the plough a set of animals whom he considered as beings of the same order with those who drew it; and setting them to work by the garden line, was far from thinking what they were to do could be of importance enough to require his attention; therefore leaving them to lean over their spades, and settle their several plans for poaching, wood-stealing, skittle-playing and psalm-

singing, he went and enjoyed himself with his dogs and horses. But since we have laid aside that plain and easy direction, ‘ Follow the straight line,’ and have in its stead substituted that exceeding difficult one, ‘ Follow nature,’ the above-mentioned animals have never been trusted a moment to themselves, but have had a creature of a superior kind set over them, whose office is best explained by the scolloping-wheel in the machines for turning, which is continually putting the others out of their course, and preventing them from making circles, or any other regular figures.

This office is of late grown so respectable, that the true adept in it may justly be stiled the high-priest of nature. But it is not nature alone that he studies; all arts are investigated by his comprehensive genius. He must be well acquainted with optics, hydrostatics, mechanics, geometry, trigonometry, &c.; and since it has been thought necessary to embellish rural scenes with all the varieties of architecture, from single pillars and obelisks, to bridges, ruins, pavillions, and even castles and churches, it is not enough for our professor to be as knowing as Solomon in all the species of vegetables, from the cedar of Lebanon to the hyssop on the wall; he must also rival that monarch in building, as well as his other talents. A knowledge of optics enables him to turn every *deceptio visus* to advantage. Hydrostatics are most immediately necessary, since it is decreed that every place must have a piece of water; and as every piece of water must have a boat of a particular contrivance, mechanics come in to his assistance; and he is carried over the glassy surface by snakes, birds, dolphins, dragons, or whatever else he pleases. The application of trigonometry is obvious; and if your gardens continue to increase in extent, in the same

proportion that they have done lately, geometr will be soon called in, to measure a degree of th earth upon the great lawn. But such extension o property cannot be acquired without a turn for th law, and a knowledge of all the variety of tenures, for features, ejectments, and writs of *ad quod damnum* Statuary and painting are sister arts; but our gene ral lover has possessed them both, in spite of thei consanguinity. And as for poetry, though he know her to be the greatest jilt in the universe, he ha made an attempt upon her under every tree tha has a broad stem and a smooth bark. A know ledge of Latin is needful to judge of the effect o an inscription; and Greek, Phœnician, Tuscan, an Persic, are ornaments to a ruin.

Happy is the man of fortune, who has such a director to influence and guide his taste, as the de mon of Socrates is said to have continually accom panied that philosopher to regulate his morals Milton very humourously describes a man, wh without having the inward call, was desirous of be ing thought as religious as the rest of his neigh bours of those times. 'This man,' says he, 'find himself out some factor, to whose care and credi he may commit the whole managing of his religi ous affairs; some divine of note and estimation and makes the person of that man his religion He entertains him, lodges him: his religion come home at night, prays, is liberally supped, and sump tuously laid asleep: rises, is saluted, and after be ing well breakfasted, his religion walks abroad, an leaves his kind entertainer in the shop, trading al day *without his religion*.' Just in this manner doe the mere man of fashion in these times think it ne cessary to have a TASTE; but though he does no commonly carry his TASTE about him, he is rel

om so imprudent as to take any steps in his gar-
en *without his* TASTE.

In an age so liberal of new names, it seems ex-
aordinary that these universal connoisseurs have
s yet obtained no title of honour, or distinction.
his may help me to crown their panegyrick
ith a word on their modesty; for to that alone
ust we attribute their having so long been with-
ut one; especially as they might as easily have
mmortalized their own names, as any of the an-
ent sages, who called their profession after them-
lves, the Pythagorean, Platonic, or Epicurean
ilosophy. Nor have they shewn less modesty
their expectation of returns for their inestimable
rvice, as will appear upon a comparison of their
wards with those of the ancient artists.

Mandrocles, who built the famous bridge over
e Bosphorus, at the command of Darius, was re-
arded by that monarch with a crown, and ten
mes the cost of that expensive undertaking.
hereas a tenth of the expence is reckoned a mo-
ern job; and no artist in our memory has aspired
any higher honour than that of knighthood.
he next great work we read of, was the canal of
ount Athos; for which it was impossible that the
irector should receive any other than an honorary
ward, because he died as soon as it was finished.
is name was Artachæus; he was in stature the
llest of all the Persians, and his voice stronger
an that of any other man; two very useful ac-
omplishments in an overseer and director of mul-
tudes. Xerxes, truly sensible of his merit, bu-
ed him with great pomp and magnificence, em-
loyed his whole army in erecting a sumptuous
onument to his memory, and by direction of an
racle, honoured him as a hero with sacrifices and
vocations.

How different from this was the treatmen our countryman, captain Perry! A genius wl remembrance must make this nation both pr and ashamed. His performances are sufficien give credit to the works above-mentioned, wl before appeared fabulous. But what was his ward for projecting the junction of the Don the Volga? For creating an artificial tide, floating or laying dry the largest vessels in a hours? But rather let me ask, what was his ward for that national work at home, the stop Daggenham breach? I am sorry to answer, he was persecuted and suffered to starve, for debts he had contracted in accomplishing an dertaking so essential to the commerce of kingdom, and the existence of its metropolis.

I hope our men of fortune will make more g rous returns to those who administer so essenti to their pleasures: and I would have them dis guish between those dull mechanical rogues, wl thoughts never wander beyond the sphere of g and the generous spirit who is warmed by his fession, and who thinks himself paid by the ex site scenery which his raptured imagination produced. And when the baleful cypress s alone of all his various plantations accompany to the grave, let his munificent patron, in the r conspicuous part of his gardens, erect a templ his memory, and inscribe it with propriety truth, GENIO LOCI.

No. 120. THURSDAY, APRIL 17, 1755

MOST people complain of fortune; few of nat and the kinder they may think the latter has l

, the more they murmur at what they call
stice of the former.
have not I the riches, the rank, the power of
d such? is the common expostulation with
: but Why have not I the merit, the talents,
or the beauty of such and such others? is a
h rarely or never made to nature.
truth is, that nature, seldom profuse, and
niggardly, has distributed her gifts more
than she is generally supposed to have
Education and situation make the great
ce. Culture improves, and occasions elicit
talents. I make no doubt but that there
ntially (if I may use that pedantic word)
acons, Locks, Newtons, Cæsars, Cromwells,
rlboroughs, at the plough-tail, behind coun-
d, perhaps, even among the nobility; but
must be cultivated, and the seasons favour-
r the fruit to have all its spirit and fla-

metimes our common parent has been a
rtial, and not kept the scales quite even; if
eponderates too much, we throw into the
a due counterpoise of vanity, which never
set all right. Hence it happens, that hardly
a man would, without reserve, and in every
lar, change with any other.
gh all are thus satisfied with the dispensa-
nature, how few listen to her voice! How
low her as a guide! In vain she points out
he plain and direct way to truth; vanity,
affectation, and fashion assume her shape,
nd us through fairy-ground to folly and

e deviations from nature are often attended
ous consequences, and always by ridiculous
for there is nothing truer than the trite ob-

servation, 'that people are never ridiculous for being what they really are, but for affecting what they really are not.' Affectation is the only source, and, at the same time, the only justifiable object of ridicule. No man whatsoever, be his pretensions what they will, has a natural right to be ridiculous; it is an acquired right, and not to be acquired without some industry: which perhaps is the reason why so many people are so jealous and tenacious of it.

Even some people's VICES are not their own, but affected and adopted (though at the same time unenjoyed) in hopes of shining in those fashionable societies, where the reputation of certain vices gives lustre. In these cases, the execution is commonly as awkward, as the design is absurd; and the ridicule equals the guilt.

This calls to my mind a thing that really happened not many years ago. A young fellow of some rank and fortune, just let loose from the university, resolved, in order to make a figure in the world, to assume the shining character of, what he called, a rake. By way of learning the rudiments of his intended profession, he frequented the theatres, where he was often drunk, and always noisy. Being one night at the representation of that most absurd play, the *Libertine destroyed*, he was so charmed with the profligacy of the hero of the piece, that, to the edification of the audience, he swore many oaths that he would be the Libertine *destroyed*. A discreet friend of his, who sat by him, kindly represented to him, that to be the *Libertine* was a laudable design, which he greatly approved of; but that to be the Libertine *destroyed*, seemed to him an unnecessary part of his plan, and rather rash. He persisted, however, in his first resolution, and insisted upon being the Libertine, and *destroyed*. Probably he was so; at least the presumption is in

ur. There are, I am persuaded, so many this nature, that for my own part I would o greater step towards the reformation of s for the next twenty years, than that people ıave no vices but *their own.*

blockhead who affects wisdom because na- given him dulness, becomes ridiculous only dopted character; whereas he might have :d unobserved in his native mud, or perhaps grossed deeds, collected shells, and studied y, or logic, with some success.

hining coxcomb aims at all, and decides fi- on every thing, because nature has given him ı. The degree of parts and animal spirits, y to constitute that character, if properly might have made him useful in many parts but his affectation and presumption make less in most, and ridiculous in all.

eptuagenary fine gentleman might probably, is long experience and knowledge of the be esteemed and respected in the several s of domestic life, which at his age nature ut to him: but he will most ridiculously : the rotten thread of his former gallantries. ses, languishes, ogles, as he did at five-and- and modestly intimates that he is not with- *nne fortune;* which *bonne fortune* at last ap- be the prostitute he had long kept (not to , whom he marries and owns, because *the l was so fond of him, and so desirous to be made t woman.*

sexagenary widow remembers that she was ne, but forgets that it was thirty years ago, ıks herself so, or at least, very *likeable* still. donable affectations of her youth and beauty, ınably continue, increase even with her nd are doubly exerted, in hopes of conceal-

ing the number. All the gaudy glittering parts of dress, which rather degraded than adorned her beauty in its bloom, now expose to the highest and justest ridicule her shrivelled or her overgrown carcase. She totters or sweats under the load of her jewels, embroideries and brocades, which, like so many Egyptian hieroglyphics, serve only to authenticate the venerable antiquity of her august mummy. Her eyes dimly twinkle tenderness, or leer desire: their language, however inelegant, is intelligible; and the half-pay captain understands it. He addresses his vows to her vanity, which assures her they are sincere. She pities him, and prefers him to credit, decency, and every social duty. He tenderly prefers her (though not without some hesitation) to a jail.

Self-love, kept within due bounds, is a natural and useful sentiment. It is, in truth, social love too, as Mr. Pope has very justly observed: it is the spring of many good actions, and of no ridiculous ones. But self-flattery is only the ape or caricatura of self-love, and resembles it no more than is absolutely necessary to heighten the ridicule. Like other flattery, it is the most profusely bestowed and greedily swallowed, where it is the least deserved. I will conclude this subject with the substance of a fable of the ingenious Monsieur De La Motte, which seems not unapplicable to it.

Jupiter made a lottery in heaven, in which mortals, as well as gods, were allowed to have tickets. The prize was WISDOM; and Minerva got it. The mortals murmured, and accused the gods of foul play. Jupiter, to wipe off this aspersion, declared another lottery, for mortals singly and exclusively of the gods. The prize was FOLLY. They got it, and shared it among themselves. All were satisfied. The loss of WISDOM was neither regretted

nor remembered; FOLLY supplied its place, and those who had the largest share of it, thought themselves the wisest.

No. 121. THURSDAY, APRIL 24, 1755.

Post mediam noctem——cum somnia vera. HOR.

Mr. FITZ-ADAM,

AMONG the many visions related by your predecessors and contemporaries, the writers of periodical essays, I remember few but what have been in the oriental style and character. For my own part, I am neither Dervise nor Brachman, but a poet and true christian, though given now and then to be a little *heathenish* in my expressions: and as I apprehend that no one set of people will claim the sole property and privilege of dreaming to themselves, since I am apt to nod as well as my betters, I beg that the following dream may find a place in your paper.

I imagined myself to be walking on a road: it was wide and well beaten. An elderly gentleman, with whom I joined company, informed me it was the road to Parnassus, and very obligingly offered me his services. The first groupe of figures which attracted my attention were pale and thin with study. They were shaking ivory letters in a hat, and then throwing them on the ground. I supposed that they were performing some mystery of the Cabala; but on my nearer approach, learnt that they were the editors and commentators of the ancient poets; and that this was only a scheme of assisting conjecture.

Being now startled with a great noise, I turned

suddenly about, and perceived just behind me a set of Lyric poets, with one or two Dithyrambics. Their conversation was so little connected, and their motions so irregular, that I concluded them to be drunk; and apprehensive of mischief in so furious a company, quickened my pace.

The road now winded through the most beautiful fields, whose very bushes were all in bloom, and intermingled with shrubs, that afforded the most agreeable scents. The wild notes of the birds, joining with the tinkling of numerous rills that gushed from natural or artificial rocks, or with a deeper echo of some larger flood that fell at a distance, made a concert that charmed me. A party were here entertaining themselves with the gaiety of the situation: they had stepped out of the road to gather flowers; and were so delighted with wandering about the meadows, that they seemed entirely to have forgot their journey. They appeared to have been educated in Italy; their hair was curled and powdered, their linen laced, and their habits so covered with fringe and embroidery, that it was almost impossible to discover any cloth. I was so much in raptures with their company, and with the beauties of this romantic scene, that I would have stopped there myself, and proceeded no farther; but my guide hinted to me that the place was inchanted, and pressed me to go forwards.

I could not help laughing to see next a great crowd of Bombastics: a set of fat, pursy fellows, so asthmatic, that they could hardly move, and yet were eternally straining and attempting to run races; as were several dwarfs in enormous jack-boots, to overtake two horsemen (who rode very swift at a distance, and were said to be Milton and Shakspeare) but tumbled at every four or five steps, to the great diversion of the spectators.

A troop of modern Latin poets had halted: and having lost their way, were inquiring it of a man who carried a phrase-book, and a Gradus ad Parnassum in his hand; and seemed always to be in a terrible uncertainty, when the authority of their guide either failed or deceived them.

They were followed by some very genteel shepherds, who wore red stockings and large shoulder-knots, fluttering to the breath of the zephyrs. Crooks, glittering with tinsel, were in their hands, and embroidered pouches dangling at their sides. They talked much about their flocks and Amaryllis; but I saw neither the one nor the other; and was surprised, as some of them pretended to music, to hear an air of the Italian opera played upon the bag-pipe. The gentleness of their aspects served to render more formidable, by the contrast, the countenances of a company that now overtook me. It was a legion of critics. They were very liberal of their censures upon every one that passed, especially if he made a tolerable figure. DICTION, HARMONY and TASTE were the general terms, which they threw out with great vehemence. They frowned on me as I passed: my looks discovering my fear, the alarm was given; and at the very first sound of their catcalls, terrified to the last degree, I pulled my guide by the coat, and took to my heels.

We at last arrived at the foot of the mountain. There was an inconceivable crowd, who, not being admitted at the entrance, were endeavouring to crawl up the sides: but as the precipice was very steep, they continually tumbled back again. There was but one way of access, which was so extremely narrow, that it was almost impossible for two persons to go abreast, without one justling against the other. The gates were opened and shut by three amiable virgins, GENIUS, GOOD SENSE, and GOOD

EDUCATION. They examined all that passed. Son few, however, pushed forward by a vast crowd friends, forced their way in; but had generally th mortification of being brought back again, an turned out by the centinels.

By the interest of my guide we were permitted visit what part of Parnassus we pleased; and ha ing mounted the hill, we entered a large garde and were soon lost in the paths of a very intrica grove. It was in some places so exceedingly dar that we had great difficulty to find our way ou This LABYRINTH OF ALLEGORY, as it was calle was held by the ancients in a kind of superstitio reverence. The gloom of it was often so grea that we were ready to tumble at every step; b wherever the shade was softened by a twilight su ficient for us just to discover our way, there w something very delightful, as well as venerable, the scene.

In other parts of the garden we saw beds of t most beautiful flowers, and a great number of Ba trees; but not a single Fruit-tree. Among t shrubs, in many rivulets of different breadth, an depth, ran the Heliconian stream. The lesser ril on account of the vast multitude of people contin ally dabbling in them, were very muddy; but th fountain-head, though extremely deep, was as cle as crystal. The water had sometimes this peculi quality, that whoever looked into it, saw his ow face reflected with great beauty, though never deformed; insomuch that several were known pine away there, in a violent affection for their ow persons. At the end of the garden were sever courts of judicature, where causes were then hea ing. The lesser court, which was that of criticis was prodigiously crowded: for (as we observed a terwards) all those who had lost their causes

poets defendant in the principal court, turned in hither, and became plaintiffs in their turn, on pretence of little trespasses. In the principal court many actions were brought on the statute of maiming, chiefly by the ancients, and some celebrated moderns, against their editors and amenders, and for torts and wrongs against their interpreters and commentators. Not a few indictments were brought for petty larceny, and those chiefly by the Roman poets against the modern Latin ones.

Not far from these was the stable, or *ecurie* of his poetic majesty. I was greatly surprized to see more than one Pegasus. The grooms were just then going to water them, which gave me an opportunity of taking more particular notice.

The firſt was the Epic Pegasus. It was a very fine large horse, had been taught the *manege*, and moved with great stateliness. The Pindaric was the only one who had wings: his motions were irregular, sudden, and unequal. The Elegiac was a gelding, exceedingly delicate in its shape, and much gentler than any of the rest, particularly than another steed, which foamed, and pulled with such violence, that it was with great difficulty the rider held him in. As I attempted to stroak him, he clapped his ears back, and struck out his heels with great vehemence, and made me cautious of putting myself in the way of the Satiric Pegasus for the future. The Epigrammatic was a little pert poney, which every six or seven paces kicked up, and very much resembled the former, size only excepted. Besides these, there were several others, which did not properly belong to Apollo's stud, and which were employed in many useful, but laborious offices, as subservient to the rest.

It was impossible to pass by the stables without making some inquiry after the original Pegasus, so

much celebrated, and the sire from whom all th last-mentioned drew their pedigree. A sour-look ing fellow of a critic, whose province it was to curr him, informed me with great expressions of sorrov 'That the old horse was really quite worn out having been rode through all sorts of roads, on a sorts of errands: for that there was scarce a pedar living or dead, or even a boy who had been fiv years at school, but had been upon him, either wit leave or without: that he had long ago lost his shoe broke his knees, and slipped his shoulder; and tha therefore Apollo, in pity to the poor beast, and t prevent such barbarity for the future, had ordere an edict to be fixed on the door of the stable, tha no person or persons within his realms should fo the future ride or drive him, without first pro ducing his proper licence and qualification.'

At length we arrived at the highest part of th mountain, where the Temple was situated. It wa a large building of marble, of one colour, and bui all in the same order. The statues and bas-relie which adorned it, represented some well-known pa of poetic History. The whole appeared at onc solid and elegant, without that profusion of decora tions, which fixes the eye to parts. The inside o the hall was painted with several subjects taken ou of the Iliad, the Æneid, and Paradise Lost. Thos of the Iliad had the passions and manners strongl characterized, with great simplicity of colouring, b the hand of Raphael. The beautiful tints and soft ness of the Venetian school corresponded with th genius of Virgil. The Paradise Lost, as partaking o the fine colouring of the one, and of the force of th other, with something more expressive in the lan guage and images, greatly resembled the style o Rubens; while some of its more horrid scenes o embattled or tortured demons recalled to my min

the wild imagination and fierce spirit of a Michael Angelo.

At the upper end of the hall Apollo was seated on a most magnificent throne of folio's richly gilt, and was surrounded by a great number of poets both ancient and modern. Before him flamed an altar, which a priestess of a very sleepy countenance continually supplied with the fuel of such productions, as are the daily sacrifice which DULNESS is constantly offering to the president of literature.

Being now at leisure to consider the place more attentively, I saw inscribed on several pillars, names of great repute in both the past and present age. Some indeed of the latter, though but lately engraven, were nearly worn out; while others of an elder date, increased in clearness the longer they stood; and by being more attentively viewed, augmented their force, as the former became fainter. A particular part of the temple was assigned for the inscriptions of those persons, who adding to their exalted rank in life a merit which might have distinguished them without the advantages of birth, claim a double right to have their names preserved to futurity, among the monuments of so august an edifice.

At the view of so many objects, capable of inspiring the most insensible with emulation, I found myself touched with an ambition which little became me, and could not help inquiring what method I should pursue to attain such an honour. But while I was deeply meditating upon the project, and vain enough to hope sharing to myself some little obscure corner in the temple, a sudden noise awaked me, and I found every thing to have been merely the effect of my imagination.

No. 122. THURSDAY, MAY 1, 1755.

To Mr. Fitz-Adam.

Black-boy alley,

Sir, *April* 28.

I am one of that numerous tribe of men, who (as you lately observed) live *the Lord knows how*. I have not the honour to be known to you even in person, for I seldom go abroad: but you seem by your writings, to be of a compassionate turn; and therefore I take the liberty to put myself under your protection.

I am the son of an honest tradesman in Cheapside, and was born in a house that has descended in the family, from father to son, through several generations. I had my education at a grammar-school in London, not far from the street where my father lived, and where he used frequently to call as he passed by, to remind my master, that he hoped I should soon *go into Greek*. I verily believe the good man persuaded himself, that whenever this happened, it would give him a figure in the eyes of the evening club.

When I was about sixteen years old, my father observed to me one day, as I was sitting with him in the little back shop, that it was now high time for me to determine what scheme of life to pursue; and though I knew that my grandfather a little before his death, had expressed his desire of having me settled in the old trade, where he said I should be sure of *good will*, yet I answered my father, without hesitation, that since he gave me leave to chuse for myself, I was inclined to study physic.

ly father, who was in raptures at hearing me make hoice of a learned profession, went that very day, nd talked over the matter with an old friend of is at Gresham-College; and the result of their onference was, that I should be sent to study nder the celebrated doctor Herman Boerhaave. was equipped very decently, upon the occasion, and n a very few days arrived safely at Leyden, where I spent my time in reading the best books on the ubject, and in a constant attendance on my mas-er's lectures, who expressed himself so pleased vith my indefatigable application, as to tell me at parting, that I should be an honour to the profession. But I am sorry to tell you, Mr. Fitz-Adam, that notwithstanding this great man's remarkable sagacity, he knew nothing of destiny: for since my return to England, I have lived seven years in London, undistinguished in a narrow court, without any opportunity of doing either good or hurt in my calling. And what most mortifies me is, to see two or three of my fellow-students, who were esteemed very dull fellows at the doctor's, lolling at their ease in warm chariots upon springs, while I am doomed to walk humbly through the dirt, in a thread-bare coat and darned stockings, a decayed tye-perriwig, a brass-hilted sword by my side, and a hat, entirely void of shape and colour, under my arm; which I assure you I do not carry there for ornament, nor for fear of damaging my wig, but to point out to those who pass by, that I am a physician. You may wonder perhaps at hearing nothing of my father; but alas! the good man had the misfortune to die insolvent soon after my return, and I had no friend to apply to for assistance.

One day, as I walked through a narrow passage near St. Martin's-lane, I saw a crowd of people ga-

thered together, and, in the midst of them, a large fat woman upon the ground, in a fit. I soon brought her to herself; and as I was conducting her home, she kindly asked me to dine with her. I found, upon entering her door, that she kept a chop-house; and, as I was going away after a hearty meal, she gave me a general invitation, in return for the good office I had done her, to step in and taste her mutton, whenever I came that way. I was by no means backward to accept the offer, and took frequent opportunities of visiting my patient. But alas! those days of plenty were soon over; for it happened unfortunately, not long after, that her favourite daughter died under my care, at a time when I assured the mother that she was quite out of danger. The manner in which she accosted me upon this occasion, made it clear that I must once more return to a course of fasting.

As I was musing one morning, in a most disconsolate mood, with my leg in my landlady's lap, while she darned one of my stockings, it came into my head to collect from various books, together with my own experience and observations, plain and wholesome rules on the subject of DIET; and then publish them in a neat pocket volume; for I was always well inclined to do good to the world, however ungratefully it used Me. I doubt, Mrs. Fitz-Adam, you will hardly forbear smiling, to hear a man, who was almost starved, talk gravely of compiling observations on DIET. The moment I had finished my volume, I ran with it to an eminent bookseller, near the Mansion-house; he was just set down to dinner; but upon hearing that there was a gentleman in the shop, with a large bundle of papers in his coat-pocket, he courteously invited me into the parlour, and desired me *to do as He did.* As soon as the cloth was taken away, I

ed my manuscript, and the bookseller put on
tacles; but to my no small mortification,
ancing his eye over the title-page, he look-
fastly upon me for near a minute, in a kind
rement which I could not account for, and
oke out in the following manner—'My
r! you are come to the very worst place in
rld for the sale of such a performance as
Why, you might as soon expect the court of
en's permiſſion to dedicate to them the life
is Cornaro, as to think of preaching upon the
of *lean and sallow abstinence* between the
Exchange and Temple-bar.' He added, in-
in a milder tone, that he was acquainted with
est man of the trade, who lived near Soho,
ho would probably venture to print for me
easonable terms; and that if I pleased, he
recommend me to him by a letter; which
gh the violent agitation of my spirits) I re-

lked back to my lodging with a very heavy
and with the most gloomy prospect before
es, put my favourite work into a hat-box,
stands upon the head of my bed, and there it
nained ever since.

r the favour I have to beg of you, worthy sir,
ecommend to the world, in one of your pa-
uch proposals as I will bring to you next
y morning, or any dark evening this week, for
ing by subscription the result of my labori-
quiries, that I may be able to procure a de-
aintenance. If I should fail in this attempt,
airs are at so low an ebb, that I must submit,
safety of my person, to the confinement of
leet, or pass the rest of my days, perhaps,
the same roof with the unfortunate THEO-

DOM, whose *kingdom* (I doubt) *is not of th world.*

In the mean time, you will oblige me by publish ing this account, that others may take warning t my sad example. That the idle vanity of father when they read this story, may be restrained withi proper bounds; and young men not venture to en gage in a learned profession, without the assistanc of a private fortune, or the interest of great friend Believe me, Mr. Fitz-Adam, it is much more to th purpose of a physician to have the countenance o a man or woman of quality, than the sagacity eve of a Boerhaave; for let him have what share o learning he pleases, if he has nothing better to re commend him to public favour, he must be con tent to hunger and thirst in a garret up four pair o stairs.

I am, SIR,
(with all possible respect)
the unfortunate
T. M

No. 123. THURSDAY, MAY 8, 1755.

——— *Dapibus, supremi*
Grata Testudo Jovis. ——— HOR.

If there be truth in the common maxim, 'That He deserves best of his country, who can make two blades of grass grow where only one grew before,' how truly commendable must it be (since it is so great a merit to provide for the beasts of the field) to add to the sustenance of man! and what praises are due to the inventor of a new dish! By a new dish, I do not mean the confounding, hashing, and

guising of an old one; I cannot give that name the French method of transposing the bodies of mals; serving up flesh in skins of fish, or the ence of either in a jelly; nor yet to the English y of macerating substances, and reducing all ngs to one uniform consistency and taste, which ood housewife calls potting: for I am of opinion, t Louis the fourteenth would not have given the ard he promised for the invention of a sixth ler of architecture, to the man who should have abled together the other five.

My meaning is, that as thro' neglect or caprice have lost some eatables, which our ancestors d in high esteem, as the heron, the bittern, the ne, and, I may add, the swan, it should seem re-site, in the ordinary revolution of things, to re-ce what has been laid aside, by the introduction some eatable which was not known to our prede-sors. But though invention may claim the first ise, great honour is due to the restorer of lost s; wherefore, if the earth does not really furnish fficient variety of untasted animals, I could wish t gentlemen of leisure and easy fortunes would ly themselves to recover the secret of fattening l preparing for the table such creatures, as from use we do not at present know how to treat: and hould think it would be a noble employment for lovers of antiquity, to study to restore those in-lible resources of luxury, the salt-water stews of Romans.

Of all the improvements in the modern kitchen, re are none can bear a comparison with the in-duction of Turtle. We are indebted for this de-acy, as well as for several others, to the generous rit and benevolent zeal of the West-Indians. e profusion of luxury, with which the Creolian in gland covers his board, is intended only as a foil

to the more exquisite dainties of America. His pride is to triumph in your neglect of the former, while he labours to serve you from the vast shell, which smokes under his face, and occasions him a toil almost as intolerable, as that of his slaves in his plantations. But he would die in the service rather than see his guests, for want of a regular supply, eat a morsel of any food which had not crossed the Atlantic ocean.

Though it was never my fortune to be regaled with the true Creolian politeness, and though I cannot compliment my countrymen on their endeavours to imitate it, I shall here give my readers a most faithful account of the only turtle feast I ever had the honour to be present at.

Towards the latter end of last summer, I called upon a friend in the city, who, though no West-Indian, is a great importer of turtle for his own eating. Upon my entrance at the great gates, my eyes were caught with the shells of that animal, which were disposed in great order along the walls; and I stopt so long in astonishment at their size and number, that I did not perceive my friend's approach, who had traversed the court to receive me. However, I could find he was not displeased to see my attention so deeply engaged upon the trophies of his luxury. Come, says he, if you love turtle, I'll shew you a sight; and bidding me follow him, he opened a door, and discovered six turtles swimming about in a vast cistern, round which there hung twelve large legs of mutton, which he told me were just two days provision for the turtles; for that each of them consumed a leg of mutton every day. He then carried me into the house, and shewing me some blankets of a peculiar sort, These, says he, are what the turtle lie in o'nights: they are particularly adapted to this use: I have established a

manufacture of them in the West-Indies. But since you are curious in these matters, continued he, I'll shew you some more of my inventions. Immediately he unlocked a drawer, and produced as many fine saws, chizels, and instruments of different contrivances, as would have made a figure in the apparatus of an anatomist. One was destined to start a rib; another to scrape the callipash; the third to disjoint the vertebræ of the back-bone; with many others, for purposes which I could not remember. The next scene of wonder was the kitchen, in which was an oven, that had been rebuilt with a mouth of a most uncommon capacity, on purpose for the reception of an enormous turtle, which was to be drest that very day, and which my friend insisted I should stay to partake of. I would gladly have been excused; but he would not be denied; proposing a particular pleasure in entertaining a new beginner, and assuring me, that if I should not happen to like it, I need not fear the finding something to make out a dinner; for that his wife, though she knew it would give him the greatest pleasure in the world, could never be prevailed on to taste a single morsel of turtle. He then carried me to the fish, which was to be the feast of the day, and bid me observe, that though it had been out in two full twenty hours, it was still alive. This was indeed a melancholy truth: for I could plainly observe a tremulous motion almost continually agitating it, with, now and then, more distinguishable throbbings. While I was examining these faint indications of sensibility, a jolly negro wench, observing me, came up with a handful of salt, which she sprinkled all over the creature. This instantly produced such violent convulsions, that I was no longer able to look upon a scene of so much horror, and ran shuddering out of the kitchen. My friend en-

deavoured to satisfy me, by saying that the head and heart had been cut in pieces twenty hours before; and that the whole was that instant to be plunged in boiling water: but it required some reflection, and more, or perhaps less philosophy than I am master of, to reconcile such appearances to human feelings. I endeavoured to turn the discourse, by asking what news? He answered, 'There is a fleet arrived from the West-Indies.' He then shook his head, and looked serious; and after a suspence, which gave room for melancholy apprehensions, lamented that they had been very unfortunate the last voyage, and lost the greatest part of their cargo of turtles. He proceeded to inform me of the various methods which had been tried for bringing over this animal in a healthy state; for that the common way had been found to waste the fat, which was the most estimable part: and he spoke with great concern of the miscarriage of a vessel, framed like a well-boat, which had dashed them against each other, and killed them. He then entered upon an explanation of a project of his own, which being out of my way, and much above my comprehension, took up the greatest part of the morning. Upon hearing the clock strike, he rung his bell, and asked if his turtle-cloaths were aired. While I was meditating on this new term, and, I confess, unable to divine what it could mean, the servant brought in a coat and waistcoat, which my friend slipt on, and folding them round his body like a night-gown, declared, that though they then hung so loose about him, by that time *he had spoke with the turtle*, he should stretch them as tight as a drum.

Upon the first rap at the door, there entered a whole shoal of guests: for the turtle-eater is a gregarious, I had almost said, a sociable animal; and I thought it remarkable, that in so large a number,

uld not be one who was a whole minute
1 the time: nay, the very cook was punc-
l the lady of the house appeared, on this
inary day, the moment the dinner was
pon the table. Upon her first entrance,
ed the shell to be removed from the upper
e table, declaring she could not bear the
ight of it so near her. It was immediately
or a couple of boiled chickens, to the great
all who sat in her neighbourhood, who fol-
with their eyes, inwardly lamenting that
uld never taste one of the good bits. In
they send their plates and solicit their
e plunderers, who were now in possession
ne shells, were sensible to no call but that
wn appetites, and till they had satisfied
ere was not one that would listen to any
. The eagerness, however, and dispatch of
city having soon shrunk the choice pieces,
hsafed to help their friends to the coarser
thereby they cleared their way for the
er other delicacies; boasting aloud all the
at they had not sent one good bit to the
of the table.
he meat was all made away with, and no-
ained but what adhered to the shell, our
who during the whole time had taken
body but himself, began to exercise his
struments; and amidst his efforts to pro-
elf more, broke out in praise of the supe-
ur of the spinal marrow, which he was
ing himself to, and for the goodness of
company had his word.
ests having now drank up all the gravy,
ed the shells quite clean, the cloth was
y, and the wine brought upon the table.
hange produced nothing new in the con-

versation. No hunters were ever more loud in the posthumous fame of the hero of their sport, than our epicures in memory of the turtle. To give some little variety to the discourse, I asked if they had never tried any other creature which might possibly resemble this excellent food: and proposed the experiment of an alligator, whose scales seemed to be intended by nature for the production of green fat. I was stopt short in my reasoning by a gentleman, who told me, that upon trial of the alligator, there had been found so strong a perfume in his flesh, that the stomach nauseated, and could not bear it; and that this was owing to a ball of musk, which is always discovered in the head of that animal. I had however the satisfaction to perceive that my question did me no discredit with the company; and before it broke up, I had no less than twelve invitations to turtle for the ensuing summer. Besides the honour herein designed me, I consider these invitations as having more real value than so many shares in any of the bubbles of the famous South-sea year; and I make no doubt but that, by the time they become due, they will be marketable in Change-alley. For as the gentlemen at White's have borrowed from thence the method of transferring the surplus dinners which they win at play, it is probable they will, in their turn, furnish a hint to the alley, where it will soon be as common to transfer shares in turtle, as in any other kind of stock.

No. 124. THURSDAY, MAY 15, 1755.

My correspondent of to-day will, I hope, forgive me, for so long delaying the publication of his letter. All I can say to this gentleman, and to those

ters have lain by me almost an equal time, is, that no partiality to any perform- y own, has occasioned any such delay.

To Mr. FITZ-ADAM.

hest ambition is to appear in the cause of x; nor would any thing flatter my vanity as the honour of standing, in this degene- the single champion of those, whom all are bound to defend. No time seems per for this kind of gallantry, than the pre- v, when the graver sort of men are conti- owing out sarcastic hints, at least, if not ectives, against their lovely country-wo- the younger and more sprightly are, from ot what cause, less forward than ever in ence. Though my abilities are by no ual to my inclinations for their services leave to offer to you, and your polite few thoughts on this interesting subject. lice of wits has, from time immemorial, these injured beauties with the charge of l inconstancy; a charge, applicable in- ie frailty of human nature in general, but ans to be admitted to the particular pre- he most amiable part of the species. His- experience inform us, that every different roduces a different race of people: the n of the inhabitants, as well as the com- eceives a colour from the clime in which born. Yet the same sentiments do not ring from the same soil. Some strong ity of genius distinguishes every æra of a From hence arises what, in the language ite world, we call FASHION; as variable rd to principles as dress. It would be, in

these days, as uncommon and ridiculous, to profess the maxims of an old Englishman, as to strut about in a short cloak and trunk hose. The same vicissitude of character takes place among the ladies; their conduct however, has been still consistent and irreproachable; for they have always acted up to the dictates of FASHION.

The matrons of ancient Rome, though as remarkable for public spirit as those of Great Britain, were by no means so fond of public diversions. It appears from a hint which Horace has left us, that they were with difficulty prevailed on even to dance upon holidays. In this, we may observe, they widely differed from those Sabine dames, from whom they derived their boasted extraction: for so strongly did they think themselves bound by the restrictions of FASHION, that they refused to imitate their illustrious ancestors, in that very circumstance, to which their empire owed its original.

We need not look back so far into antiquity for instances of this kind; our own times may better supply us. Cruelty, if we may believe the lovers of the last century, was the reigning passion of those tyrants, to whom they devoted their hearts, their labours, and their understandings. No man, I presume, will cast such an imputation on the present race of beauties: their influence is more benign, their glory is of a more exalted nature: mercy is their characteristic. It would be a piece of impudence to assert, that they do not in every respect excel their relentless great grandmothers. Beauty, Mr. Fitz-Adam, is the peculiar perfection of our fair contemporaries. To what then, but the amiable compassion of these gentle creatures, can be ascribed a kind of miracle, a seeming change in the constitution of nature? Till poetry and romance are forgotten, the miseries of love will be remem-

Authors of the highest reputation have not
ed to assure us, that the lovers of their days
ery frequently forget to eat and drink; nay,
ney sometimes proceeded so far as to hang or
themselves, for the sake of the cruel nymphs
idored. Whence comes it then, that in an
) which suicide is not unknown, no instances
be met with of this disinterested conduct?
e space of many years, I do not remember
one, and that one occasioned by the lady's
ness, not of heart, but of conscience. Matter
, therefore, proves the truth of my assertion;
ddesses have laid aside the bloody disposition
gan idols; insomuch, that scarce any man
has seen a lover's bier covered with cypress,
leed, with so much as a willow garland.
ere ingratitude not to acknowledge, to whom
indebted for so great a blessing. The cele-
l inventors of modern romance, together with
dicious writers of the stage, have the honour
ag the deliverers of their countrymen. So ar-
have they pleaded the public cause, that the
are at last content to throw up the reins, to
unmeaning flattery, instead of tender sighs,
lmit innocent freedom, in the place of distant
tion. They have learnt to indulge their ad-
with frequent opportunities of gazing on
charms, and are grown too generous to conceal
hem even the little failings of their tempers.
s this all: while the persuasive eloquence
se gentlemen has found the way to soften the
of the fair sex, they have animated the reso-
of others; for by them are we instructed in
nning art of modest assurance, and furnished
he *dernier resort* of indifference.
I will not be surprized, sir, that I speak so
ly on this subject, when you are informed how

great a share of the public felicity falls to my lot. Had the fashionable polity of this kingdom continued in the same situation, in which it stood a hundred years ago, I had been, perhaps, the most unfortunate man in the world. No heart is more susceptible of tender impressions than mine, nor is my resolution strong enough to hold out against the slightest attacks of a pair of bright eyes. Love, weak as he is, has often made me his captive; but I can never be too lavish of my applause to those generous beauties, who have been the authors of my pains: so far have they ever been from glorying in their power, or insulting the miseries they occasioned, that they have constantly employed the most effectual methods to free me from their fetters. By their indulgence it is, that I have arrived at the fifty-third year of my life, without the incumbrance of a wife or legitimate children; that I can now look back with pleasure on the dangers I have escaped, and forward with comfort on the peace and quiet laid up for my old age. This, sir, is my case; gratitude prompts me to publish the obligations I owe; and I beg leave to take this opportunity of paying my debt of honour, and at the same time of subscribing myself,

Your constant reader, admirer,
And very humble servant.

No. 125. THURSDAY, MAY 22, 1755.

HAD the many wise philosophers of antiquity, who have so often and so justly compared the life of man to a race, lived in the present times, they would have seen the propriety of that simile greatly augmented: for if we observe the behaviour of the

polite part of this nation (that is, of *all* the nation) we shall see that their whole lives are one continued race; in which every one is endeavouring to distance all behind him, and to overtake, or pass by, all who are before him; every one is flying from his inferiors in pursuit of his superiors, who fly from Him with equal alacrity.

Were not the consequences of this ridiculous pride of the most destructive nature to the public, the scene would be really entertaining. Every tradesman is a merchant, every merchant is a gentleman, and every gentleman one of the noblesse. We are a nation of gentry, *populus generosorum*: we have no such thing as common people among us: between vanity and gin, the species is utterly destroyed. The sons of our lowest mechanics, acquiring with the learning at charity-schools, the laudable ambition of becoming gentle-folks, despise their paternal occupations, and are all soliciting for the honourable employments of tide-waiters and excisemen. Their girls are all milliners, mantua-makers, or lady's women; or presumptuously exercise that genteel profession, which used to be peculiarly reserved for the well-educated daughters of deceased clergymen. Attorneys clerks and city prentices dress like cornets of dragoons, keep their mistresses and their hunters, criticise at the play, and toast at the tavern. The merchant leaves his counting-house for St. James's; and the country gentleman his own affairs for those of the public, by which neither of them receives much benefit. Every commoner of distinction is impatient for a peerage, and treads hard upon the heels of quality in dress, equipage, and expences of every kind. The nobility, who can aim no higher, plunge themselves into debt and dependence, to preserve their rank;

and are even there quickly overtaken by their u merciful pursuers.

The same foolish vanity, that thus prompts us imitate our superiors, induces us also to be, or pr tend to be, their inseparable companions; or, as t phrase is, to keep the *best company*; by which is alwa to be understood, such company as are much abo us in rank or fortune, and consequently despise a avoid us, in the same manner as we ourselves do o inferiors. By this ridiculous affectation are all t pleasures of social life, and all the advantages friendly converse utterly destroyed. We chuse n our companions for their wit and learning, the good humour or good sense, but for their power conferring this imaginary dignity; as if greatne was communicable, like the powers of the loa stone, by friction, or by contact, like electri city. Every young gentleman is taught to b lieve it is more eligible, and more honourable, destroy his time, his fortune, his morals, and understanding at a gaming-house with the *best c pany*, than to improve them all in the conversat of the most ingenious and entertaining of his equ and every self-conceited girl, in fashionable chuses rather to endure the affected silence an solent head-ach of my lady duchess for a whole ing, than to pass it in mirth and jollity with the amiable of her acquaintance. For since it is ble that some of my readers, who have not h honour of being admitted into the *best co* should imagine that amongst such there is e best conversation, the most lively wit, the m found judgment, the most engaging affabi politeness; it may be proper to inform the this is by no means always the case; but quently in such company, little is said, an tended to; no disposition appears either

others, or to be pleased themselves; but that in the room of all the before-mentioned agreeable qualifications, cards are introduced, endued with the convenient power of reducing all men's understandings, as well as their fortunes, to an equality.

It is pleasant to observe how this race, converted into a kind of perpetual warfare, between the *good* and *bad company* in this country, has subsisted for half a century last past; in which the former have been perpetually pursued by the latter, and fairly beaten out of all their resources for superior distinction; out of innumerable fashions in dress, and variety of diversions; every one of which they have been obliged to abandon, as soon as occupied by their impertinent rivals. In vain have they armed themselves with lace and embroidery, and intrenched themselvss in hoops and furbelows: in vain have they had recourse to full-bottomed perriwigs and toupees; to high-heads, and low-heads, and no heads at all: trade has bestowed riches on the competitors, and riches have procured them equal finery. Hair has curled as genteelly on one side of Temple-bar, as on the other, and hoops have grown to as prodigious a magnitude in the foggy air of Cheapside, as in the purer regions of Grosvenor-square and Hill-street.

With as little success have operas, oratorios, ridottos, and other expensive diversions been invented to exclude *bad company:* tradesmen, by enhancing their prices, have found tickets for their wives and daughters, and by this means have been enabled to insult the *good company*, their customers, at their own expence: and, like true conquerors, have obliged the enemy to pay for their defeat. But this stratagem has in some measure been obviated by the prudence of the *very best company*, who, for this, and many other wise considerations, have usually declined paying them at all.

For many years was this combat between the *good* and *bad company* of this metropolis performed, like the ancient tilts and tournaments, before his Majesty and the royal family, every Friday night in the drawing-room at St. James's; which now appears, as it usually fares with the seat of war, desolate and uninhabited, and totally deserted on both sides: except that on a twelfth-night the *bad company* never fail to assemble, to commemorate annually the victories they have there obtained.

The *good company* being thus every where put to flight, they thought proper at last to retire to their own citadels; that is, to form numerous and brilliant assemblies at their own hotels, in which they imagined, that they could neither be imitated, nor intruded on. But here again they were grievously mistaken; for no sooner was the signal given, but every little lodging-house in town, of two rooms and a closet on a floor, or rather of two closets and a cupboard, teemed with card-tables, and overflowed with company: and as making a crowd was the great point here principally aimed at, the smaller the houses, and the more indifferent the company, this point was the more easily effected. Nor could intrusion be better guarded against than imitation; for by some means or other, either by the force of beauty or of dress, of wealth or impudence, of folly enough to lose great sums at play, or of knavery enough to win them, or of some such eminent or extraordinary qualifications, their plebeian enemies soon broke through the strongest of their barriers, and mingled in the thickest of their ranks, to the utter destruction of all superiority and distinction.

But though it must be owned that the affairs of the *good company* are now in a very bad situation, yet I would not have them despair, nor perpetually carry about the marks of their defeat in their coun-

tenances, so visible in a mixture of *fierté* and dejection. They have still one asylum left to fly to, which with all their advantages of birth and education, it is surprising they should not long since have discovered; but since they have not, I shall beg leave to point it out; and it is this: that they once more retire to the long-deserted forts of true British grandeur, their princely seats and magnificent castles in their several countries; and there, arming themselves with religion and virtue, hospitality and charity, civility and friendship, bid defiance to their impertinent pursuers. And though I will not undertake that they shall not, even here, be followed in time, and imitated by their inferiors, yet so averse are all ranks of people at present to this sort of retirement, so totally disused from the exercise of those kinds of arms, and so unwilling to return to it, that I will venture to promise, it will be very long before they can be overtaken or attacked; but that here, and here only, they may enjoy their favourite singularity unmolested, for half a century to come.

No. 126. THURSDAY, MAY 29, 1755.

I AM favoured by a correspondent with the following little instructive piece, which he calls

THE ART OF HAPPINESS.

A good temper is one of the principal ingredients of happiness. This, it may be said, is the work of nature, and must be born with us: and so in a good measure it is; yet sometimes it may be acquired by art, and always improved by culture. Almost every object that attracts our notice, has its

bright, and its dark side: he that habituates himself to look at the displeasing side, will sour his disposition, and consequently impair his happiness; while he who constantly beholds it on the bright side, insensibly meliorates his temper, and in consequence of it, improves his own happiness, and the happiness of all about him.

Arachne and Melissa are two friends. They are both of them women in years, and alike in birth, fortune, education, and accomplishments. They were originally alike in temper too; but by different management are grown the reverse of each other. Arachne has accustomed herself to look only on the dark side of every object. If a new poem or a play makes its appearance, with a thousand brilliances, and but one or two blemishes, she slightly skims over the passages that should give her pleasure, and dwells upon those only that fill her with dislike. If you shew her a very excellent portrait, she looks at some part of the drapery which has been neglected, or to a hand or finger that has been left unfinished. Her garden is a very beautiful one, and kept with great neatness and elegancy; but if you take a walk with her in it, she talks to you of nothing but blights and storms, of snails and caterpillars, and how impossible it is to keep it from the litter of falling leaves and worm-casts. If you sit down in one of her temples, to enjoy a delightful prospect, she observes to you, that there is too much wood or too little water; that the day is too sunny or too gloomy; that it is sultry, or windy; and finishes with a long harangue upon the wretchedness of our climate. When you return with her to the company, in hopes of a little cheerful conversation, she casts a gloom over all, by giving you the history of her own bad health, or of some melancholy accident that has befallen one of

her daughter's children. Thus she insensibly sinks her own spirits, and the spirits of all around her, and at last discovers, she knows not why, that her friends are grave.

Melissa is the reverse of all this. By constantly habituating herself to look only on the bright side of objects, she preserves a perpetual cheerfulness in herself, which by a kind of happy contagion, she communicates to all about her. If any misfortune has befallen her, she considers it might have been worse, and is thankful to Providence for an escape. She rejoices in solitude, as it gives her an opportunity of knowing herself; and in society, because she can communicate the happiness she enjoys. She opposes every man's virtues to his failings, and can find out something to cherish and applaud in the very worst of her acquaintance. She opens every book with a desire to be entertained or instructed, and therefore seldom misses what she looks for. Walk with her, though it be but on a heath or a common, and she will discover numberless beauties, unobserved before, in the hills, the dales, the broom, the brakes, and the variegated flowers of weeds and poppies. She enjoys every change of weather and of season, as bringing with it something of health or convenience. In conversation it is a rule with her never to start a subject that leads to any thing gloomy or disagreeable; you therefore never hear her repeating her own grievances, or those of her neighbours, or (what is worst of all) their faults or imperfections. If any thing of the latter kind be mentioned in her hearing, she has had the address to turn it into entertainment, by changing the most odious railing into a pleasant raillery. Thus Melissa, like the bee, gathers honey from every weed; while Arachne, like the spider, sucks poison from the fairest flowers. The

consequence is, that of two tempers, once very nearly allied, the one is for ever sour and dissatisfied, the other always gay and cheerful; the one spreads an universal gloom; the other a continual sunshine.

There is nothing more worthy of our attention than this art of happiness. In conversation, as well as life, happiness very often depends upon the slightest incidents. The taking notice of the badness of the weather, a north-east wind, the approach of winter, or any trifling circumstance of the disagreeable kind, shall insensibly rob a whole company of its good-humour, and fling every member of it into the vapours. If therefore we would be happy in ourselves, and are desirous of communicating that happiness to all about us, these *minutiæ* of conversation ought carefully to be attended to. The brightness of the sky, the lengthening of the days, the increasing verdure of the spring, the arrival of any little piece of good news, or whatever carries with it the most distant glimpse of joy, shall frequently be the parent of a social and happy conversation. Good manners exact from us this regard to our company. The clown may repine at the sunshine that ripens his harvest, because his turnips are burnt up by it; but the man of refinement will extract pleasure from the thunder-storm to which he is exposed, by remarking on the plenty and refreshment which may be expected from such a shower.

Thus does good manners, as well as good sense, direct us to look at every object on the bright side; and by thus acting, we cherish and improve both the one and the other. By this practice it is that Melissa is become the wisest and best-bred woman living; and by this practice may every man and woman arrive at that easy benevolence of temper,

which the world calls good-nature, and the scripture charity, whose natural and never-failing fruit is HAPPINESS.

I cannot better conclude this paper than with the following ode, which I received from another correspondent, and which seems to be written in the same spirit of cheerfulness with the above essay:

ODE TO MORNING.

The sprightly messenger of day,
To Heav'n ascending tunes the lay,
That wakes the blushing Morn:
Cheer'd with th' inspiring notes, I rise,
And hail the POW'R, *whose glad supplies*
Th' enliven'd plains adorn.

Far hence, retire, O NIGHT! *thy praise,*
Majestic queen! in nobler lays
Already has been sung:
When thine own spheres expire, thy name
Secure from time, shall rise in fame,
Immortalized by YOUNG.

See, while I speak, AURORA *sheds*
Her early honours o'er the meads,
The springing vallies smile;
With cheerful haste, the village swain
Renews the labours of the plain,
And meets th' accustomed toil.

Day's monarch comes to bless the year!
Wing'd ZEPHYRS *wanton round his car,*
Along th' æthereal road;
PLENTY *and* HEALTH *attend his beams,*
And TRUTH, *divinely bright, proclaims*
The visit of the God.

Aw'd by the view, my soul reveres
The great FIRST CAUSE, *that bade the spher*
In tuneful order move:
Thine is the sable-mantled night,
Unseen ALMIGHTY! *and the light*
The radiance of thy love.

Hark! the awaken'd grove repays
With melody the genial rays,
And echo spreads the strain;
The streams in grateful murmurs run,
The bleating flocks salute the sun,
And music glads the plain.

While nature thus her charms displays,
Let me enjoy the fragrant breeze,
That op'ning flow'rs diffuse;
TEMP'RANCE *and* INNOCENCE *attend,*
These are your haunts, your influence lend,
Associates of the MUSE!

RIOT, *and* GUILT, *and wasting* CARE,
And fell REVENGE, *and black* DESPAIR,
Avoid the morning's light;
Nor beams the sun, nor blooms the rose
Their restless passions to compose,
Who VIRTUE'S *dictates slight.*

Along the mead, and in the wood,
And on the margin of the flood,
The Goddess walks confest;
She gives the landscape pow'r to charm,
The sun his genial heat, to warm
The wise and generous breast.

Happy the man! whose tranquil mind
Sees nature in her changes kind,
And pleas'd the whole surveys;

For him the morn benignly smiles,
And evening shades reward the toils
That measure out his days.

The varying year may shift the scene,
The sounding tempest lash the main,
And Heav'n's own thunders roll;
Calmly he views the bursting storm,
Tempests nor thunder can deform
The morning of his soul.

C. B.

No. 127. THURSDAY, JUNE 5, 1755.

Quis novus hic nostris successit sedibus hospes?
Quem sese ore ferens? —— VIRG.

ALTHOUGH I profess myself a zealous advocate for modern fashion, and have countenanced some of its boldest innovations, yet I cannot but recall my approbation, when I see it making some very irregular and unjustifiable sallies, in opposition to true policy and reasons of state. In testimony of the perfect quietism I have hitherto observed in this respect, I defy any one to convict me of having uttered one syllable in praise of the good roast beef of Old England, since the conspiracy set on foot by the Creolian epicures totally to banish it our island. On the other hand, it is well known I have been lately present at a turtle feast in person, and have at this very hour several more engagements upon my hands. I have acquiesced likewise with great and sudden revolutions in dress, as well as taste: I have submitted, in opposition to the clamours of a numerous party, to dismantling the intrenchments of the hoop, on a tacit promise from my fair coun-

trywomen (in compliance to the application of the young men) that they would leave the small of the leg at least as visible as before. I have made no objection to their wearing the cardinal, though it be a habit of popish etymology, and was, I am afraid, first invented to hide the sluttishness of French dishabille. Nay, I have even connived at the importation of *rouge*, upon serious conviction that a fine woman has an incontestible right to be mistress of her own complexion; neither do I know that we have any pretence to subject her to the necessity of telling us on the morrow, the late hours she was under engagement to keep the night before; a grievance, which, through the extreme delicacy of her natural complexion, could no otherwise be remedied.

My absolute compliance in so many important instances, will I hope secure me from any imputation of prejudice against the dominion of fashion, which I am at last under the necessity of opposing, as it has introduced under its sanction, one of the most dangerous and impolitic customs that was ever admitted into a commonwealth, which is the unnatural and unconstitutional practice of INOCULATION. The evil tendency of this practice I have such unanswerable arguments to evince, as I doubt not will banish it our island, and send it back to the confines of Circassia, from whence one could hardly suspect a lady of quality would have been so wicked as to have imported it.

I must first premise, which is not greatly to its credit, that it is of Turkish extraction; and (to speak as a *man*) I profess I dread lest it should be a means of introducing, in these *opera days*, some more alarming practices of the seraglio.

It seems likewise, by the by, to strike at the belief of *absolute predestination*; for (as a zealous *calvinist* gravely remarked) is it not very presumptu-

ous for a young lady to attempt securing not above twenty spots in her face, when perhaps it is *absolutely decreed* she shall have two hundred, or none at all?

But to my first argument. The world, in general (for I pay no regard to what the author of the Persian letters asserts to the contrary) is certainly much over-peopled; and the proofs of it in this metropolis, we cannot but visibly remark, in the constant labour of builders, masons, &c. to fit up habitions for the increasing supernumeraries. This inconvenience had in a great measure been hitherto prevented, by the proper number of people who were daily removed by the small-pox in the natural way; *one*, at least, in *seven* dying, to the great ease and convenience of the survivors; whereas since INOCULATION has prevailed, all hopes of thinning our people that way are entirely at an end; not above *one* in *three hundred* being taken off, to the great incumbrance of society. So that, unless we should speedily have a war upon the continent, we shall be in danger of being eaten up with famine at home, through the multiplicity of our people, whom we have taken this unnatural method of keeping alive.

My second argument was suggested to me by a very worthy country gentleman of my acquaintance, whom I met this morning taking some fresh air in the park. I accosted him with the free impertinence of a friend at the first interview. 'What brought you to town, sir!' 'My wife, sir (says he, in a very melancholy tone) my wife. It had pleased her, the first four years of our marriage, to live peaceably in the country, and to employ herself in setting out her table, visiting her neighbours, or attending her nursery; and if ever a wish broke out after the diversions of the town, it was easily soothed down again, by my saying, with accents of ten-

derness, My dear, we would certainly see London this spring, but my last letters tell me, the small pox is very much there. But no sooner had she heard the fatal success of INOCULATION, than she insisted on the trial of it; has succeeded; and having baffled my old valuable argument to keep her in the country, has hurried me to town, and is now most industriously making up her four years loss of time at the abbey, by entering with the most courageous spirit into every party of pleasure she can possibly partake of.'

The inference I would make from my friend's story, is, not that the nation is deprived hereby of a convenient bugbear to confine ladies to the country; an abuse, I would by no means countenance; but to shew only to our sagacious politicians, who are searching for more important reasons, that it is undoubtedly owing to the increase of INOCULATION, together with the number of convenient turnpikes, that so many of our worthy country gentlemen have evacuated their hospitable seats, and roll away with safety and tranquillity to town, to the great diminution of country neighbourhood, and the insufferable incumbrance of all public places in this metropolis.

Another ill consequence of this practice I have remarked more than once, in walking round the circle at Ranelagh. Beauties are naturally disposed to be a little insolent; and a consciousness of superior charms, where the possession is confirmed to the party, is very apt to break out into little triumphant airs and sallies of haughtiness towards those of avowed inferiority in that respect. Hence that air of defiance, so visible in the looks of our finest women, which in the last age was softened and corrected with some small traits of meekness and timidity; while the unhappy group of plain

women, who bear about them those honourable scars for which they ought to be revered, can scarcely meet with a beauty who will drop them a curt'sy, or a beau who will lead them to their chariots.

Neither do I think it for the advantage of a commonwealth to be overstocked with beauties. They are undoubtedly the most suitable furniture for public places, very proper objects to embellish an assembly room, and the prettiest points of view in the park; but it is believed by some, that your plain women, whose understandings are not perverted by admiration, make the discreetest wives, and the best mothers: so that to secure a constant supply of fit and ugly women to act in these necessary capacities, this modern invention for the preservation of pretty faces ought no doubt to be abolished; since, on a just computation, ten fine women *per annum* (which we can never want in England) will be sufficient to entertain the *beau monde* for a whole season, and compleatly furnish all the public places every night if properly disposed.

I had some thoughts of laying these arguments against INOCULATION before the legislature, in hopes that they would strengthen them with their authority, and give them the sanction of a law against so pernicious an invention: but I was discouraged by a friend, who convinced me, that however just I might be in my opinion, that our people were growing too numerous, and in the cause to which I imputed it, the pernicious success of INOCULATION; yet it might be impolitic to attempt reducing them at this critical season, when the legislature may have occasion to dispose of them some other way. He proposed to me, as the most effectual means of suppressing this growing evil, that it should be recommended to some zealous

and fashionable preacher to denounce his anat
mas against it, which would not fail to deter all
dies of quality from the practice of it. But I wo
rather propose, that a golden medal should
given by the college of physicians to the ablest
the profession, who should publish the compleat
treatise to prove (as undoubtedly might be prove
'That whatever distemper any person shall die
at *seventy years of age*, must infallibly be owing
his having been INOCULATED at *seven*: and th
every person who has had the small pox by IN
CULATION, may have it afterwards *ten times* in t
natural way.'

No. 128. THURSDAY, JUNE 12, 1755.

MONTAIGNE tells us of a gentleman of his cou
try, much troubled with the gout, who being a
vised by his physicians to abstain from salt mea
asked what else they would give him to quarrel wi
in the extremity of his fits; for that he imagine
cursing one minute the Bologna sausages, and an
ther the dried tongues he had eaten, was some m
tigation of his pain.

If all men, when they are either out of healt
or out of humour, would vent their rage after th
manner of this Frenchman, the world would be
much quieter one than we see it at present. B
dried tongues and sausages have no feeling of o
displeasure; therefore we reserve it for one an
ther: and he that can wound his neighbour in h
fame, or sow the seeds of discord in his family, d
rives happiness to himself.

I once knew a husband and wife, who witho

having the least tincture of affection for each other, or any single accomplishment of mind or person, made a shift to live comfortably enough, by contributing equally to the abuse of their acquaintance. The consideration of one another's uneasiness, or what was still better, that it was in their power to inflict it, kept pain, sickness, and misfortune from touching them too nearly. They collected separately the scandal of the day, and made themselves company for one another, by consulting how they might disperse it with additions and improvements. I have known the wife to have been cured of a fit of the cholic, by the husband's telling her that a young lady of her acquaintance was run off with her father's footman; and I once saw the husband sit with a face of delight to have a tooth drawn, upon my bringing him the news that a very particular friend of his was a bankrupt in the Gazette. Their losses at cards were what chiefly tormented them; not so much from a principle of avarice, as from the consideration that what They had lost, others had won; and upon these occasions the family peace has been sometimes disturbed. But a fresh piece of scandal, or a new misfortune befalling any of the neighbourhood, has immediately set matters right, and made them the happiest people in the world.

I think it is an observation of the witty and ingenious author of Tom Jones (I forget his words) that the only unhappy situation in marriage is a state of indifference. Where people love one another, says he, they have great pleasure in obliging; and where they hate one another, they have equal pleasure in tormenting. But where they have neither love nor hatred, and of consequence, no desire either to please or plague, there can be no such thing as happiness. That this observation may be true in general, I very readily allow; yet I have instanced a

couple who, though as indifferent to each ot it was possible for man and wife to be, ha contrived to be happy through the misfortu their friends.

But it is nevertheless true of happiness, th principally to be found at home; and therefo that in most families one visits, one sees th band and wife (instead of contenting then with the miseries of their neighbours) mu plaguing one another: and after a succession putes, contradictions, mortifications, sneers, abuses, and sometimes blows, they retreat rately into company, and are the easiest anc santest people alive.

That this is to be mutually happy, I believe fe ried couples will deny; especially if they hav together a fortnight, and of course are grow of obliging. But it has been very luckily dis ed, that as our sorrows are lessened by particip so also are our joys; and that unless the pl of tormenting be confined entirely to one par happiness of either can by no means be p The wife therefore of a meek and tender d tion, who makes it the study of her life to plea oblige her husband; and to whom he is in for every advantage he enjoys, is the fittest of his tyranny and aversion. Upon such a may exert himself nobly, and have all the pl to himself; but I would advise him to enjoy some little caution, because (though the bills take no notice of it) there is really such ease as a broken heart; and the misfortune i there is no tormenting a dead wife.

Happy is the husband of such a woman: f less a man goes into company with the cor pleasure of having left his wife miserable at his temper may not be proof against every ac

he may meet with abroad; but having first of all discharged his spleen and ill-humour upon his own family, he goes into company prepared to be pleased and happy with every thing that occurs: or if crosses and disappointments should unavoidably happen, he has a wife to repair to, on whom he can bestow with interest every vexation he has received. Thus it was honestly and wisely said by the old serjeant of seventy, who, when his officer asked him how he came to marry at so great an age, answered, 'Why, and please your honour, they teaze and put me out of humour abroad, and so I go home and beat my wife.' And indeed happy is it for society that men have commonly such repositories for their ill-humours; for I can truly assert, that the easiest, the best-natured, and the most entertaining man I know out of his own house, is the most tyrannical master, brother, husband, and father in the whole world; and who, if he had no family to make miserable at home, would be the constant disturber of every party abroad.

But I am far from limiting this particular privilege to the husband: the wife has it sometimes in her power to enjoy equal happiness. For instance, when a woman of family and spirit condescends to marry for a maintenance a wealthy citizen, whose delight is in peace, quietness, and domestic endearments; such a woman may continually fill his house with routs and hurricanes; she may teaze and fret him with her superiority of birth; she may torment his heart with jealousy, and waste his substance in rioting and gaming. She will have one advantage too over the male tyrant, inasmuch as she may carry her triumph beyond the grave, by making the children of her husband's footman the inheritors of his fortune.

Thus, as an advocate for matrimony, I have en-

tered into a particular disquisition of its princip comforts; and that no motives may be wanting t induce men to engage in it, I have endeavoured t shew that it is next to an impossibility for a coupl to miscarry, since hatred as well as love, and indi ference as well as either (I mean if people hav sense enough to make a right use of their friend misfortunes) is sufficient for happiness. Indeed is hard to guess, when one reads in the public pa pers that a treaty of marriage is on foot between th right honourable lord Somebody, and lady Bett Such-a-one, whether his lordship's and the lady passion be love or hatred: and, to say truth, it of very little consequence to which of these pa sions their desire of coming together is first owing it being at least six to four, that in the compass a month, they hate one another heartily. But l not this deter any of my readers from entering int the state of matrimony; since the pleasure of *oblig ing* the object of our *desires*, is at least equalled b the pleasure of *tormenting* the object of our *aversion*

No. 129. THURSDAY, JUNE 19, 1755.

I SHALL make no apology for the following misce laneous letters, unless it be to the writers of the for so long delaying their publication.

To Mr. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

The late earl Marshal applying to a bookseller Paris for some English books, was answered by t Frenchman that he had none in his shop, except *petite bagatelle*, called the Bible. Your readers w

be informed, that this *petite bagatelle*, as the bookseller termed it, contains (among other matters) some little treatises of eastern wisdom, and particularly certain maxims collected by one king Solomon, of whom mention is made in Prior's poems. Solomon was, as Captain Bluff says of Scipio, a pretty fellow in his day, though most of his maxims have been confuted by experience. But I only make mention of him, to shew how exactly the *virtuous woman* of that monarch corresponds with the *fine lady* of the present times.

WHO can find a virtuous woman? says Solomon. By the way, he must have kept sad company, or else *virtuous women* were extremely scarce in those days; for it will be no boast to say that five thousand *virtuous women* may be assembled at any time in this metropolis, on a *night's* warning. Solomon describes the character so that it is not easy to mistake it. *She bringeth her food from afar.* That is to say, the tea-table of the *virtuous woman* is supplied with sugar and cordials from Barbadoes, and with tea from China; the bread and butter and scandal only being the produce of her native country. *She riseth whilst it is yet night.* This cannot literally be said of our modern *virtuous women;* but one may venture to assert, that if to rise *while it is yet night*, be the characteristic of virtue, to *sit up the whole night*, and thereby have no occasion for rising at all, must imply no ordinary measure of goodness. *She strengtheneth her arms.* This is a circumstance of some delicacy: such mysteries suit not the vulgar ear. The husband of the *virtuous woman* may say, as the poet says of friendship with the great, *expertus metuit. She maketh herself coverings of tapestry; her cloathing is silk and purple.* This plainly indicates that no lady can be consummately *virtuous*, unless she wear brocaded silks, and

robings of French embroidery. To these Solomon, with all the accuracy of a tire-woman, adds purple ribbons. This passage is liable to misapplication; but the words *she* MAKETH *herself coverings*, mean not that a *virtuous woman* must of necessity be a work-woman; *to make*, signifies *to occasion the making of any thing*: thus a person is said to *make interest*, when in truth, it is not he, but his money that makes the interest. Thus Augustus fought battles by proxy; and thus many respectable personages beget children. So that a *virtuous woman* need not embroider in person: let her *pay* for the work she bespeaks, and no more is required. *Her husband is known in the gates.* More universally known by his relation to his wife, than by his own name. Thus you are told at public places, 'That is Mrs. Such-a-one's husband, or he that married Lady Such-a one.' *He sitteth among the elders of the land.* At White's, where the elders of the land assemble themselves.

Let me add one more instance of the similitude between a *fine lady* and the *virtuous woman* of Solomon, and I have done. When a lady returns home, at five in the morning, from the nocturnal mysteries of brag, how must the heart of her husband exult, when he sees her flambeaux rivalling the light of the sun! May he not cry out in the words of the eastern monarch, *Blessed is the virtuous woman; her candle goeth not out by night?*

I am Sir,

Your most humble servant.

Mr. FITZ-ADAM,

I have had the honour of sitting in the three last parliaments: for as it was always my opinion that an honest man should sacrifice every private consideration to the service of his country, I spared

no expence at my elections, nor afterwards to support an interest in my borough, by giving annuities to half the corporation, building a town-hall, a market-house, a new steeple to the church, together with a present of a ring of bells, that used to stun me with their noise. To defray all these expences, I was obliged to mortgage my estate to its full value, excepting only two thousand pounds, which sum I took up against the last general election, and went down to my borough, where I was told there would be an opposition. What I heard was true; an absolute stranger had declared himself a candidate; and though I spent every farthing of my two thousand pounds, and was promised the votes and interest of the mayor and corporation, they every man of them went against me, and I lost my election.

As I have now no opportunity of serving my country, and have a wife and seven small children to maintain, I have been at last concerting measures how I might do a small service to myself: and as there are many worthy gentlemen at present in the same unfortunate situation, I cannot think of a better expedient, than to recommend to the parliament at their next meeting, the passing an act for raising a fund towards the building and endowing an hospital for the relief and support of decayed members. I mention it thus early, because I would give the legislature time to deliberate upon such a proposal. And surely, Mr. Fitz-Adam, if the loss of a limb shall be sufficient to entitle the meanest soldier or sailor in the service to this privilege, how much more worthy of relief is the disabled patriot, who has sacrificed his family and fortune to the interest of his country.

Your inserting this letter will greatly oblige, sir,

Your very humble servant,

B. D.

P. S. All gentlemen residing in towr lost their fortunes by former parliament elections in this, are desired to meet o the 21st of this instant June, at three o'c afternoon, at the cat and bagpipe in St. consider of the above proposal, or ot ways and means for their immediate sup

N. B. A dinner will be provided at a head.

SIR,

The prostitution of characters, given i bad servants, has been long a grievance, the attention of the public. Give m awaken it, by a specimen from my rience.

Some time since, an old servant lef short notice. I had another recommenc *honest*, by a neighbouring family, who served. As I was pressed for time, I too that single qualification in lieu of all th relying upon the repeated assurance of h reposed an entire confidence in him. I tle time, however, finding an increase of the articles under his particular manage covered upon observation, that the per rather plunder of his province, had b doubled. His dismission, you may imagi and complaint to the persons who had re ed him. The answer was, that they kı be a sad fellow, by the tricks he had pl but that they would not say a word of they thought it *wicked* to hinder him of a

Now, Mr. Fitz-Adam, I conceive it t *wicked world*, when gentlemen will help t robbers to get into people's houses; a take for the future a bare acquittal

Bailey, as a better recommendation than that of such a friend.

I am, SIR,
Your humble servant,
A. B.

The abuse complained of by this correspondent is of too serious a nature to be passed over slightly. It is to this mistaken compassion that the disorderly behaviour of servants is, perhaps, principally owing: for if the punishment of dishonesty be only a change of place (which may be a reward, instead of a punishment) it ceases to be a servant's interest to be true to his trust.

This prostitution of characters (as my correspondent calls it) is grown so common, that a servant after he has committed the most palpable robbery, for which you are turning him out of doors, and which would go near to hang him at the Old Bailey, looks composedly in your face, and very modestly hopes that you will not refuse him a character, *for that you are too worthy a gentleman to be the ruin of a poor servant, who has nothing but his character to depend upon for bread.* So away he goes, and you are really so *very worthy a gentleman*, as to assure the first person who inquires about him, that he is a sober, diligent, and *faithful* servant. Thus are you accessary to the next robbery he commits, and ought, in my humble opinion, to be deemed little less than an accessary by the law: for the servant who opens the door of his master's house to the thief that plunders it, differs from you only in the motive; the consequences are the same.

I have said in a former paper, that the behaviour of servants depends in a great measure on that of their masters and mistresses. In this instance, I am sure it does: I shall therefore conclude this pa-

per with advising all heads of ; give them
characters, before they allow to exclaim
against *dishonest* servants.

No. 130. THURSDAY, JUNE 26, 1755.

To Mr. Fitz-Adam.

Sir,

When your first World made its appearance, I was just entering into, what is called, polite life, and was mightily pleased at your promising to direct young maids how to get husbands. I was then just eighteen, not disagreeable in my person; and by the tender care of indulgent parents, had been instructed in all the necessary accomplishments towards making a good wife, a good mother, and a sincere friend. I resolved to keep strictly to all the rules you should prescribe, and did not doubt but by the time I was twenty, I should have choice of admirers, or very probably be married. But, would you believe it? I have not so much as one man, who makes any sort of pretensions to me. I am at a loss to account for this, as I have not been guilty of any of those errors, which you and all sober men exclaim so much against: I hate routs, seldom touch a card, and when I do, it is more to oblige others than myself. Plays are the only public amusements I frequent; but I go only to good ones, and then always in good company.—Don't think by good company I mean quality: for I assure you, I never go to any public place but with people of unexceptional character. My complexion is of the olive kind, yet I have the assurance to shew my bare face, though I have been often told it is very indecent

rever, to atone in some measure for this neglect, ver am seen without a handkerchief, nor with petticoats above my shoes.

hough my fortune is rather beyond what is ed genteel, I never run into any extravagancy ress; and to avoid particularity, am never the nor the last in a fashion. I am an utter enemy candal, and never go out of a morning either to ions, or the park. If by chance I am alone hole afternoon, I am never at a loss how to id my time, being fond of reading. I have an sion to coquetry, yet am the cheerfullest crea- living, and never better pleased than when ing in a country dance, which I can do for a le night together, without either falling in love my partner, if agreeable, or quarrelling with if aukward.

irls may pretend to deny it, but certainly the le tenor of their actions leads to the disposing hemselves advantageously in the world. Some about it one way, and some another; all of n chusing what they think the most likely me- d to succeed. Now I am sure, when they pur- a wrong one, that nine times in ten it is owing he men; for were they to admire women for ue, prudence, good-humour and good sense, as l as beauty, we should seek no other ornaments. men ought to set the example, and then re- rd those who follow it, by making them good bands. But instead of this, they make it their iness to turn the heads of all the girls they meet; ich when they have effectually done, they ex- im against the folly of the whole sex, and either eat us of our fortunes by marrying our grand- others, or die batchelors.

Now pray, Mr. Fitz-Adam, as this is the case, at encouragement has a young woman to set

about improving her mind? I am sure in the small circle of my acquaintance, I have known several women who have reached their thirtieth year unnoticed, whose good qualities are such as would make it difficult to find men to deserve them.

In public places, the coquet with a small share of beauty, and that perhaps artificial, shall with the most trifling conversation in the world, engross the attention of a whole circle; while the woman of modesty and sense is forced to be silent, because she cannot be heard. Thus when we find that it is not merit which recommends us to the notice of the men, can it be wondered at, that while we are desirous of changing our conditions, we try every innocent artifice to accomplish our designs?

As to myself, I have a great respect for the married state; but if I cannot meet with a man that will take me just as nature has formed me, I will live single for ever: for it has been always a rule with me, never to expect the least advantage from the possession of any thing, which is not to be attained but at the expence of truth.

I am not so vain, Mr. Fitz-Adam, as to imagine this letter will merit a place in your paper; all I desire is, that you will oblige me so far as to write a WORLD upon the subject: and might I advise, let the women alone, and apply yourself entirely to the reformation of the men: for when once they begin to cherish any thing valuable and praiseworthy in themselves, you will soon find the women to follow their example.

I am, SIR,

Your constant reader and admirer,

M. S.

Mr. FITZ-ADAM,

You have often animadverted on the present fashionable indecencies of female dress: but I wish you would please now and then to look a little at home, and bestow some of your charitable advice upon your own sex.

You are to know, sir, that I am one of three old maids, who, though no relations, have resolved to live and die together. Our fortunes, which singly are but small, enable us, when put together, to live genteelly, and to keep two maids and a footman. Patrick has lived with us now going on of six years, and, to do him justice, is a sober, cleanly, and diligent servant: indeed, by studying our tempers, and paying a silent obedience to all our whims (for we do not pretend to be without whims) he has made himself so useful, that there is no doing without him. We give him no livery, but allow him a handsome sum yearly for cloaths; and to say the truth till within this last week, he has dressed with great propriety and decency; when all at once, to our great confusion and distress, he has had the assurance to appear at the sideboard in a pair of filthy Nankin breeches, and those made to fit so extremely tight, that a less curious observer might have mistaken them for no breeches at all. The shame and confusion so visible in all our faces, one would think, should suggest to him the odiousness of his dress; but the fellow seems to have thrown off every appearance of decency: for at tea-table, before company, as well as at meals, we are forced to endure him in this abominable Nankin, our modesty all the time struggling with nature, to efface the ideas it conveys.

For the first two days, though we could think of nothing else, shame kept us silent even to one

another: but we could hold out no longer; yet what to determine neither of us knew. Patrick, as I told you before, was a good servant, and to turn him away for a single fault, when that fault would in all probability be remedied by a word's speaking, seemed to be carrying the matter a little too far. But which of us was to speak to him was the grand question. The word breeches (though I am prevailed upon to write it) was too coarse to be pronounced; and to say, 'Patrick, we don't like that dress,' or 'Pray, Patrick, dress in another manner,' was laying us under a necessity of pointing at his breeches, to make ourselves understood. Nor did it seem at all advisable to set either Betty or Hannah upon doing it, as it might possibly draw them into explanations, that might be attended with very puzzling, if not dangerous consequences.

After having deliberated some days upon this cruel exigence, and not knowing which way to look whenever Patrick was in the room, nor daring to shut our eyes, or turn our backs upon him, for fear of his discovering the cause; it occurred to me, that if I could muster up courage to inform Mr. Fits-Adam of our distresses, (for we constantly take in the WORLD, of which Patrick is also a reader) it might be a means of relieving us from this perpetual blushing and confusion. If you walk abroad in the morning, or are a frequenter of auctions, you cannot but have taken notice of this odious fashion. But I should like it better, if you were to pass your censure upon Nankin breeches in general, than to have those of our Patrick taken notice of particularly; however, I leave it entirely to your own choice; and whatever method you may take to discountenance the wearing of them, will be perfectly agreeable to,

SIR, *Your most humble servant,*

PRISCILLA CROSS-STITCH.

The case of this lady and her companions is so exceeding critical, that for fear Patrick should be backward at taking a hint, I have thought it the wisest way to publish her letter just as I received it: and if after this day, Patrick should again presume to appear before his ladies, cased in Nankin, I hereby authorize Mrs. Betty or Mrs. Hannah to burn his breeches wherever they can find them.

To be serious upon this occasion, I have often looked upon this piece of naked drapery as a very improper part of dress: and as such I hereby declare, that after this present 26th day of June, it shall be a capital offence against decency and modesty, for any perfon whatsoever to be seen to wear it.

N. B. All canvas or linen breeches come within the act.

No. 131. THURSDAY, JULY 3, 1755.

THE conversation happening a few evenings ago, to turn upon the different employments of mankind, we fell into the consideration how ill the various parts of life are generally suited to the persons who appear in them. This was attributed either to their own ambition, which tempts them to undertake a character they have not abilities to perform with credit, or to some accidental circumstance, which throws them into professions contrary, perhaps, both to their genius and inclination. All were unanimous in blaming those parents, who force their children to enter into a way of life contrary to their natural bent, which generally points out the employment that is best adapted to their capacities.

To this we in a great measure ascribed the slow progress of arts and sciences, the frequent failures and miscarriages of life, and many of those desperate acts which are often the consequences of them.

This conversation carried us through the greatest part of the evening, till the company broke up and retired to rest. But the weather being hot, and my senses perfectly awake, I found it impossible to give way to sleep; so that my thoughts soon returned to the late subject of the evening's entertainment. I recollected many instances of this misapplication of parts, and compassionated the unhappy effects of it. I reflected that as all men have different ideas of pleasures and honours, different views, inclinations, and capacities; yet all concur in a desire of pleasing and excelling; if that principle were applied to the proper point, and every one employed himself agreeably to his genius, what a wonderful effect would it soon have in the world! With how swift a progress would arts and sciences grow up to perfection! And to what an amazing height would all kind of knowledge soon be carried! Men would no longer drudge on with distaste and murmuring in a study they abhor; but every one would pursue with cheerfulness his proper calling; business would become the highest pleasure; diligence would be too universal to be esteemed a virtue; and no man would be ashamed of an employment, in which he appeared to advantage.

While my mind hung upon these reflections, I imperceptibly dropt asleep. But my imagination surviving my reason, I soon entered into a dream, which (though mixed with wild flights and absurdities) bore some analogy to my waking thoughts.

I fancied myself still reflecting on the same subject, when I was suddenly snatched up into the air,

and presently found myself on the poet's Olympus, at the right hand of Jupiter; who told me, that he approved my thoughts, and would make an immediate experiment of the change I had been wishing for.

He had no sooner pronounced these words, than I perceived a strange hurry and confusion in the lower world: all mankind was in motion, preparing to obey the tremendous nod.

Multitudes of the nobility began to strip themselves of their robes and coronets, and to act in the different capacities of horse-jockies, coachmen, taylors, fidlers, and merry-andrews. I distinguished two or three great personages, who had dressed themselves in white waistcoats, and with napkins wrapped about their heads, and aprons tucked round their waists, were busied in several great kitchens, making considerable improvements in the noble art of cookery. A few of this illustrious rank, without quitting their honourable distinctions, applied themselves to enlarging the discoveries, enlightening the understandings, rectifying the judgments, refining the tastes, polishing the manners, improving the hearts, and by all possible methods promoting the interests of their fellow-creatures.

I saw reverend prelates, who, tearing off their lawn, put themselves into red coats, and soon obtained triumphs and ovations; while others dwindled into parish clerks, and village pedagogues. But I observed with pleasure several of that sacred order in my own country, who appeared calm and unchanged amidst the general bustle, and seemed to be designed originally to do honour to their exalted stations.

There were several grave old men, who threw off their scarlet robes, and retired to religious houses. I saw with wonder some of these deserted robes put

on by private gentlemen, who, lost in retirement and reserve, were little imagined to be qualified for such important posts. But what more astonished me was to see men of military rank throwing away their regimentals, and appearing with much better grace in longer suits of scarlet. Some gentlemen of the robe, whom I had always regarded with respect and reverence, seemed now more awful and respectable than ever: one in particular, greatly surprised me, by quitting the seat of judgment, which he had long filled with universal applause, till I saw him entering a more august assembly, and afterwards passing to the cabinet of his prince, from whence he returned to the great hall, where first I observed him, and convinced me of the extent of his abilities, by appearing equally capable in all his employments.

I saw in a public assembly a junto of patriots, who while they were haranguing on the corruption and iniquity of the times, broke off in the middle, and turned stock-jobbers and pawn-brokers. A group of critics at the Bedford coffee-house were in an instant converted into haberdashers of small-ware in Cheapside. Translators, commentators, and polemic divines, made for the most part very good coblers, gold-finders, and rat-catchers. The chariot of a very eminent physician was transformed all at once into a cart, and the doctor to an executioner, fastening a halter round the neck of a criminal. I saw two very noted surgeons of my acquaintance in blue sleeves and aprons, exerting themselves notably in a slaughter-house near the Victualling-office. A reverend divine, who was preaching in the fields to a numerous audience, recollected himself on a sudden, and producing a set of cups and balls, performed several very dextrous tricks by slight of hand. The pretty gentlemen were every where usefully em-

affairs, and the occupations of the needle or the toilette. But it was with a secret pride that I observed a few of my dear country-women quit their dressing-rooms and card-assemblies, and venture into the public, as candidates for fame and honours. One lady in particular, forced by the sacred impulse, I saw marching with modest composure to take possession of the warden's lodgings in one of our colleges; but observing some young students at the gate, who began to titter as she approached, she blushed, turned from them with an air of pity unmixed with contempt, and retiring to her beloved retreat, contented herself with doing all the good that was possible in a private station.

The face of affairs began now to be very much altered: all the great offices of state were filled with able men, who were equal to the glorious load; which they accepted for the good of their country, not for their own private emolument. Bribery and corruption were at length happily banished from all commonwealths; for as no man could be prevailed on to accept of an employment, for which he was not every way qualified, merit was the only claim to promotion.

Universal peace and tranquillity soon ensued. Arts and sciences daily received astonishing improvements. All men were alike emulous to excel in something; and no part was dishonourable to one who acted well. In short, the golden age of the poets seemed to be restored.

But while I was reflecting with joy and admiration on these glorious revolutions, the tumult of a midnight broil awaked me; and I found myself in a world, as full of folly and absurdity as ever it was.

influenced by arguments from revelation. To prove natural religion by revelation (which can itself be erected on no other principle) they will call but fantastic reasoning in a circle. Revelation, they will say, presupposes the following truths, and depends upon their certainty; that there is a GOD, and that such evidences of his goodness and other attributes are discovered from his works, as in reason should induce us to rely with confidence on those oracles delivered to us as his word.

Other writers, who have undertaken a defence of Providence, attempt it in a different manner. They affirm it is vain presumption to imagine Man the final end of the creation, who may be formed subserviently to nobler orders and systems of being: and that GOD governs by general, not particular laws; laws that respect our happiness as a community, not as individuals. But the same objectors will again reply, that it is inconsistent with our idea of a Being infinitely good, to conceive him determining any creature to misery, however inferior in the order of general nature, or however formed relatively to superior beings and systems. They will think it not more reconcileable with our idea of a Being infinitely wise, to imagine him incapable of accommodating laws, however general, to the interest of every particular. They will desire an explanation how laws can respect the happiness of any system, which are supposed too generally to be productive of misery, even to the most valuable individuals that compose it.

This argument, drawn from the government of GOD by general, not particular laws, seems by no means to have been attended with the success it was entitled to: and it appears to have failed of this end, not from a defect in the argument itself, but either because it has been ill understood, or not

ursued to its full extent. When unbelievers de-
aim against the supposed unequal distribution of
ings, they in consequence condemn the general
ws from which they proceed. To reply then that
OD governs by general, not particular laws, is a
petition only of the foundation of their com-
laints, not an answer to them. There is another
istake in the management of this argument. In
ie consideration of the excellence of human laws,
e are not content with viewing them intrinsically
themselves; but compare them with the parti-
lar country, temper, manners, and other circum-
ances of that people for whom they are intended.
ow in the consideration of divine laws, we have
ot pursued the same method; and for this reason,
nong others, unbelievers have triumphed in the
nagined weakness of one of the noblest arguments
at has ever been employed in the noblest of
uses, a defence of Providence.

GOD governs by general, not particular laws, be-
use the former alone are adapted to the condition
f human kind. In this imperfect state we are en-
rely unacquainted with the real nature of those
eings which surround us. We are ignorant from
hat principle or internal constitution they derive a
ower of operating on other beings, or in what man-
er the operation is performed. We have no know-
dge of causes but in their effects, and in those ef-
cts alone, which are grossly visible to our material
rgans. We suppose the same effects invariably
roduced from the same causes, except where a mi-
aculous power interposes, and supersedes for a
oment the general course of nature, which re-
umes its former constancy, when the superior in-
uence that controuled it is removed. Such rare
xceptions do not perplex our conduct, which is
egulated by the general rule; but to destroy this

general order as frequently as the imagined interest of individuals seems to us to require it, is to confound human knowledge, and, in consequence, human action. The husbandman commits his seed to the ground, with a presumption that the earth retains all those powers which promote vegetation. He concludes that the seasons will return in their stated order; that the sun will warm and invigorate, where it shines, and showers cool and refresh, where they fall, as in ancient times. Certain established properties in matter, and certain established laws of motion, are presumed in the meanest mechanical operation, nay, in the least considerable actions of our lives.

Let us represent to ourselves such a system of things existing, as, in the opinion of an objector to the present, would justify our conceptions of a moral Supreme Being. Let us imagine every element and power of nature, in the minutest as well as the greatest instances, operating to the preservation and advantage of the good; and, on the contrary, concurring to produce misery and destruction to the wicked. The good man inhabits a house with great security, whose walls decline near two feet from the perpendicular. He falls asleep with a lighted candle at the bed-side, and the flame it produces, though sufficient to consume the dwelling of the wicked, plays but as a lambent vapour on his curtains. He drinks a glass of aqua-fortis, by mistake, for the same quantity of champagne, and find it only an innocent enlivener of his spirits. The heats of summer, and the frosts of winter, occasion the same agreeable sensations. Rich wines and poignant sauces attenuate his juices, and rectify the scorbutic habit of his body. The bad man, on the other hand, experiences very opposite effects. He sits frozen with cold over that fire which communicates warmth

the rest of the company at the extremity of the om. At another time he scalds his fingers by pping them into cold water. A bason of broth, rice-milk, intoxicates his brain. He acquires e stone and a complication of distempers from a getable diet: and at last concludes a miserable ing, by passing under an arch of solid stone, hich his own iniquities draw down upon his head.

Let us rest a moment to express our admiration such a system, and then inquire how the bulk of ankind, neither perfect saints nor desperate sin-rs, but partaking generally of the qualities of th, shall regulate their conduct in conformity to . From a confidence in their integrity, shall they habit houses that are nodding to their ruin; or om a distrust of their virtues, be afraid to venture emselves under the dome of St. Paul's? Shall ey practise regularity and exercise, as wholesome les of life; or indulging themselves in indolence, allow every day gallons of claret as the grand ixir? Shall they remain undetermined whether e centre of an ice-house, or the chimney-corner, the more comfortable situation in the Christmas lidays? And shall they retreat in the dog-days cool shades and running streams; or covering emselves with surtouts, hurry away to the sweat-g-rooms of bagnios?

To such inconvenient conclusions are the persons duced, whose narrow views, and narrower preju-ces, furnish them with complaints against the pre-iling system; which is wisest and best, because test for mankind, to whose wants it is accommo-ted, and to whose faculties it is proportioned.

No. 133. THURSDAY, JULY 17, 1755.

THERE is nothing in this world that a man places so high a value upon, or that he parts with so reluctantly, as the idea of his own CONSEQUENCE. Amidst care, sickness, and misfortune; amidst dangers, disappointments, and death itself, he holds fast this idea, and yields it up but with his last breath.

Happy indeed would it be, if virtue, wisdom, and superior abilities of doing good, were the basis of our CONSEQUENCE; but the misfortune is, we are generally apt to place it in those very qualities for which the thinking part of mankind either hate or despise us. The man of pleasure derives his CONSEQUENCE from the number of women he has ruined; the man of honour, from the duels he has fought; the country squire, from the number of bottles he can drink; the man of learning, by puzzling you with what you do not understand; the ignorant man, by talking of what he does not understand himself; my lady's woman, by dressing like a person of quality; and my lady herself, by appearing in clothes unworthy of one of her housemaids.

Those, who in their own situations, are unfortunately of no CONSEQUENCE, are catching at every opportunity that offers itself to acquire it. Thus the blockhead of fortune flies from the company that would improve him, to be a man of CONSEQUENCE among the vulgar: while the independent citizen gives up the ease and enjoyment which he would find in the company and conversation of his equals, to be mortified by the pride and arrogance of his superiors at the other end of the town, in order to be a man of CONSEQUENCE at his return.

I remember an anabaptist taylor in the city, who, to make himself a man of CONSEQUENCE, used to boast to his customers, that however silent history had been upon a certain affair, he could affirm upon his credit, that the man in the mask who cut off king Charles's head, was his own grandfather. I knew also a shoe-boy at Cambridge, when I was a student at St. John's, who was afterwards transported for picking pockets, but who having at his return commenced gamester, and of course made himself company for gentlemen, used always to preface what he had to say with, 'I remember when I was *abroad*, or when I was at *college*.' But even a more ridiculous instance than this, is in an old gentlewoman who has lately taken a garret at my barber's; this lady (whose father, it seems, was a justice of the quorum) constantly sits three whole hours every evening over a halfpenny roll and a farthing's worth of cheese, because it was the custom of her family, she says, to dine late, and sit a long while. This kind of CONSEQUENCE was very happily ridiculed by Tom Slaughter the butcher, at Newmarket. Every body knows that Tom's father was a gentleman who ran through a very good estate by cocking and horse-racing. Tom being asked, last meeting, by one who had known him in his prosperity, how he could descend to so low a calling as that of a butcher, answered, 'Why, you know, sir, our family always took a pride in killing their own mutton.'

That this affectation of CONSEQUENCE is the most ridiculous of all vanities, every body will allow. But where men of real worth in all other respects are possessed of it, or where persons in great and honourable stations render themselves and their employments contemptible by such affectation, it is then seriously to be lamented.

Our ancestors derived their CONSEQUENCE from their independency; and supported it by their integrity and hospitality. They resided upon their several estates, and kept open houses for their neighbours and tenants. They exerted themselves in deeds of hardiness and activity; and their wives and daughters were modest and good housewives.

There is an epitaph in Peck's collection of curious historical pieces, which (as that book is but in a few hands, and as I do not remember to have seen it in any other collection) I shall here transcribe, that our gentry of the present times may be instructed in the art of making themselves persons of real CONSEQUENCE. This epitaph (which for its natural beauty and simplicity, is equal to any thing of the kind) was written in queen Elizabeth's time, upon that noble and famous knight, sir Thomas Scot of Scot's-hall, in the county of Kent, who died on the 30th day of December 1594, and was buried in Bradborn church. His mother was the daughter of sir William Kempe. He served in many parliaments as knight of the shire for that county. In the memorable year 1588, upon the council's sending him a letter on the Wednesday, acquainting him with the approach of the Spanish Armada, he sent four thousand armed men to Dover on the Thursday. The inhabitants of Ashford would have paid the charges of his funeral, on condition that his corpse might have been buried in their church.

EPITAPH.

I.

Here lies Sir THOMAS SCOT *by name;*
Oh hapie KEMPE *that bore him!*
Sr RAYNOLD, *with four knights of fame,*
Lyv'd lyneally before him.

II.

His wiefes were BAKER, HEYMAN, BEERE;
His love to them unfayned.
He lyved nyne and fifty yeare;
And seventeen sowles he gayned.

III.

His first wief bore them everie one;
The world might not have myst her!
She was a verie paragon,
The ladie BUCKERST's *syster.*

IV.

His widowe lyves in sober sort;
No matron more discreter.
She still reteiynes a good reporte,
And is a great howsekeper.

V.

He (being call'd to special place)
Did what might best behove him.
The QUEENE *of* ENGLAND *gave him grace;*
The KING *of* HEAV'N *did love him.*

VI.

His men and tenants wail'd the daye,
His kinn and cuntrie cried!
Both younge and old in KENT *may saye,*
Woe woorth the daye he died.

VII.

He made his porter shut his gates
To sycophants and briebors;
And ope them wide to greate estates,
And alsoe to his neighbors.

VIII.

His hous was rightlye termed hall,
Whose bred and beef was redie.
It was a verie hospitall,
And refuge for the needie.

IX.

From whence he never stept aside,
In winter nor in sommer.
In Christmas time he did provide
Good cheer for everie comer.

X.

When any servis should be dom,
He lyeked not to lyngar;
The rich would ride, the poor would runn
If he held up his fingar.

XI.

He kept tall men, he rydd great hors;
He did indite most finelye;
He us'd few words, but cold discours
Both wisely and dyvinelye.

XII.

His lyving meane, his chargies greate,
His daughters well bestowed;
Althogh that he were lefte in debt,
In fine he nothing owed;

XIII.

But died in rich and hapie state,
Belov'd of man and woman;
And (which is yeat much more than that)
He was envy'd of no man.

XIV.

In justice he dyd much excell,
In law he never wrangled;
He loov'd rellygion wondrous well,
But he was not new fangled.

XV.

Let ROMNEY *marsh, and* DOVER *saye,*
Ask NORBORN *camp at leysuer,*
If he were woont to make delaye,
To do his cuntrie pleasure.

XVI.

But ASHFORD'S *proffer passeth all,*
It was both rare and gentle;
They wold have pay'd his funerall,
T" have tomb'd him in their temple.

XVII.

Ambition he did not regard,
No boaster, nor no bragger;
He spent, and lookt for no reward,
He cold not play the bagger.

No. 134. THURSDAY, JULY 24, 1755.

IN a former paper I attempted to prove that the laws must be general, not particular, which God employs in the government of mankind. Let us now examine a little particularly, the nature of the complaints which these laws occasion, and consider how far the existence of a Providence is rendered precarious by them.

We lament that happiness and misery are very irregularly distributed among the good and bad: and yet, as it has been well observed, are by no means determined in questions, very necessary to be precisely settled, before we form this conclusion: as, what is the final and proper happiness of man? And who are the good, and who are the bad, that deserve to partake of it, or to be excluded from it? He is not a good man at Rome, who is a good man at London. Nay, in the same country, this sect adores him as a saint, whom another proclaims a minister of darkness. The patriot of one party is the rebel of the opposite one. The happiness then or misery of such a person becomes very frequently,

at the same time, and in the very same place, both an argument for the belief, and rejection of a Providence.

Again, the greatest part of the misfortunes which afflict us, are concluded to arise from the action of general laws; when, in reality, they proceed from our own wilful opposition to them, and refusal to accept them as the measure of our conduct. Obscure and limited as human reason is, it is sufficient to discover to us certain desirable ends, and certain means fitted to produce them: ends not to be procured by the application of different means, and means not adapted to procure different ends. Physical causes produce physical, and moral causes moral effects. It is surely unreasonable to invert this order, and expect moral effects from physical causes, and physical effects from moral causes. It is unreasonable to expect, that the virtues of a saint or martyr will secure us from the dangers of a well or precipice, if we advance to them with a bandage over our eyes. We should smile at the country gentleman's simplicity, who disbelieved a Providence, because fox-hunting, port and tobacco, were incapable of inspiring him with the genius of Milton, or because he was unfurnished with the sagacity and penetration of Locke, after a dozen years attendance to every debate at the quarter-sessions. The epicure would be entitled to as little serious treatment, who embraced the same atheistical tenet, because his streams did not flow with burgundy and champagne, or because haunches of venison, turtles, and turbots, did not rise as spontaneously from his hot-beds as mushrooms. We should treat such characters with ridicule; but are others less ridiculous, who expect effects as disproportionate to their causes, as those just described? Should the wise and good complain, that they are not rich and robust like

vicked men; the reply is obvious: the
procure wisdom and virtue are very dif-
ı those that procure health and riches.
ment that they are not in possession of
nal advantages, when they have neglect-
ural methods of acquiring them, which
s valuable have pursued with success?
ction against a Providence, that men do
grapes from thorns, or figs from thistles;
reason to be satisfied, while it is in their
ceive them from the plants proper to
ction.

allowed that on some occasions, with all
tion, the order of nature may operate to
ntage: the torrent may overwhelm, the
me, or the earthquake swallow us: but
laws to be condemned, because in par-
nces they give us transient pain, or even
our present state of being, which they
ibuted to preserve in every period of it,
ch not only our happiness, but our very
as depended? It is a necessary condi-
compound substance, like the material
, to be subject to dissolution, from causes
it, or united with its constitution. Does
vincing argument arise against a Provi-
its dissolution at one season rather than
or from its dissolution by an external, ra-
an internal cause, which is as effectual
though less precipitate in the means?
w cases (much fewer than are generally
may possibly be stated, where, in the pre-
he moment of misery to a faultless crea-
exceedingly overbalance the moment of
ess; as when it is introduced into being
ities of body, too obstinate for tempe-
discipline to correct, and which render

it insensible to every enjoyment. But to solve these appearances, a well supported revelation, that instructs us in the doctrine of a future state, may fitly be applied: for though revelation cannot serve as a basis to natural religion, on which it is only a superstructure, yet it may be extremely useful to reconcile the seeming inconsistencies of a system discovered to be good by arguments of another kind; and reason will acquiesce in the truths it teaches, as agreeable to its own dictates.

After premising these reflections, I may venture to make public the following letter from a very learned female correspondent.

Mr. FITZ-ADAM,

It has been some surprize to me, that in a paper which seems designed to correct our judgments, and reduce the influence of fashion, folly, prejudice, and passion, you have never confuted a principle, which is a composition of them all. I mean the belief of a Providence. It answers indeed no individual purpose, except to countenance the insolence of our parsons, who maintain it in defiance of the wisdom of their superiors. I was early initiated in that *first philosophy*, which explained the creation by a fortuitous concourse of atoms. An infinite number of parcels, varied in shape, size and colour, and embracing each other in all possible positions, opened a scene as entertaining to my fancy as it was intelligible to my understanding. My brother was an able advocate for this opinion; and his situation in a gaol, under the pressure of ill-health, loss of fortune, reputation and friends, furnished him with copious arguments to support it. A maiden aunt, indeed, who had the management of my education, was perpetually representing his principles as impious, and his arguments for them as absurd. She insisted that his misfortunes could be ascribed to no other cause than himself: that loss of

reputation and friends was the natural consequence of a want of common honesty; loss of fortune, of extravagance; and loss of health, of debauchery. I am ashamed to confess that these childish reasons had too much weight with me, and that I continued too long in a fluctuating state between truth and error. I thank God however, that my own misfortunes have taken off the partial bias from my mind, and opened it to conviction and the reason of things. My beauty impaired, if not lost by the small-pox, the death of a favourite child, the scantiness of my circumstances, and the brutality of my husband, have proved beyond exception, that no moral Being presides over us. I shall not trouble you with a repetition of the same nonsense employed against me, as before against my brother, by the same ancient lady. She concluded with observing, that complaints of circumstances, and the brutality of a husband, came with an indifferent grace from a person, who, after rejecting so many advantageous offers, escaped from a window with a stranger she had scarcely seen. You will do me the justice to believe, that my judgment on this occasion was regulated more by my own feelings, than the eloquence of my aunt. My satisfaction is, that the good lady, insensibly to herself, seems now becoming a convert to those opinions, which half her life has been employed to confute. Some late circumstances have indeed staggered her orthodoxy. She has made a new discovery, that she is considerably turned of seventy, and feels the infirmities, which accompany that season, making hasty advances to her. Her father confessor, and ancient admirer, the vicar of the parish, broke his leg not long since, and received other contusions, not yet made public, by a fall from a vicious horse: and a lady in the neighbourhood, whom she has never forgiven

the insult of disputing formerly the precedence a church, is placed in a rank very superior to he own, by the accession of her husband to an estat and title, to which he has been presumptive hei for above these twenty years.

I am, &c.

No. 135. THURSDAY, JULY 31, 1755.

To Mr. Fitz-Adam.

Sir,

There are few things which contribute more t mislead our judgments, and pervert our morals than the confusion of our ideas arising from th abuse of words. Hence it hourly happens that virtues and vices are so blended and disguised, by taking each other's names, that almost the worst actions a man can be guilty of, shall be attributed tc an elevated and laudable spirit. Thus the most extravagant fellow living, who, to keep up an ostentatious figure by all kinds of expence, sets his country and conscience to sale, shall be extolled by all about him as a noble generous soul, above the low consideration of dirty money. The high-mettled blood, who debauches his friend's wife or daughter; who withholds a tradesman's just debt, that he may be punctual with a sharper; in short, who dares do any injury, and run the man through the body who shall resent it, calls himself, and is called by the world, a man of gallantry and honour. Œconomy is put out of countenance by the odious word avarice; and the most rapacious covetousness takes shelter under the terms prudence and discretion. An easy thoughtlessness of temper, which betrays the owner to recommend a scoundrel; to lend to, or be bound for a spendthrift; to conform with all

the gallant schemes of a profligate; to heap favours on a pimp or sharper, even to the neglect of meritorious friends, and frequently to the distressing a wife and children; in fine, that easy disposition of mind which cannot resist importunity, be the solicitor ever so unworthy, is dignified with the most amiable of all epithets, good nature; and so the thing itself brought into disgrace by the misapplication of the word.

The bare mention of these abuses is sufficient to lead every thinking reader into a larger catalogue of the like kind. Hence it is that falsehood usurps the place of truth, and ignominy of merit; and though this may have been the complaint of all ages and nations of the civilized world, yet still the cheaters and the cheated are as numerous as ever.

I have been led into these reflections by the superficial and mistaken opinions which are almost universally received of two gentlemen in a neighbouring county, at whose houses I have been lately entertained, and whose characters I shall here delineate, concealing their real names under the fictitious ones of Sombrinus and Hilarius.

Sombrinus is a younger brother of a noble family, whose intrinsic worth having been descried and valued by a man of solid sense in the neighbourhood, procured him the happiness of his only daughter in marriage, with a fortune of a thousand pounds per annum. Sombrinus is a man of extraordinary natural parts, cultivated by much reading and observation: of nice honour; sincere in his friendships, which are but few; and universally humane. A warm lover of his religion and country, and an excellent justice of the peace, in which capacity he takes infinite pains to allay bitterness, and compose quarrels. Pious himself, a regularity of devotion is kept up in his family. His numerous issue (to

which he is rather essentially affectionate, than fond) obliges him to œconomy, though his natural inclination is stronger towards dispensing riches, than hoarding them. His equipage and table are rather neat and sufficient than sumptuous. Reasonable people are always welcome to him; but the riotous find their account neither in his temperance, nor his conversation. With all these good qualities, his too great avidity for book-knowledge, his penetration into men and manners, and his exalted notions of reason and rectitude, combining with a sickly habit of body, render him apt to be splenetic or silent, upon occasions wherein his delicacy is grossly offended. Hence the much-injured Sombrinus lies under the calumny of being a very *ill-natured man*, among all those who have but a slight acquaintance of him; while even his intimates, who see him at all hours, and in every mood, though convinced of the goodness of his heart, and the purity of his intentions, are yet obliged, when contending in his favour, to grant that he has often the appearance of an *ill-humoured man*.

Hilarius is a downright country gentleman; a *bon vivant;* an indefatigable sportsman. He can drink his gallon at a sitting, and will tell you he was never *sick nor sorry* in his life. He married a most disagreeable woman with a vast fortune, whom however he contents himself with slighting, merely because he cannot take the trouble of using her ill. For the same reason he is seldom seen to be angry, unless his favourite horse should happen to be lamed, or the game-act infringed. Having an estate of above five thousand a year, his strong beer, ale, and wine-cellar are always well stored; to either of which, as also to his table, abounding in plenty of good victuals ill sorted and ill dressed, every voter and fox-hunter claims a kind of right. He roars for the church, *which he* never visits, and is eternally cracking his

coarse jests, and talking smut to the parsons; whom if he can make fuddled, and expose to contempt, it is the highest pleasure he can enjoy. As for his lay friends, nothing is more frequent with him than to set them and their servants dead drunk upon their horses, to whose sagacity it is left to find the way home in a dark winter's night; and should any of them happen to be found half smothered in a ditch next morning, it affords him excellent diversion for a twelve-month after. His sons are loobies, and his daughters hoydens: not that he is covetous, but careless in their educations. Through the same indolence, his bastards, of which he has not a few, are left to the parish; and his men and maid servants run riot without controul for want of discipline in the family. He has a mortal aversion to any interruption in his mirth. Tell him of a calamity that has befallen any of his acquaintance, he asks where stands the bottle? Propose to him the assisting at a quarter-sessions, he is engaged at a cock-match? or should he, through curiosity, make his appearance there, ever jovial and facetious, and equally free from the disturbance of passion and compassion, he will crack his joke from the bench with the vagrant whom he sentences to be whipped through the county, or with the felon whom he condemns to the gallows. Such is his condescension, that he makes no scruple to take his pipe and pot at an alehouse with the very dregs of the people. As for the parliament (though his seat in it costs him very dear in house-keeping) if the fate of the nation depended upon his attendance there, he would not be prevailed upon to quit the country in the shooting or hunting season, unless forced up by a call of the house. In fine, it is an invariable maxim with him, let what will happen, never to give himself one moment's concern. Are you in health and prosperity? No

one is readier to club a laugh with you; but he has no ear to the voice of distress or complaint. The business of his life is (what he calls) pleasure; to promote this, he annually consumes his large income, which, without any design of his, may happen indeed to do some good,

And wander, Heav'n directed, to the poor.

With these endowments, there are at least nine in ten, who give the preference to Hilarius, and lavish on him the epithets of the worthiest, the noblest, and the best-natured creature alive; while Sombrinus is ridiculed as a *deadly* wise man, a milksop, stingy, proud, sullen, and ill-natured. Yet Sombrinus is the man to whom every one flies, whenever there is a demand for justice, good sense, wholesome counsel, or real charity: to Hilarius, when the belly only is to be consulted, or the time dissipated.

Thus are the thousand good qualities of Sombrinus eclipsed by a too reserved and serious turn of mind; while Hilarius, on the false credit of generosity and good-humour, without one single virtue in his composition, swims triumphantly with the stream of applause, and is esteemed by every one of his acquaintance, for having only the abilities of a complete voluptuary.

I cannot dismiss this letter without lamenting the mistaken opinions usually received of characters like these, as a woful instance of the depravity of our hearts as well as heads. A man may with equal propriety aver, that the giant who shewed himself for a shilling last winter at Charing-Cross, was in every respect a much greater man than Mr. Pope, who had the misfortune of being low, crooked, and afflicted with the head-ach.

I am, SIR, *Your constant reader,*

And most humble servant,

W. M.

No. 136. THURSDAY, AUGUST 7, 1755.

To Mr. Fitz-Adam.

Sir,

As it is incumbent on an historian, who writes the history of his own times, to take notice of public and remarkable events, so I apprehend it to be the business of a writer of essays for entertainment and instruction, to mark the passions as they rise, and to treat of those especially, which appear to influence the manners of the age he lives in.

The love of noise, though a passion observable in all times and countries, has yet been so predominant of late years, and given rise to so many of our modern customs, that I cannot think it unworthy of one of your speculations.

In many instances this passion is subordinate to, and proceeds from another, which is no less universal, and no less commendable; I mean the love of fame. Noise, or sound in general, has been considered as a means, whereby thousands have rendered themselves famous in their generation; and this is the reason why to be famous, and to make a noise in the world, are commonly understood as equivalent expressions. Hence also the trumpet, a musical instrument of the most noble instruments of sound, was anciently made sacred to the heathen goddess of fame: so that even at this day, when the world is too backward in doing justice to a man's merit, and he is constrained to do it himself, he is properly said to sound his own praises, or to set out his fame.

The great utility and advantages which may be

obtained from noise, in several other respects, are very apparent. In the pulpit, the preacher who declaims in the loudest manner, is sure to gain the greatest number of followers. He has also the satisfaction of knowing that the devotion of a great part of his audience depends more upon the soundness of his lungs, than the soundness of his doctrine.

At the bar, every one knows the great influence of sound: and indeed where people accustom themselves to talk much and mean little, it behoves them to substitute noise in the place of eloquence. It is also a very just remark, that scurrility and abuse require an elevation of the voice.

In the senate it is often seen, that the noise and thunder with which the patriot shakes the house, has redounded more to the good of his country, than all the knowledge of the history and laws of it, locked up in the breasts of profound politicians, who have wanted voices to make themselves heard.

From a conviction that noise in general can be made subservient to so many good purposes, we may easily imagine that a great fondness must be often shewn for it, even where its usefulness, or tendency, is not immediately discernible: for from the very force of habit, the means will often be pursued, where the end is not perhaps attainable.

At a coffee-house which I frequent at the St. James's end of the town, I meet with two sets of young men, commonly distinguished by the name of Beaux and Bloods; who are perpetually interrupting the conversation of the company, either with whistling of tunes, lisping of new-fashioned oaths, trolling out affected speeches and short sentences; or else with recitals of bold adventures past, and much bolder which they are about to en-

age in. But as noise is more becoming a Blood han a Beau, I am generally diverted with the one, nd always tired with the other.

This has led me to reflect on the wisdom which as been shewn in the institution of certain clubs nd nocturnal meetings for men, into which no perons can be admitted as members, but those who re disposed to make that particular noise only, which is agreeable to the tastes and talents of their respective societies. Thus the members of one club vent their noise in politics; those of another in critical dissertations on eating and drinking; a third perhaps in story-telling, and a fourth in a constant rotation of merry songs. In most of these clubs there are presidents chosen and invested with authority to be as noisy as they please themselves, nd to inflict penalties on all those who open out of time.

The ladies indeed are somewhat more limited in their topics for noise, though their meetings for venting it are more numerous than those of the men. They also lie under the disadvantage of having voices of a tone too soft and delicate to be heard t a great distance: but they seem in some measure to have obviated these disadvantages, by agreeing to talk all together; by which means, and as the subject is generally of the vituperative kind, they are able to cope with the men, even at the most vociferous of their clubs.

Again; those diversions, in which noise most abounds, have been always held in the highest esteem. The true and original country squire, who is actuated by this generous passion for noise, prefers the diversion of hunting to all other enjoyments upon earth. He can entertain his companions for hours together with talking of his hounds, and extolling the divine music and harmony of their

tongues; and scarce ever goes to bed without winding the horn, and having the full cry in his parlou Horse-racing, cock-fighting, bull-baiting, and th like, are sports which fill the hearts of the commo people with the most extravagant delight; while the voices are employed in the loudest shouts and ex clamations. In the opinion of our English sailor no entertainment can be complete where the all cheering huzza is wanting; by the force of whic they are inspired with such courage and resolution that even fighting itself becomes their diversion.

In London, where many of these sports cannot b enjoyed, the fashion for noise has appeared in va rious other shapes. It has within the memory o most men, given rise to routs, drums, and hurri canes; which in all probability would have bee improved into cannonades, thunders and earth quakes, before this time, had it not been for the lat panics on account of some concussions in the air very much resembling those of a real earthquake However, as a proof that the names already give to those polite assemblies are extremely proper fo them, I need only to remark that they are usuall composed of what is called the best company, wh from time immemorial have pleaded the privileg of birth for talking as loud as they can.

Among the many other instances of the effects o this passion in high life, I shall only take notice o one more; which is an ingenious method (unknown to our forefathers) of making a thundering noise a people's doors; by which you are generally give to understand that some person of consequence doe you the honour to suppose you are in the land o the living.

Some may think that it will bear a dispute, whe ther such a violent hammering at people's door may not be looked upon, in the eye of the law, as a

attempt of a *forcible entry:* but it is my humble opinion, that it can only be construed to an action of *assault* and *battery*; since it may be proved that the generality of those who are guilty of this misdemeanor have really no intention of making any entry at all: for when doors are opened to them, they secure their retreat as fast as they can; flying from the face of those whom they count their enemies when at home, and visit as their friends when abroad.

I have now by me a certain curious book of memoirs, wherein the sentiments of a wealthy old lady in the city, with regard to the usefulness of noise, seem very nearly to correspond with the observations I have here made upon that subject. I shall transcribe a short passage from the character of this lady, and conclude my letter.

'Towards the decline of her days she took lodgings on Ludgate-hill, in order to be amused with the noises in the street, and to be constantly supplied with objects of contemplation: for she thought it of great use to a mind that had a turn for meditation, to observe what was passing in the world. As she had also a very religious disposition, she used often to say it was a grievous shame that such a thing as silent meetings, among some of the dissenting brethren, should be suffered in a christian country. And when she died, she left five hundred pounds towards the erecting fifty new *sounding-boards*, to aid the lungs of the aged clergy, in divers churches within the bills of mortality.

I am, SIR,

Your obliged humble servant,

R. L.

No. 137. THURSDAY, AUGUST 14, 1755.

My correspondent of to-day will, I hope, excuse me for not publishing his letter sooner. To confess the truth, I had some thoughts of making an apology to him for not publishing it all; having conceived an opinion that it might tend to lessen those exalted ideas which the world has always entertained of us men of learning. But though upon reconsideration I have changed my mind, I must take the liberty of observing, by way of introduction, that as I modestly presume no man living has more learning than myself, so no man values himself more upon it, or has a greater veneration for all those who possess it, even though they should possess nothing else. I remember to have seen it under my grandmother's own hand, in the new primer she gave me at my first going to school, that *learning is better than house and land:* and though I cannot say that I have ever been in a situation to make the proper comparison between LEARNING and HOUSE and LAND; yet my grandmother was a wise woman, and I had never reason to call in question the truth of any of her sayings.

To Mr. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

It is with pleasure I observe, that you commonly avoid the ridiculous ostentation of prefixing a scrap of antiquity to your lucubrations. Your practice confirms me in my opinion, that a line or two of Greek and Latin, is neither useful nor ornamental to a paper intended for the benefit of all sorts of readers.

It was excusable in your predecessors, the Tatler, Spectator and Guardian; for in their time we had fine gentlemen, one out of twenty of whom could, perhaps, make a shift to pick out the meaning of a Latin couplet. But now-a-days the case is altered; it is pedantry to know any other language, or, at least, to seem to know any, but the fashionable modern ones. For my own part, I by no means approve of mottos, which I doubt not are often thought of after the piece is written; and if not, must confine the writer too closely to the sense of them. The same objection I have to numerous quotations from the ancients; for why should we speak in a less intelligible language, what may be as pertinently and justly expressed in our own? It is with reason then, that in our days a man is no more reputed a scholar for quoting Homer and Virgil, than he would be esteemed a man of morals for reading Tully and Seneca; and a Greek motto is thought as unnecessary to a good essay, as a head of Otho or Galba would be to a learned man, if it was slung round his shoulders. Indeed, to speak my mind, if the use of a language is to arrive at the ense, wit, and arts conveyed by it, I see no reason hy our own should yield to any other, ancient or odern. It is copious and manly, though not re-lar; and has books in every branch of the arts d sciences, written with a spirit and judgment not be exceeded. Notwithstanding which, a man sed in Greek and Latin, and nothing else, shall called learned; while another, less knowing in e, who has imbibed the sense, spirit and know-e of all the best authors in our own language, is ed that honourable title.

own to you, Mr. Fitz-Adam, that he who would n a store of prudent and judicious maxims for irection of his conduct in life, can do it no

where more effectually, than from the invaluable works of antiquity. But is it absolutely necessary that he should do this from the very languages in which they were written? I am myself what is called a good Greek and Latin scholar; and yet I believe I might be master of as much true knowledge, if I understood neither. There are many good reasons to be given why the study of these languages ought to be cultivated: but I think this pursuit may be carried too far; and that much of the time spent in acquiring a critical knowledge of them, might be employed to more advantage. I speak in general; for there are some, who have a genius particularly suited to the study of words, that would never make any figure in the study of things.

There is hardly any thing truly valuable in the dead languages, that may not be read with equal advantage and satisfaction in the living, and more particularly in our own; for if I may rely upon my own judgment, and the report of learned men, many of the best ancient authors have lost little by their translation into our soil. I am charmed with the Greek of Thucydides and Longinus; but I am likewise delighted with the French dress of the last, and Mr. Smith's English of both. I can distinguish the gentility and ease of Cicero, and the spirit and neatness of Pliny, in their epistles, as they are translated by Mr. Melmoth. Will any man that has seen Mr. Pope's Homer, lament that he has not read him in the original? And will not every man of a true taste admire the gaiety and good sense of Horace, the gallantry and genteel carelessness of Ovid, the fire and energy of Juvenal, and the passion of Tibullus, in the paraphrases and translations of Donne, Dryden, Garth, Congreve and Hammond? I instance these, as their beauties are with more difficulty transferred into a foreign language.

It would be endless to enumerate the English
ems that perhaps equal any thing in Greek or La-
. The Paradise Lost will be thought little infe-
r to the Iliad or Æneid in judgment, majesty, and
e poetic fire. The Essay on Criticism, I need not
uple to compare with the Epistle to the Piso's;
r to prefer the Dunciad, Essay on Man, and the
hic epistles, to any of the productions of antiquity.
id will you not join with me in preferring Alexan-
r's Feast to all the extravagance of Pindar, in
int of harmony, and power of expression and num-
rs? The poets, it is true, had different views; but
twithstanding, there may be a comparison.

To enlarge farther, would carry me beyond the
nits I propose to myself; I shall therefore con-
ude my remarks on this kind of writing, with ob-
rving, that if we fall short of the ancients in any
rt of polite writing, it is in the method of dia-
gue, in which some of them, as Xenophon, Plato
id Tully, had most excellent talents: and yet I
ow not whether the dialogue on Medals, and the
inute Philosopher, may not rival any thing they
ve left behind them: for as to their political writ-
gs, no man will think them equal to the Letters
Patriotism, and the Idea of a Patriot King. In
story we are certainly deficient, though Raleigh,
larendon, and a few others are excellent in their
nds; but we as certainly make it up in mathema-
s, natural philosophy, physic, and the many ex-
llent treatises we have on morality, politics, and
vil prudence.

It is not my intention to resume a subject that has
ready employed much abler pens, and to raise a
spute about the comparative merits of the ancients
id moderns; nor would I by any means discourage
e study of the ancient languages; for I think the
me I spent in acquiring them extremely well em-

ployed: but I would willingly persuade such as ar not masters of them, that they may become scho lars and learned men with no other assistance tha their own native English. I am sure I think th man more deserving of those names, who is con versant with Bacon, Boyle, Locke, and Newton than he who is unacquainted with these great phi losophers, though he should have read Plato, Aris totle, and all the orators and poets of antiquity.

You will now, no doubt, be curious to know wh I am, that decide so magisterially in a point so lon given up, and of so much consequence to the repub lic of letters. Time, Mr. Fitz-Adam, may brin that to light: at present it is necessary I shoul screen myself from the indignation of pedants, wh would overwhelm me with heaps of ancient rubbish My view in this letter is to convince the ladies, tha many of them possess more real learning, than a fel low of a college, who has for twenty years pore upon remnants. I have indeed often wondered tha the author of the WORLD has not been favoure with a much greater share of the productions of fe male correspondents than any of his predecessors as he has set at naught Greek and Latin for thei sakes. But perhaps it may be for that very reason for so capricious are the sex, that though they hat a pedant, they despise the man who is not *homo mul tarum literarum*, I have heard a lady declare, tha she could no more love a man whose learning wa not superior to her own, than him who took all oc casions of shewing her that it was. If you approv of me as a correspondent, I may be sometimes a your service; in which case, to shew my learning my stile shall now and then be enriched with a litth Greek and Latin.

I am, SIR,

Your most humble servant,

A. C.

No. 138. THURSDAY, AUGUST 21, 1755.

FOR several weeks past, I have been considering with myself how I might extend the use and entertainment of these my labours: for though thousands of my countrymen have experienced and are ready to attest their salutary effects, yet it cannot be denied but there are still people to be met with, who are by no means as wise and as good as they ought to be. General satire, as I have formerly observed, is what few people care to apply to themselves; and though I have hitherto been averse to particular and personal abuse, I am at last willing to try its effect, well-knowing, that if the good which may accrue from it be but in the proportion of one in a million to the entertainment it gives, I shall have reason to bless myself for thus quarrelling with the world. I am sensible also, that by adopting this method, I am increasing the number of my correspondents, as every one will be for trying his hand on so delightful a subject as the failings of his friends; especially when I shall have given him my honour that he need be under no apprehensions for his safety, and that I will take every quarrel upon myself. I therefore hereby invite all persons whatsoever to transmit to me forthwith all the scandal they can either collect or invent. Names, and particularly great ones, will be very acceptable; or in default of such names, minute descriptions of persons, their alliances and connections, or the streets they live in, will be equally agreeable. Great regard will be paid to the letters of female correspondents; but it is humbly hoped that they will not suffer the copiousness and enticement of the

subject to hurry them into lengths that may exceed the bounds of this paper.

I am sensible that a great deal of courage, and an equal degree of dexterity at single rapier, will be necessary on this occasion; but as I said before, I am contented to take the whole upon myself, rather than lay my correspondents under any restraint: my name is Adam Fitz-Adam: I am to be heard of every morning at the Tilt-yard coffee-house, and, though an old man, shall be ready to give any gentleman satisfaction, who chuses to call upon me in a hackney-coach, and frank me to Hyde-park, or Montague-house.

To extend the usefulness of this paper still farther, it is my intention (notwithstanding any former declaration to the contrary) to mix politics with slander, I am in a manner compelled to make this second alteration in my plan, from a thorough conviction that no man in these kingdoms is such a master of politics as myself; and as a war with France seems now to be inevitable, I shall from time to time instruct our ministers in what manner to conduct it, and shall hope for an exact compliance with every plan I shall lay before them. This will be saving a great deal of trouble and perplexity to the common people of England, who, though always ready to instruct an administration, are sometimes so divided in their opinions, that the said administration are forced to pursue their own measures, for want of plain and punctual instructions from their friends.

The better to carry on this laudable design, I shall direct what bills are proper to be brought into parliament, and what acts I would have repealed. I shall also devote three mornings in every week to the private instruction of all such ministers and members of parliament, as are desirous of confer-

ring with me at my lodgings up two pair of stairs at the Trunk-maker's in St. Martin's-Lane. I shall likewise be ready to answer all questions in politics to such gentlemen and ladies as would willingly investigate that science without study or application. This will tend greatly to the edification of all justices of the peace, nurses, midwives, country curates, and parish clerks, whose ideas seem at present to be a little confused, for want of a thorough knowledge of the interests and connections of the several states of Europe, and how the balance of power is to be maintained. I shall keep a watchful eye over the king of France and his ministers, and will give timely notice of any intended invasions, and direct measures to defeat such invasions in proper time. I shall find means of instructing the other powers of Europe in their true and natural interests, and will communicate in this paper the intelligence I shall from time to time receive from the said powers; so that the public shall always be apprized beforehand of the measures they intend to take.

When I consider the vast utility of this my undertaking, I cannot be too thankful for the abilities I am blessed with for carrying it on to the universal satisfaction of all parties. My humanity is, I confess, a little hurt, by reflecting that while I am thus making a monopoly of politics and slander, I am doing an injury to those of my brother authors, who have long lived by dealing out their occasional portions of those commodities. But I am comforted, upon second thoughts, that as this paper is published once a week, they will have continued opportunities of enriching their own larger compositions with the most shining parts of it: and this they shall have free leave to do, provided that they add no conjectures of their own, or pretend to doubt the superiority of my abilities, whereby disputes may

be raised upon any of those facts which I shall think proper to advance. The same indulgence is hereby given to all writers or compilers of country news-papers in Great Britain and Ireland: for as I have only the good of my country at heart, I am desirous of extending these my labours to the remotest parts of his Majesty's dominions. I shall also have this farther satisfaction, that the general complaint of the country's being deserted of inhabitants every winter may cease; as by means of this circulation every private gentleman may reside constantly at his seat, and every clergyman at his living, without being obliged once a year to pay a visit to London, in order to study politics, and instruct the administration.

But a much greater advantage than any yet mentioned, remains still to be told. The circulation of this paper will not be confined to Great Britain and Ireland; it will doubtless be demanded in all the courts, cities and large towns of Europe; by which means our enemies on the continent, finding the superiority of our wisdom, and knowing by whom our counsellors are counselled, will sue to us for peace upon our own terms. In the mean time, as we are entering into a war not of our own seeking, but merely in defence of our commerce, and for the protection and support of our undoubted rights, I shall direct the administration how to raise such supplies, as may enable us to carry it on with vigour and success; and this I hope to effect to every body's satisfaction, which, I humbly apprehend, has not always been the case.

I am well aware that there are certain superficial persons in the world, who may fancy that they have not discovered in my writings hitherto, these marvellous abilities, to which I am now laying claim To all such I shall only answer, let the event decide,

for I have always thought it beneath me to boast of talents superior to other men, till the necessity of the times compels me to produce them. Those who know me, will say of me what modesty forbids I should say of myself: indeed it has been owing to a very uncommon degree of that sheepish quality, that I have not let my readers into many secrets of myself, that would have amazed and confounded them.

I have undertaken politics and slander at the same time, from a constant observation that there is a certain connection between those sciences, which it is difficult to break through. But I intend to vary from the common method, and shall sometimes write politics without abuse, and abuse without politics. It may be feared perhaps that as I have hitherto received no reward for the great candour with which I have treated the administration during the course of this paper, I may incline to direct wrong measures out of pure spite; but I can assure my readers that such fears are groundless: I have nothing at heart but the public good, and shall propose no measures but such as are most apparently conducive to the honour and glory of my native country. In treating of these measures, I shall build nothing upon hypothesis, but will go mathematically to work, and reduce every thing to demonstration. For instance, if the war is only to be a naval one, I would instruct our minister (as a certain ingenious painter is said to draw) by the triangle. As thus: The end of the war is an advantageous peace. Now suppose any triangle, equilateral or otherwise, where A shall signify the English fleet, B the French Fleet, and C the above peace; the solution then will be no more than this, let the fleet A take the fleet B, and you produce the peace C. The same solution will do in a land war, where

where A and B may stand for armies instead of fleets.

Having now sufficiently explained myself upon this important occasion, I shall take leave of my readers till next Thursday, at which time, unless I should see reason to the contrary, I shall present them with a paper either of scandal or politics, which shall be to all their satisfactions.

No. 139. THURSDAY, AUGUST 28, 1755.

I HAVE judged it proper to postpone politics to another week, that I may oblige my readers with a piece of scandal, or whatever else they may please to call it, which has but just transpired, and which will quickly engage the conversation of all the best families in town and country. Those who are unacquainted with the parties concerned, will I hope excuse me for publishing only the initial letters of their names, or sometimes no letters at all; their high rank, and the honourable offices they bear, demanding from me a little more complaisance than I may probably shew to meaner persons. At the same time I should be sorry to have it thought, that my tenderness upon this occasion arose from any selfish considerations of the consequences that might ensue; the sword of a man of quality is no longer than that of another man, nor, for any thing I have observed, is he a jot more dextrous at drawing a trigger. My moderation proceeds from the great respect which is due from persons in humble situations to men of high and illustrious birth: though at the same time I must take the liberty of declaring, that one or two stories more of the same nature with what I am now

going to relate, will entirely cancel my regards, and incline me to treat them with the freedom of an equal.

Every body knows, at least every body in genteel life, that the match between lord *** and miss G— was brought about by the old earl, and the young lady's aunt; at whose house my lord unfortunately saw, and fell desperately in love with miss L——, who was a distant relation of the aunt, and who happened to be there upon a visit, at the time of his lordship's courtship to the niece. The character of miss L—— is too notorious to require a place in this narrative; though I must do her the justice to own, that I believe every art to undo a woman was practised upon her, before she was prevailed upon to give up her honour to a man, whom she knew to be the destined husband of her most intimate friend.

Those who knew of the affair between my lord and miss L——, endeavoured by every possible method to dissuade miss G—— from the match; and indeed if that unfortunate young lady had not preferred a title to happiness, she had treated his lordship as he deserved, from a thorough conviction that he had already bestowed his affections upon miss L——. But an union of hearts is by no means necessary in the marriages of the great. My lord and the old earl saw a thousand charms in miss G——'s large fortune; and the young lady and her aunt saw every thing in a title that could be wished for in the married state. The ceremony was performed soon after at the earl's house; and the young couple, though perfectly indifferent to each other, conducted themselves so prudently in all companies, that those who did not know them intimately, believed them to be very happy people.

The old earl dying soon after, my lord succeeded

to the estate and title of ***, and lived with l lady in all the magnificence and splendor which l large income could afford. His lordship had a co siderable mortgage on the estate of Sir O— S——; and it was under pretence of settling sor affairs with that gentleman, at his brother's seat ne St. Alban's, that he set out the beginning of tl month upon the expedition which has unhappi turned out so fatal to his peace. Colonel C***, gentleman too well known for his gallantries amo the ladies to need the initial letters of his nam was to be of his lordship's party; and though n lord had two sets of horses of his own, yet for ce tain reasons, which may hereafter be guessed at, l hired a coach and six at Tubbs's, and set out on tl Tuesday for St. Alban's, with intention, as was giv out, to return on the Thursday following.

I should have informed my readers, that lady ** and the young viscountess D——, who was said have a *tendre* for the colonel, were to meet them the viscountess's coach at Barnet, on their retu home, and that they were all to dine together at tl Green Man. It was said, I know, that doctor ** who is a man of family, was of the lady's party: l had been an intimate acquaintance, and some say lover of miss G——, before her marriage with lo ***. The doctor is a man much more famous f his wit and address than his practice; and is thoug to be the author of a late extraordinary perfor ance, which however celebrated, in my humble op nion, reflects more honour on his invention, th either on his knowledge in politics, or his charact as a moral man. But I will avoid circumstance and be as short as I can.

Doctor ***, though he lives at St. James's end the town, had been several times in that week Batson's and Child's coffee-houses, and had dra

chocolate with Sir E—— H—— the very Thursday that lord *** and the colonel were to return from St. Alban's to meet lady *** and the viscountess at the Green Man at Barnet. Many people are of opinion, that the doctor was not of the party, but that he received his intelligence from one H—y who had formerly been a steward of lord ***. But H—y denies the fact, and lays the whole mischief on lady ***'s woman, who it seems had been housekeeper to the doctor, when he lived in the square. There are strange reports of the doctor and this woman; but whether she or H—y was the contriver of this villainy, will appear hereafter. H—y is a man of a very indifferent character, and (I am not afraid of saying it) capable of undertaking any mischief whatsoever.

Lady *** and the viscountess, according to agreement, set out on Thursday at one o'clock for Barnet, and came to the Green Man, which was the place appointed for dining. My lord and the colonel not being arrived, the viscountess recollected that she had an acquaintance in the neighbourhood, at about two miles distance, whom she proposed visiting in a post-chaise, under pretence of saving her own horses. As this acquaintance of the viscountess was a stranger to lady ***, her ladyship declined going with her friend, and agreed to amuse herself with a book of novels till her return, or till the arrival of my lord and the colonel, which was every moment expected. The viscountess stept immediately into the post-chaise; and soon after, as lady *** was looking out at the window of the inn, she saw a coach and six drive by very hastily towards London; and the landlord declares that he saw lord ***, and the colonel, and two ladies in the coach, muffled up in cloaks. He also declares, that lady *** called out three times for the coach to

stop, but that no one answered, and the coachman drove out of sight in a few minutes.

I should have taken notice before, that as soon as the viscountess was gone upon her visit, as lady *** was sitting at the window next the road, the captain in quarters took great notice of her, and said to the chambermaid, in her ladyship's hearing, that he would give up a whole year's pay to pass the afternoon with so fine a creature: upon which lady *** frowned upon him very severely, and began a smart conversation with him on his boldness and presumption.

The viscountess, to the great surprize of lady ***, did not return till near six in the evening, and seemed in great confusion while she endeavoured to apologize for her absence. But as lady *** was convinced that her lord was in the coach that drove so hastily towards London, she declared positively that she would not stir a step from the inn till he returned to fetch her; and insisted on the viscountess's going immediately to inform him of her resolution. The viscountess accordingly set out; and the captain was seen going up stairs soon after. But whether lord *** returned that night, or whether it was really his lordship's coach that passed by, is uncertain: however, lady *** has been missing ever since: and yesterday a lady was found drowned in Rosamond's pond, who is suspected to be her: for though lady *** was a thin woman, and wore a chintz gown that day, and the person taken out of the pond appeared to be fat, and was dressed in white; yet it is thought that by lying a long time under water, the body may be very much swelled, and the colours of the linen entirely discharged. One thing is certain, that lord *** is like a man distracted; the doctor, the steward, and my lady's woman, are taken into custody; and the colonel

and the viscountess are fled nobody knows whither.

I shall leave my readers to make their own comments on this unhappy affair; which I have brought into as short a compass as I was able, with truth and perspicuity. I am sensible that where names occur so often, and those only marked with asterisks or initial letters, it is a very difficult matter to avoid confusion: and indeed I should hardly have thought myself perfectly clear, if I had not communicated my narrative to a country acquaintance of mine, a man totally ignorant of the whole affair, who was pleased to assure me, that he never met with any thing so plain and intelligible. I have been the more circumstantial upon this occasion, from a desire of pointing out in the most perspicuous manner the leading steps of this fatal catastrophe: for I am not satisfied with entertaining my readers with the frailties and misfortunes of persons of quality, unless I can warn them by their example against falling into the like errors.

No. 140. THURSDAY, SEPTEMBFR 4, 1755.

THE report of the king of France's having lately forbidden the coffee-houses at Paris to take in any English news-papers, was no more than I expected, after having in the WORLD of last Thursday was se'nnight, so plainly and openly declared my intentions of making all men politicians. But though his most christian majesty has thought proper to keep his subjects in the dark as to the science of politics, yet I hear with pleasure, that his emissaries in this city are buying up large numbers of these my lucubrations, for the private perusal of that mo-

narch and his ministers, and that a council is ordered to attend the reading of them as soon as they arrive. But for very good reasons, I have thought proper to change my intentions, and not meddle with matters of state; at least for the present. Indeed, to confess the truth, I have lately received full conviction that, great as my knowledge is in politics, there are those at the head of affairs, that know to the full as much as myself. Success is not always in our power; but if we are really to enter into a war with France, I have the pleasure of assuring the common people of England, that they may depend upon its being as well conducted, as if they had the entire management of it in their own hands, or even if I myself was to preside at all their meetings for settling plans and operations.

This and other reasons have inclined me for the present to lay aside politics, and to go on in the old way, mending hearts instead of heads, or furnishing such amusements as may fix the attention of the idle, or divert the schemes of the vicious, for at least five minutes every week. Of this kind is the following little piece, which I received some time since from a very ingenious correspondent, who intitles it

A MEDITATION among the BOOKS.

From every thing in nature a wise man may derive matter of meditation. In meditations various authors have exercised their genius, or tortured their fancy. An author who meant to be serious, has meditated on the *mystery of weaving:* an author who never meant to be serious, has meditated on a *broomstick:* let me also meditate; and a *library of books* shall be the subject of my meditations.

Before my eyes an almost innumerable multitude of authors are ranged; different in their opinions, as in their bulk and appearance; in what light

shall I view this great assembly? Shall I consider it as an ancient legion, drawn out in goodly array under fit commanders? or as a modern regiment of writers, where the common men have been forced by want, or seduced through wickedness into the service, and where the leaders owe their advancement rather to caprice, party-favour, and the partiality of friends, than to merit or service?

Shall I consider ye, O ye books! as a herd of courtiers or strumpets, who profess to be subservient to my use, and yet seek only your own advantage? No; let me consider this room as the great charnel-house of human reason, where darkness and corruption dwell; or, as a certain poet expresses himself,

Where hot and cold, and wet and dry,
And beef, and broth, and apple pye
Most slovenly assemble.

Who are they, whose unadorned raiment bespeaks their inward simplicity? They are *law books, statutes, and commentaries on statutes.* These are *acts of parliament*, whom all men must obey, and yet few only can purchase. Like the SPHYNX of antiquity, they speak in ænigma's, and yet devour the unhappy wretches who comprehend them not.

These are *commentaries on statutes;* for the perusing of them, the longest life of man would prove insufficient; for the understanding of them, the utmost ingenuity of man would not avail.

Cruel is the dilemma between the necessity and the impossibility of understanding; yet are we not left utterly destitute of relief. Behold for our comfort, *an abridgement of law and equity!* It consists not of many volumes; it extends only to twenty-two folio's; yet as a few thin cakes may contain the whole nutritive substance of a stalled

ox, so may this compendium contain the essential gravy of many a report and adjudged case.

The sages of the law recommend this abridgement to our perusal. Let us with all thankfulness of heart receive their counsel. Much are we beholden to physicians, who only prescribe the bark of the *Quinquina*, when they might oblige their patients to swallow the whole tree.

From these volumes I turn my eyes on a deep-embodied phalanx, numerous and formidable: they are *controversial divines:* so has the world agreed to term them. How arbitrary is language! and how does the custom of mankind join words, that reason has put asunder! Thus we often hear of hell-fire cold, of devilish handsome, and the like: and thus *controversial* and *divine* have been associated.

These controversial divines have changed the rule of life into a standard of disputation. They have employed the temple of the MOST HIGH as a fencing-school, where gymnastic exercises are daily exhibited, and where victory serves only to excite new contests. Slighting the bulwarks wherewith He who bestowed religion on mankind had secured it, they have encompassed it with various minute outworks, which an army of warriors can with difficulty defend.

The next in order to them are the redoubtable antagonists of common sense; the gentlemen who close up the common highway to heaven, and yet open no private road for persons having occasion to travel that way. The writers of this tribe are various, but in principles and manner nothing dissimilar. Let me review them as they stand arranged. These are *Epicurean orators*, who have endeavoured to confound the ideas of right and wrong, to the unspeakable comfort of highwaymen and stock-*jobbers*. These are *inquirers after truth*, who never

deign to implore the aid of knowledge in their researches. These are *sceptics*, who labour earnestly to argue themselves out of their own existence; herein resembling that choice spirit, who endeavoured so artfully to pick his own pocket, as not to be detected by himself. Last of all, are the composers of *rhapsodics*, *fragments*, and (strange to say it) *thoughts*.

Amidst this army of anti-martyrs, I discern a volume of peculiar appearance: its meagre aspect, and the dirty gaudiness of its habit, make it bear a perfect resemblance of a decayed gentleman. The wretched monument of mortality was brought forth in the reign of Charles the second; it was the darling and only child of a man of quality. How did its parent exult at its birth! How many flatterers extolled it beyond their own offspring, and urged its credulous father to display its excellencies to the whole world! Induced by their solicitations, the father arrayed his child in scarlet and gold, submitted it to the public eye, and called it, *Poems by a person of honour*. While he lived, his booby offspring was treated with the cold respect due to the rank and fortune of its parent: but when death had locked up his kitchen, and carried off the keys of his cellar, the poor child was abandoned to the parish; it was kicked from stall to stall, like a despised prostitute; and after various calamities, was rescued out of the hands of a vender of Scots snuff, and safely placed as a pensioner in the band of free-thinkers.

Thou first, thou greatest vice of the human mind, Ambition! all these authors were originally thy votaries! They promised to themselves a fame more durable than the calf-skin that covered their works: the calf-skin (as the dealer speaks) is in excellent

condition, while the books themselves remain th prey of that silent critic the worm.

Compleat cooks and conveyancers; bodies o school divinity and Tommy Thumb; little stor books, systems of philosophy, and memoirs of wo men of pleasure; apologies for the lives of playe and prime ministers, are all consigned to one com mon oblivion.

One book indeed there is, which pretends t little reputation, and by a strange felicity obtai whatever it demands. To be useful for som months only is the whole of its ambition; an though every day that passes confessedly diminish its utility, yet it is sought for and purchased by al such is the deserved and unenvied character of th excellent treatise of practical astronomy, the Al MANACK.

No. 141. THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 11, 1755

THE following letter was mislaid; which is th reason of its not having appeared earlier in this pa per. The excuse, perhaps, is less pardonable tha the fault; but it is the only one I can make wit truth; and I hope the author will receive it wit candour.

To Mr. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

If ever you take the trouble of looking into an of the public papers besides your own, you canno help observing the many curious experiments, whic of late years have been made through all parts o this kingdom, in *running, riding, leaping, driving*

fire-eating, *wire-dancing*, and various other useful arts, by persons of all ranks and fortunes.

I am willing to give credit to these extraordinary atchievements, though many of them, I own, far exceed the bounds of probability, because of the honour they do to our age and country: and it is not without high indignation against the ingratitude of the present times, that I have been hitherto disappointed in my expectations of seeing public honours and rewards bestowed on these illustrious personages, who by such experiments have shewn us what great things the powers of nature are capable of, when properly directed. Newton was knighted, and both he and Mr. Locke had very considerable places under the government; and yet what mighty matters did these philosophers do, in comparison of our new experiment-makers? They contented themselves with looking into the laws of nature, and went no farther. The mind orders its ideas just as it used to do, before the *Essay on the human understanding* had banished from the world the doctrine of *innate principles* and *substantial forms:* and Newton, after he had demolished the vortices of Descartes, left the planets just as he found them. They have rolled round the sun precisely in the same time, and at the same distance, before and since his discoveries. But our wonder-workers have found the secret of controuling the laws of nature, and have actually accomplished what in the wards of bedlam, and the laboratories of Logada, it would have been thought madness to attempt.

I am sensible it may be objected to me, that the things I compare are totally different; and instead of these modern chiefs in philosophy, I should rather have turned my eyes to the renowned heroes of antiquity, whose exploits have been the admira-

tion of so many ages. Be it so. We own the resemblance, and have no reason to be afraid of the comparison: for besides that many of these exploits are looked upon as fabulous, if it be considered that some of them were only the effects of brute force, and that the merit of others is to be divided among multitudes, who all had a share in their production; no doubt can be made, on a fair estimate between the merit of ancient and modern worthies, on whose side the balance will be found to turn. I am no enemy to the fame of antiquity; but I own it grieves me, that when ancient exploits have been celebrated over and over by the choicest poets and historians, those of our own times, no less extraordinary, should be left to pass down to posterity, on no better authority than the doubtful testimony of a common news-paper.

Mr. Fitz-Adam, you profess yourself a citizen of the world, an equal judge between all the children of our first parents; act up then to this character, and do justice: suffer not exploits to drop into oblivion, at which the Gymnasia of Greece and Italy would have stood aghast; which would have been honoured with statues and crowns of olive at Olympia; with a place in the Prytaneum at Athens, and an ovation, if not a triumph, at Rome. Suffer not ingratitude to fix a stain upon our country, which it would never be able to wipe off.

I pretend not to enumerate, or even to be sensible of all the advantages with which these singular efforts of genius will be attended: but in natural philosophy and religion their uses are apparent at the first glance.

Experiments, it is now agreed on all hands, are the only solid basis of natural science. In these Bacon and Newton led the way; but their followers *have ennobled* them; they have transferred them

from heavy *inert matter*, to the very *quintessence of spirit*, their horses and themselves. What before was only fit for recluse pedants, they have made the amusement and the business of fine gentlemen.

And here I beg leave, by the way, to propose a problem to the lovers of these noble arts, which I hope will not be thought altogether unworthy of their attention.

Suppose a *gentleman* is able to drive a wheel-carriage any given number of miles in an hour, when the motion of his horses is progressive, or according to the natural course of their limbs; how much time ought he to be allowed to do it in when his horses move retrograde, or tails foremost?

But to come to religion. These new experiments serve to shew how little we understand of the bounds of credibility. Had such experiments been properly attended to, a certain gentleman that shall be nameless, might have spared his haughty challenge to the defenders of the christian faith. Our brave youths will soon make him sensible of his error, and turn the edge of that formidable broad-sword of his upon himself, with which he has threatened to depopulate the christian world. Will he any longer pretend to say, that no testimony can make a thing credible that is contrary to experience, when I defy him to match, in the annals of any age or country, the feats which he is forced to believe on the credit of a common news-paper?

I could run through all the arts and sciences, and in each of them shew the wonderful advantage of these new experiments: but this is a task that deserves an abler hand: I therefore propose, when his majesty shall have incorporated the authors of them into a new Royal Society, which I hope will be soon, that one of our most eminent pens be appointed, after the example of bishop Sprat, to write

the history of the society; and another, after the example of Fontenelle, to make eulogies on its particular members. And I desire that you will immediately look out for two such persons among your correspondents; which I should imagine can be no great difficulty to one who has the honour to reckon in that number the prime wits of the age.

I am, SIR,

Your humble servant.

MR FITZ-ADAM,

Walking the other day through Wapping, to see the humours of the place, I happened to cast my eyes upon the windows of an alehouse, where I saw written in large capitals, ROMAN PURL. I had the curiosity to ask of a man who was walking near me, why it might not as well have been called BRITISH PURL, as ROMAN PURL? 'O, sir,' said he, 'the landlord has had twenty times the custom since he gave his liquor that outlandish name.' I soon found that my sagacious informer was a maker of leather breeches, by seeing him enter, and set himself to work in a shop, over the door of which was written upon a bit of paper, *The* TRUE ITALIAN *leather breeches balls, sold here by the* MAKER. I confess, I was a little surprized to find the fashion of admiring every thing foreign, had extended itself to so great a distance from St. James's; having conceived an opinion that none but our betters at the polite end of the town, were the despisers and discouragers of our home manufactures.

Unless there be some solid reason for this universal dislike to every thing that is English, I should be glad of your sentiments on the subject, which will greatly oblige,

SIR,

Your constant reader, and admirer,

C. D.

I shall forbear making any remarks upon this letter, that I may oblige a very witty correspondent, whose letter I received a few days ago, by the general post. But I must entreat the favour of this gentleman, and of all others who may incline to write to me in so laconic a stile, to chuse another method of conveyance, for fear their letters should sometimes happen to miscarry.

To Mr. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

Pray be so kind as to insert this in your next.

Yours,

W. B.

No. 142. THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 18, 1755.

SINCE the publication of my correspondent's letter on the subject of noise, I have received the two following, which I shall lay before my readers for the entertainment of to-day.

To Mr. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

Your paper which treats of the passion for noise, has in one respect given me some pleasure; the observations in it being such as I have often made myself, and the ridicule intended by them what many persons in the world very justly deserve. At the same time I could not help feeling some uneasiness, on being led by those observations, to reflect seriously and deliberately upon my own misfortunes.

Till I was about forty years old, I had lived a batchelor in London; at which time, having ac-

quired a comfortable fortune in the mercantile wa I retired into the country; and hoping to pass th rest of my days in peace, and to be happy in a s cial companion, I married a wife. She has alwa been, for any thing that I know to the contrar what is called a virtuous woman: a *notable* one am sure she is: but though chastity and notabl ness may be very valuable qualities in a woma yet if they are to be nursed and cherished at th expence of meekness, forbearance, and all the oth virtues, in my humble opinion, she had better l without them. I called at your friend Dodsley' the last time I was in town, to look in Mr. Joh son's dictionary for the meaning of the word *not ble;* but could find no such epithet applied to wife. I wish with all my heart that he had give us a definition of that character, as also of a *goo woman*, which, according to some alehouse signs i the country, is a woman without a head.

I have long been of opinion, that as the princi pal virtue of a man is *courage*, so the principal vi tue of a woman is *silence:* my wife, indeed, is of contrary way of thinking, with regard to this fe male virtue; but till I am stark deaf, I shall neve be prevailed upon to alter my opinion. Dum creatures were always my delight, and particularl a cat, the dumbest of all; but my wife, who has natural antipathy to that animal, has hung up parrot in my parlour, and filled my hen-yard an garden with maccaws and peacocks.

Besides the domestic noises with which I an perpetually tormented, I am unfortunately situate near the church, and in the hearing of ten disma bells, which our parishioners have set up, in th room of one single bell, by which for many year before, the proper notice for church-time, and othe parochial matters, had been usually given. An

lest the advantage of the sound of these bells should ever be lost, one of our wealthy yeomen has bequeathed by will a considerable sum of money to the ringers of the parish, for a certain number of peals five or six times a week for ever. About the time of this desirable acquisition, the new method of psalmody was introduced into our church, by a set of fellows who call themselves the singers: so that our good old tunes being rejected, I am obliged to sit and hear their terrible bawling and discord, having never been taught to sing in treble time, or to find any thing solemn in the airs of a jigg.

It happens also that our parish is famous for delighting in what is called *rough music*, consisting of performances on cow-horns, salt-boxes, warming-pans, sheep-bells, &c. intermixed with hooting, hallooing, and all sorts of hideous noises, with which the young wags of the village serenade their neighbours on several occasions, particularly those families, in which (as the phrase is) the grey mare is the better horse.

Being thus accustomed to noises in the day-time, I am frequently awaked out of my sleep (though in the absence of my wife) by dreaming of them in the night; so that in almost all my hours of retirement, in my slumbers, and even in my devotions, I am constantly tormented with noises, and thoroughly convinced that there is no peace for me but in the grave.

This being my case, I would advise you, Mr. Fitz-Adam, by all possible means, to discourage this raging passion for noise. If you are a married man, and have a *notable* wife (though from the freedom and spirit with which you write, I should guess you to be a batchelor) you will need neither my example nor entreaties to set about this work in sober sadness. I am firmly persuaded that if

you can put an end to all unreasonable noises, you will then accomplish that universal reformation of sentiments and manners, for which your paper was intended. The women will be discreet and lovely, and the men rational companions for their wives and one another.

After what I have here said of myself, I dare not let you know the first syllable of my name, or of the village where I live; but I desire nevertheless to be esteemed as your very good friend, and, though unknown,

Your most faithful humble servant.

P. S. I forgot to tell you that I have three fine girls, who, though extremely well inclined, are whipt every hour in the day, and made to pierce my ears with their cries, for not being women before their time, and as *notable* as their mamma. It had like to have escaped me too, that though my wife is reckoned to have the best times of any woman in the parish, it is the jest of the whole neighbourhood, upon hearing any violent or unusual screaming, that Mrs. *** is in labour.

Mr. Fitz-Adam,

Finding by a late paper of yours, that you are an advocate for peace and quietness, I am encouraged, though a woman, to make known my case to you. I have been a sufferer by noise all my life long. When I was young, I had a tender, though not a sickly constitution, and was reckoned by all my acquaintance, a girl of a mild and gentle disposition, with abundance of good-nature. The temper of my father was unfortunately the very reverse of mine; and though I was ready to obey the least notice of his will, yet his commands were always given in so loud and harsh a tone of voice, that they

terrified me like thunder. I have a thousand times started from my chair, and stood with my knees knocking together, upon his beginning to ask me a common question. My mother, he used to tell me, would ruin me by her gentleness. Indeed she was as indulgent to me as I could wish, and hardly ever chid me in her life, unless forced to it by my father, and to keep the peace of the family, which on various other occasions, was frequently in danger of being broken.

At the boarding-school, which I was sent to at the usual age, I met with a governess who was hasty and passionate; and as in her cooler hours she was frequently making concessions to her scholars for the unguarded things she had said in her anger, she lost all her authority: so that having no one to fear, and no good example to follow, we were noisy and quarrelsome all the day long.

After this I had the unhappiness to be left an orphan to the care of my mother's brother, who was a wealthy pewterer in the city. The room we lived in was directly over the shop, from whence my ears were perpetually dinned with the noise of hammers, and the clattering of plates and dishes. Our country-house (where we usually passed three or four months every summer) was built close to some iron-mills, of which my uncle was proprietor. During our stay at this house, I need not tell you, how I was tormented with the horrid and tremendous noise which proceeded from these mills.

At last I was sent to board with a distant relation, who had been captain of a man of war, but who having married a rich widow, had given up his commission, and retired into the country. Unfortunately for poor me, the captain still retained a passion for firing a great gun; and had mounted on a little fortification, that was thrown up against the

front of his house, eleven nine pounder
were constantly discharged ten or a dos
over, on the arrival of visitors, and on all
and rejoicings. The noise of these can
more terrible to me than all the rest, ar
have rendered my continuance there intol
a young gentleman, a relation of the capta
not held me by the heart-strings, and sof
the most tender courtship in the world, the
of these firings. In short, I staid at the
till my fortune was in my own power, and t
it to a husband.

But alas! Mr. Fitz-Adam, I am wedded
and contention as long as I live. This ten
lovers is the most tyrannical of husban
hammering of pewter, the iron-mills and
non, which so much disturbed me, are bu
sounds, when compared to the raging of h
whenever he throws himself into one of h
It is the study of my life to oblige and ple
yet I offend and disgust him by every th
If I am silent to his upbraidings, I am su
answer, though with the utmost mildnes
either insolent or impertinent. How mu
Mr. Fitz-Adam, to reclaim or bear wi
Whatever I was by nature, I am at present
bled, that I can submit to any thing. I l
my case before you for your advice; be
convinced, by your speculations in gene
you are a warm advocate for the sex, the
sometimes take the liberty of telling us
It is not so much at the crossness of my
as at the loudness of his voice, that I comp
I could submit with some kind of patien
beat, pinched, scratched, or any thing, so
drum of my ear was not entirely in danger
broken. If I was deaf, I could defy the u

his malice; but till that happy time arrives, I am the most miserable of women, though much Mr. Fitz-Adam's,

Admirer, and humble servant.

No. 143. THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 25, 1755.

I OUGHT hourly to be looking up with gratitude and praise to the CREATOR of my being, for having formed me of a disposition that throws off every particle of spleen, and either directs my attention to objects of chearfulness and joy, or enables me to look upon their contraries as I do on shades in a picture, which add force to the lights, and beauty to the whole. With this happiness of constitution, I can behold the luxury of the times, as giving food and cloathing to the hungry and the naked, extending our commerce, and promoting and encouraging the liberal arts. I can look upon the horrors of war, as productive of the blessings and enjoyments of peace; and upon the miseries of mankind, which I cannot relieve, with a thankful heart that my own lot has been more favourable.

There is a passage in that truly original poem, called the Spleen, which pleases me more than almost any thing I have read. The passage is this:

Happy the man, who, innocent,
Grieves not at ills, he can't prevent;
His skiff does with the current glide,
Not puffing pull'd against the tide:
He, paddling by the scuffling crowd,
Sees, unconcern'd, life's wager row'd;
And when he can't prevent foul play,
Enjoys the follies of the fray.

The laughing philosopher has always appeared to me a more eligible character than the weeping one: but before I sit down either to laugh or cry at the follies of mankind, as I have publicly enlisted myself in their service, it becomes me to administer every thing in my power to relieve or cure them. For this purpose I shall here lay before my readers some loose hints on a subject, which will, I hope, excite their attention, and contribute towards the expelling from the heart, those malignant and sullen humours, which destroy the harmony of social life.

If we make observations on human nature, either from what we feel in ourselves, or see in others, we shall perceive that almost all the uneasinesses of mankind owe their rise to inactivity or idleness of body or mind. A free and brisk circulation of the blood is absolutely necessary towards the creating easiness and good humour; and is the only means of securing us from a restless train of idle thoughts, which cannot fail to make us burthensome to ourselves, and dissatisfied with all about us.

Providence has therefore wisely provided for the generality of mankind, by compelling them to use that labour, which not only procures them the necessaries of life, but peace and health, to enjoy them with delight. Nay farther, we find how essentially necessary it is that the greatest part of mankind should be obliged to earn their bread by labour, from the ill use that is almost universally made of those riches which exempt men from it. Even the advantages of the best education are generally found to be insufficient to keep us within the limits of reason and moderation. How hard do the very best of men find it, to force upon themselves that abstinence or labour, which the nar-

ss of their circumstances does not immedi-
compel them to? Is there really one in ten,
y all the advantages of wealth and leisure, is
more happy in respect to himself, or more
to mankind? What numbers do we daily
f such persons, either rioting in luxury, or
ng in sloth, for one who makes a proper use of
lvantages which riches give for the improve-
of himself, or the happiness of others? And
lany do we meet with, who, for their abuse of
essings of life, are given up to perpetual un-
ss of mind, and to the greatest agonies of bo-
ain?

oever seriously considers this point, will dis-
that riches are by no means such certain
ngs as the poor imagine them to be: on the
ıry, he will perceive that the common labours
mployments of life are much better suited to
ajority of mankind, than prosperity and abun-
would be without them.

was a merciful sentence which the CREATOR
l on man for his disobedience, *By the sweat of*
ce shalt thou eat thy bread; for to the punish-
itself he stands indebted for health, strength,
ll the enjoyments of life. Though the first
ise was forfeited for his transgression, yet by
enalty inflicted for that transgression, the
is made into a paradise again, in the beautiful
and gardens which we daily see produced by
bour of man. And though the ground was pro-
:ed cursed for his disobedience, yet is that
so ordered, as to be the punishment, chiefly
lmost solely, of those, who by intemperance or
inflict it upon themselves.

en from the wants and weaknesses of mankind,
ıe bands of mutual support and affection de-
The necessities of each, which no man of

himself can sufficiently supply, compel him to contribute toward the benefit of others; and while he labours only for his own advantage, he is promoting the universal good of all around him.

Health is the blessing which every one wishes to enjoy; but the multitude are so unreasonable, as to desire to purchase it at a cheaper rate than it is to be obtained. The continuance of it is only to be secured by exercise or labour. But the misfortune is, that the poor are too apt to overlook their own enjoyments, and to view with envy the ease and affluence of their superiors, not considering that the usual attendants upon great fortunes are anxiety and disease.

If it be true, that those persons are the happiest who have the fewest wants, the rich man is more the object of compassion than envy. However moderate his inclinations may be, the custom of the world lays him under the necessity of living up to his fortune. He must be surrounded by a useless train of servants; his appetite must be palled with plenty, and his peace invaded by crowds. He must give up the pleasures and endearments of domestic life, to be the slave of party and faction. Or if the goodness of his heart should incline him to acts of humanity and benevolence, he will have frequently the mortification of seeing his charities ill bestowed; and by his inability to relieve all, the constant one of making more enemies by his refusals, than friends by his benefactions. If we add to these considerations a truth, which I believe few persons will dispute, namely, that the greatest fortunes, by adding to the wants of their possessors, usually render them the most necessitous of men, we shall find greatness and happiness to be at a wide distance from one another. If we carry our inquiries still higher, if we examine into the state of a king, and

ven enthrone him, like our own, in the hearts of is people; if the life of a father be a life of care nd anxiety, to be the father of a people is a preminence to be honoured, but not envied.

The happiness of life is, I believe, generally to be ound in those stations, which neither totally subect men to labour, nor absolutely exempt them om it. Power is the parent of disquietude, amition of disappointment, and riches of disease.

I will conclude these reflections with the following fable:

'LABOUR, the offspring of WANT, and the mother of HEALTH and CONTENTMENT, lived with er two daughters in a little cottage, by the side of hill, at a great distance from town. They were toally unacquainted with the great, and had kept no etter company than the neighbouring villagers: ut having a desire of seeing the world, they forook their companions and habitation, and determined to travel. LABOUR went soberly along the oad with HEALTH on her right hand, who, by the rightliness of her conversation, and songs of heartfulness and joy, softened the toils of the way: hile CONTENTMENT went smiling on the left, upporting the steps of her mother, and by her erpetual good-humour, increasing the vivacity of er sister.

In this manner they travelled over forests and rough towns and villages, till at last they arrived t the capital of the kingdom. At their entrance ito the great city, the mother conjured her daughrs never to lose sight of her; for it was the will of upiter, she said, that their separation should be ttended with the utter ruin of all three. But EALTH was of too gay a disposition to regard the ounsels of LABOUR; she suffered herself to be deluded by INTEMPERANCE, and at last died in

child-birth of DISEASE. CONTENTMENT, in t absence of her sister, gave herself up to the entic ments of SLOTH, and was never heard of aft while LABOUR, who could have no enjoyme without her daughters, went every where in sear of them, till she was at last seized by LASSITU in her way, and died in misery.'

No. 144. THURSDAY, OCTOBER 2, 1755.

THE following letter is of so interesting a natu that I have put my printer to no small inconv nience in getting it ready at a very short warni for this day's publication. If the contents of it a genuine, I hardly know of a punishment, which t author of such complicated ruin does not deser The unavoidable miseries of mankind are sufficie in themselves for human nature to bear; but wh shame and dishonour are added to poverty a want, the lot of life is only to be endured by t consideration that there is a final state of retrib tion, in which the sufferings of the innocent will abundantly recompenced, and temporary sorro be crowned with endless joys.

To Mr. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

If your breast has any feeling for the distresses a ruined wife and mother, I beseech you to give r most unhappy story a place in your next paper. may possibly come time enough to prevent a cat trophe, which would add horror to ruin, and dri to utter distraction a poor helpless family, w have more misery already than they are able bear.

I am the wife of a very worthy officer in the
ny, who, by a train of unavoidable misfortunes,
s obliged to sell his commission; and from a
te of ease and plenty, has been long since re-
ced to the utmost penury and want. One son
d a daughter were our only children.—Alas! that
hould live to say it! happy would it have been
us, if one of them had never been born!—The
y was of a noble nature, and in happier times
father bought him a commission in the service,
ere he is now a lieutenant, and quartered in
otland with his regiment. O! he is a dear and
tiful child, and has kept his poor parents from
extremity of want, by the kind supplies which
has from time to time sent us in our misfortunes.
His sister was in the eyes of a fond father and
ther lovely to an extreme. Alas, Mr. Fitz-
am! she was too lovely.—The times I have wa-
ed her dear face with my tears, at the thought
t her temper was too meek and gentle for so en-
ging a form! She lived with us till she was
ned of fourteen, at which time we were prevail-
on by a friend to place her with a gentleman of
tune in the country (who had lately buried his
y) to be the companion of his daughters. The
tleman's character was too honourable, and the
r too advantageous, to suffer us to hesitate long
ut parting with a child, whom, dear to us as she
, we were not able to support. It is now a little
re than two years since our separation; and till
hin a very few months, it was our happiness and
that we had provided for her so fortunately.
lived in the esteem and friendship of the
ng ladies, who were indeed very amiable per-
s; and such was their father's seeming indul-
ce to us, that he had advanced my husband a
n of money upon his bond, to free him from

some small debts, which threatened him hourly with a jail.

But how shall I tell you, sir, that this seeming benefactor has been the cruellest of all enemies! The enjoyment of our good fortune began to be interrupted, by hearing less frequently from our daughter than we used to do; and when a letter from her arrived, it was short and constrained, and sometimes blotted, as if with tears, while it told us of nothing that should occasion any concern. It is now upwards of two months since we have heard from her at all; and while we were wondering at her silence, we received a letter from the eldest of the young ladies, which threw us into a perplexity, which can neither be described nor imagined. It was directed to me, and contained these words:

'MADAM,

'For reasons that you will too soon be acquainted with, I must desire that your daughter may be a stranger to our family. I dare not indulge my pity for her as I would, lest it should lead me to think too hardly of one, whom I am bound in duty to reverence and honour. The bearer brings you a trifle, with which I desire you will immediately hire a post-chaise, and take away your daughter. My father is from home, and knows nothing of this letter; but assure yourself it is meant to serve you; and that I am,

'MADAM,

'*Your very sincere friend*

'*and humble servant.*'

Alarmed and terrified as I was at this letter, I made no hesitation of complying with its contents. The bearer of it either could not, or would not in-

form me of a syllable that I wanted to know. My husband indeed had a fatal guess at its meaning; and in a fury of rage, insisted on accompanying me: but as I really hoped better things, and flattered myself that the young ladies were apprehensive of a marriage between their father and my girl, I soothed him into patience, and sat out alone.

I travelled all night; and early the next morning, saw myself at the end of my journey.—O, sir! am I alive to tell it? I found my daughter in a situation the most shocking that a fond mother could behold! She had been seduced by her benefactor, and was visibly with child. I will not detain you with the swoonings and confusion of the unhappy creature at this meeting, nor with my own distraction at what I saw and heard. In short, I learnt from the eldest of the young ladies, that she had long suspected some unwarrantable intimacies between her father and my girl; and that finding in her altered shape and appearance a confirmation of her suspicions, she had questioned her severely upon the subject, and brought her to a full confession of her guilt: that farther, her infatuated father was then gone to town, to provide lodgings for the approaching necessity, and that my poor deluded girl had consented to live with him afterwards in London, in the character of a mistress.

I need not tell you, sir, the horror I felt at this dismal tale. Let it suffice that I returned with my unhappy child, with all the haste I was able. Nor is it needful that I should tell you of the rage and indignation of a fond add distracted father at our coming home. Unhappily for us all, he was too violent in his menaces, which I suppose reached the ears of this cruellest of men, who eight days ago

caused him to be arrested upon his bond, and hurried to a prison.

But if this, Mr. Fitz-Adam, had been the utmost of my misery, cruel as it is, I had spared you the trouble of this relation, and buried my grief in my own bosom. Alas! sir, I have another concern, that is more insupportable to me than all I have told you. My distracted husband in the anguish of his soul, has written to my son, and given him the most aggravated detail of his daughter's shame, and his own imprisonment; conjuring him (as he has confessed to me this morning) by the honour of a soldier, and by every thing he holds dear, to lose not a moment in doing justice with his sword upon this destroyer of his family. The fatal letter was sent last week, and has left me in the utmost horror at the thought of what may happen. I dread every thing from the rashness and impetuosity of my son, whose notions of honour and justice are those of a young soldier, who in defiance of the law, will be judge in his own cause, and the avenger of injuries, which heaven only should punish.

I have written to him upon this occasion in all the agony of a fond mother's distresses. But O! I have fatal forebodings that my letter will arrive too late. What is this honour, and what this justice that prompts men to acts of violence and blood, and either leaves them victims to the law, or to their own unwarrantable rashness? As forcibly as I was able in this distracted condition, I have set his duty before him; and have charged him, for his own soul's sake, and for the sake of those he most tenderly loves, not to bring utter ruin on a family whose distresses already are near sinking them to the grave.

The only glimmering of comfort that opens upon me, is the hope that your publication of this letter

nay warn the wretch who has undone us of his danger, and incline him to avoid it. Fear is generally the companion of guilt, and may possibly be the means of preserving to me the life of a son, after worse than death has happened to a daughter.

If you have pity in your nature, I beg the immediate publication of this letter, which will infinitely oblige,

SIR, *Your greatly distressed,*
but most faithful humble servant.

No. 145. THURSDAY, OCTOBER 9, 1755.

To Mr. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

IT is with great pleasure that I see you frequently doing justice to the age you live in, and not running into that vulgar and ill-natured prejudice that the present times are worse than the past. We are certainly better in every respect than our forefathers; and it is right we should be told so, to encourage us in our progress towards the summit of perfection. I could give a thousand instances of the virtues of these times; but shall at present content myself with one, which I do not remember that you have hitherto so much as touched upon. It is the extreme constancy and disinterestedness of the men, in affairs of love and marriage.

I am a woman, Mr. Fitz-Adam, and have lately experienced this truth, in a degree that would bring upon me the imputation of ingratitude, if I neglected to do this public justice to the most constant and generous of all lovers.

It is now upwards of a year since I received the

addresses of this gentleman. He is a man of fortune and family; perfectly agreeable in his person; witty and engaging in his conversation; with a heart the most tender, and manners the most soft and amiable that can be imagined. Such as I have described him, you will not wonder that I gave him my whole heart, and waited with the utmost impatience to be united to him for ever.

I will not give him a merit which he does not want, that of intending *my* happiness only, and of raising me to a rank which neither my person nor fortune gave me any pretensions to: on the contrary, I was young and handsome, and in the opinion of the world, one whose alliance could bring as much honour into my lover's family, as he could reflect on mine. Nor indeed did I ever wish that there should be any such obligation on either side; having generally observed that the most equal matches are the most productive of happiness. But I only mention this circumstance, as it may serve to do honour to his behaviour since.

The time was now approaching, which was to make us inseparably one. What his sentiments were upon the occasion, may be seen by the following letter, which, among a thousand of the same kind, I shall here transcribe.

'It is as impossible for me to rise, and not write to my angel, as to lie down and not think of her. I am too happy. Pray use me a little ill, that I may come to a right state of mind; for at present I can neither eat nor sleep: yet I am more good-humoured than all the world; and then so compassionate, that I pity every man I see. My dearest loves only me, and all other men must be miserable. I wonder that any body can laugh besides myself: if it be a man, he makes me jealous; I fancy that he enter-

hopes of my charmer; for the world has no- else in it to make him chearful.

And now, my life! I have done with all my ots; the time approaches, that will change them happiness. I know of nothing (sickness and h excepted) that can possibly prevent it. Our sures will lie in so narrow a compass, that we always be within reach of them. To oblige and bliged, will be all we want; and how sweet it is to x, that the business of our lives, and the delight ur hearts, will be the same thing! I mean, the ing each other happy! but I am doomed to be e obliged than I have power to oblige.—What a am I to have! Indeed, my love, I shall think elf the worst, if I am not the very best of all ands.

'Adieu!'

pon my making a visit of a few days to a friend town, where I desired him not to come, he te to me as follows:

This lazy penny-post, how I hate it! It is two ous days that I must wait for an answer to t I write. I will set up a post of my own, that l go and come every two hours; and then upon lition that I hear from you by every return of will obey your commands, and not think of ng you, I wonder you have not taken it into head to bid me live without breathing. But care, my love, that you never give up the er you have over me; for if ever it comes to my to reign, I will be revenged on you without cy. I will load you so with love and kind of- , that your little heart shall almost break, in ggling how to be grateful. I will be torment- you every day, and all day long. I will prevent very wishes. Even the poor comfort of hope

shall be denied you; for you shall know that none of your to-morrows shall be happier than your yesterdays. Your pride too shall be mortified; for I will out-love you, and be kinder to you than you can possibly be to me. All these miseries you shall suffer, and yet never be able to wish for death to relieve you from them. So if you have a mind to avoid my cruelties, resolve not to marry me; for I am a tyrant in my nature, and will execute all I have threatened.'

How tender and obliging were these expressions? I own to you, Mr. Fitz-Adam, that I answered them all, in an equal strain of fondness. But in the midst of this sweet intercourse, he was unhappily taken ill of the small-pox. The moment he was sensible of his distemper, he conjured me in a letter not to come near him, lest his apprehensions for me (as I had never had it) should prove more fatal to him than the disease. It was indeed of the most dangerous kind: but how was it possible for me to keep from him? I flew to him when he was at the worst, and would not leave him till they took me away by force. The consequence of this visit was, that caught the infection, and sickened next day. M distemper was of the confluent sort, and much wors than my lover's, who in less than three weeks w in a condition to return my visit. He had sent most every hour in the day to inquire how I di and when he saw me out of danger (though tota altered from my former self) his transports w not to be told or imagined. I cannot resist pleasure of transcribing the letter that he sent at his return home that evening.

'What language shall I invent to tell the cha of my soul how happy this visit has made me? see you restored to health was my heart's wish; nor can my eyes behold a change in

e (if they can be sensible of any change) that will
endear it to me beyond the power of beauty.
ery trace of that cruel distemper will be consider-
by me as a love mark, that will for ever revive
my soul the ideas of that kindness by which it
ne. Lament not a change then, that makes you
elier to me than ever: for till your soul changes
hich can never happen) I will be only and all

'Yours.'

THIS letter, and a thousand repetitions of the
ne engaging language, made me look upon the
s of my beauty, as a trivial loss. But the time
s not yet come, that was to shew me this gene-
is and disinterested lover in the most amiable of
lights. My father, whose only child I was, and
o had engaged to give me a large fortune at my
rriage, and the whole of his estate at his death,
ill soon after; and to the surprize of all the
rld, died greatly involved, and left me without a
lling to my portion.

My lover was in the country, when I acquainted
n with this fatal news. Indeed I had no doubt
his generosity; but how like a divinity he ap-
ared to me when by the return of the post, he
it me the following letter!

'Think not, my soul, that any external accident
n occasion the least change in my affections. I
her rejoice that an opportunity is at last given
of proving to my dearest creature, that I loved
only for herself. I have fortune enough for
th; or if I had not, love would be sufficient to
pply all our wants. This cruel business, how an-
it makes me! But a very few days, my life, shall
ng me to your arms. O! how I love you! Those
my favourite words, and I am sure I shall die
h them; or if I should have the misery to out-live
, they will only be changed to—O! how I loved
! But *the* HOW, my dear, is not to be told.

your own heart must teach it you. When is it that I shall love you best of all? Why, the last day of my life, after having lived many, many years,

'Your obliged, and happy husband.'

How truly noble was this letter! But you will think me dwelling too long upon my own happiness; I shall therefore only add, that it is now a week since he wrote it; and that yesterday I received the undoubted intelligence, that my lover was married the very next day, to a fat widow of five-and-fifty, with a large jointure, a fine house, and a fortune of twenty thousand pounds at her own disposal.

I am, SIR,

Your most obedient servant,

M. B.

No. 146. THURSDAY, OCTOBER 16, 1755.

I HAVE so tender a regard for my fair countrywomen, that I most heartily congratulate them upon the approaching meeting of the parliament, which I consider (and I believe they do so too) as the general gaol-delivery of the several counties of the united kingdom.

That beautiful part of our species once engrossed my cares; they still share them: I have been exceedingly affected all the summer with the thoughts of their captivity, and have felt a sympathetic grief for them.

In truth, what can be more moving, than to imagine a fine woman of the highest rank and fashion torn from all the elegant and refined pleasures of

he metropolis; hurried by a merciless husband nto country captivity, and there exposed to the inursions of the neighbouring knights, squires, and arsons, their wives, sons, daughters, dogs, and orses? The metropolis was at once the seat of her mpire, and the theatre of her joys. Exiled from hence, how great the fall! how dreadful the prion! Methinks I see her sitting in her dressingoom at the mansion-seat, sublimely sullen, like a ethroned eastern monarch; some few books, scatered up and down, seem to imply that she finds no onsolation in any. The unopened knotting-bag peaks her painful leisure. Insensible to the profered endearments of her tender infants, they are ent away for being so *abominably noisy*. Her dress s even neglected, and her complexion laid by. I m not ashamed to own my weakness, if it be one; or I confess that this image struck me so strongly, nd dwelt upon my mind so long, that it drew tears rom my eyes.

The prorogation of the parliament last spring was he fatal forerunner of this summer captivity. I vas well aware of it, and had some thoughts of preparing a short treatise of consolation, which I would ave presented to my fair country-women, in two r three weekly papers, to have accompanied them n their exile: but I must own that I found the atempt greatly above my strength; and inadequate onsolation only redoubles the grief, by reviving in he mind the cause of it. Thus at a loss, I searched as every modest modern should do) the ancients, n order to say in English, whatever they had said n Latin or Greek upon the like occasion; but far rom finding any case in point, I could not find one n any degree like it. I particularly consulted Cicero, upon that exile which he bore so very indifferently himself; but to my great surprize, could not

meet with one single word of consolation, addressed and adapted to the fair and tender part of his species. To say the truth, that philosopher seems to have had either a contempt for, or an aversion to the fair sex; for it is very observeable, that even in his essay upon old age, there is not one single period addressed directly and exclusively to them; whereas I humbly presume that an old woman wants at least as much, if not more comfort than an old man. Far be it from me to offer them that refined stoical argument to prove that exile can be no misfortune, because the exiled persons can always carry their *virtue* along with them, if they please.

However, though I could administer no adequate comfort to my fair fellow-subjects under their country captivity, my tender concern for them prompts me to offer them some advice upon their approaching liberty.

As there must have been during this suspension (I will not say only of pleasure, but, in a manner, of existence) a considerable saving in the article of pin-money, I earnestly recommend to them, immediately upon their coming to town, to apply that sinking fund to the discharge of debts already incurred, and not divert it to the current service of the ensuing year. I would not be misunderstood; I mean only the payment of debts of honour contracted at Commerce, Bragg, or Faro; as they are apt to hang heavy upon the minds of women of sentiment, and even to affect their countenances, upon the approach of a creditor. As for shop-debts to mercers, milliners, jewellers, French pedlars, and such like, it is no great matter whether they are paid or not; some how or other those people will shift for themselves, or at worst, fall ultimately upon the husband.

I will also advise those fine women, who, by an

unfortunate concurrence of odious circumstances, have been obliged to begin an acquaintance with their husbands and children in the country, not to break it off entirely in town, but on the contrary, to allow a few minutes every day to the keeping it up; since a time may come when perhaps they may like their company rather better than none at all.

As my fair fellow-subjects were always famous for their public spirit and love of their country, I hope they will, upon the present emergency of the war with France, distinguish themselves by unequivocal proofs of patriotism. I flatter myself that they will, at their first appearance in town, publicly renounce those French fashions which of late years have brought their principles, both with regard to religion and government, a little in question. And therefore I exhort them to disband their curls, comb their heads, wear white linen, and clean pocket-handkerchiefs, in open defiance of all the power of France. But above all, I insist upon their laying aside that shameful piratical practice of hoisting false colours upon their top-gallant, in the mistaken notion of captivating and enslaving their countrymen. This they may the more easily do at first, since it is to be presumed, that during their retirement, their faces have enjoyed uninterrupted rest. Mercury and vermilion have made no depredations these six months; good air and good hours may perhaps have restored, to a certain degree at least, their natural carnation: but at worst, I will venture to assure them, that such of their lovers who know them again in that state of native artless beauty, will rejoice to find the communication opened again, and all the barriers of plaster and stucco removed. Be it known to them,

that there is not a man in England, who does infinitely prefer the brownest natural, to the whi artificial skin; and I have received numberless ters from men of the first fashion, not only requ ing but requiring me to proclaim this truth, w leave to publish their names; which however I cline; but if I thought it could be of any us could easily present them with a round robin that effect, of above a thousand of the most spectable names. One of my correspondents, member of the Royal Society, illustrates his ind nation at glazed faces, by an apt and well-kno physical experiment. The shining glass tube, s he, when warmed by friction, attracts a feath (probably a white one) to close contact; but t same feather, from the moment that it is taken the tube, flies it with more velocity than it approac ed it with before. I make no application; but, av the omen, my dear country-women!

Another, who seems to have some knowledge chemistry, has sent me a receipt for a most exce lent wash, which he desires me to publish, by w of *succedaneum* to the various greasy, glutinous, a pernicious applications so much used of late. It as follows:

Take of fair clear water quantum sufficit; put into a clean earthen or china bason; then take a cle linen cloth, dip it in that water, and apply it to t face night and morning, or oftener as occasion may r quire.

I own, the simplicity and purity of this admirab lotion recommend it greatly to me, and engage m to recommend it to my fair country-women. It free from all the inconveniences and nastiness of a other preparations of art whatsoever. It does no stink, as all others do; it does not corrode the ski as all others do; it does not destroy the eyes, no

rot the teeth, as all others do; and it does not communicate itself by collision, nor betray the transactions of a *tête a tête*, as most others do.

Having thus paid my tribute of grief to my lovely country-women during their captivity, and my tribute of congratulations upon their approaching liberty, I heartily wish them a good journey to London. May they soon enter, in joyful triumph, that metropolis which, six months ago, they quitted with tears!

No. 147. THURSDAY, OCTOBER 23, 1755.

I AM favoured with the following letter by a correspondent; who (if I am not mistaken in the hand) has once obliged me before. I cannot better testify my approbation of what he writes, than by desiring a repetition of his favours, as often as he has leisure and inclination to oblige me. It is chiefly owing to the assistance of such correspondents, that this paper has extended its date beyond the usual period of such kind of productions: and (if I may be allowed to say it) they have given it a variety, which could hardly have been accomplished by one single hand. Whether it be modesty or vanity that compels me to this confession, I shall leave the reader to determine, after telling him, that it is to the full as pleasing to me, not to have been thought unworthy of the assistance I have received, as it would to have been myself the composer of the most approved pieces in this collection.

To Mr. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

In this land of liberty, he who can procure a printer commences author, and instructs the public. Far be it from me to censure this spirit of advising, so prevalent among my honoured countrymen; for to this we owe treatises of divinity by tallow-chandlers, and declamations on politics by apothecaries.

You must no doubt have observed, that every man who is in possession of a diamond, arrogates to himself this privilege of instructing others: hence it is that the panes of windows in all places of public resort, are so amply furnished with miscellaneous observations, by various authors.

One advice may be given to all writers, whether on paper or on glass; and it is comprehended in the single word THINK. My purpose at present is to illustrate this maxim, in as far as it respects the latter sort of authors.

I divide the authors who exercise the diamond into four classes; the *politicians*, the *historians*, the *lovers*, and the *satyrists*.

The mystery, or art of politics, is the business of every one, who either has nothing to do, or who cares not to do any thing; as a broken merchant is often made a tide-waiter. Hence so many *politicians* make their appearance on glass. It is there that controversies of a political nature are daily agitated: in them the established laws of controversy are observed: some one asserts the truth of a proposition; another contradicts him; rogue and rascal are immediately dealt about, and the matter originally in dispute, is no more heard of.

Now, Mr. Fitz-Adam, if these gentlemen would *be but* pleased to THINK, and keep their temper,

how might the world be edified! One might acquire as much useful knowledge by travelling post through England, as ever the philosophers of Athens did by lounging in their portico's; and our great turnpike-roads would afford as complete a system of politics, as that which Plato picked up in his Egyptian rambles. In a word, the debates on the windows at the George or the Bell, might prove no less instructing, than the debates of the political club, or the society at the ROBIN HOOD.

Were this proposed reformation to take place, the contractors for the magazines of Knowledge and Pleasure might forage successfully on window-glass. But I need not insist farther on these considerations; their zeal for the public service is well known: with the view of amusing and instructing, they have not only ransacked the records of pastry-schools, and the manuscript collections of good housewives for receipts in cookery, but they have consulted the monuments of the dead, for delightful blunders, and merry epitaphs.

The *historians* on glass are of various sorts: some are *chronologers*, and content themselves with informing us that they were at such a place, on such a day, in their way to this or that town or 'county. Others are *chorographers*, and minutely describe the nature and condition of the highways and the landladies. A third sort may be termed *annalists*, who imagine that fact deserves to be recorded, merely because it is fact; and on this account gravely tell the world that on such a day they fell in love, or got drunk, or did some other thing of equal insignificancy.

A little thought would abridge the labour of these *historians*. Let them reflect on the nothingness of such incidents, and surely they will abstain from recording them. In common life, minute relations of

trifles are necessary: man is a sociable and talkative animal; and as the bulk of mankind cannot communicate to others what they have *thought*, they must content themselves with relating what they have *seen*. On this principle are most coffee-house societies established. But why must a man be dull and narrative on window-glass? Let him reserve his dulness for the club-night, and, as Dogberry in the play says, bestow all his tediousness on his own companions.

I now proceed to the most numerous tribe of all, the *lovers*; and shall only hint at some enormities in their conduct. And first of all, as to their custom of writing the names of their mistresses with *anno domini* at the end of them; as if the chronicles of love were to be as exactly kept as a parish register. To what good purpose can this serve? To inscribe the names of fair ladies on glass, may, indeed, convey a pretty moral signification; since female charms are properly enough recorded on tablets of a frail nature; but when the year of admiration is added, what elderly woman is there who can pretend to youthfulness? Her waiting-maid may extol her good looks; her mirror may deceive her; powder of pearl and Spanish wool may favour the illusion; but *pretty miss Such-a-one* 1730, is an argument of antiquity, which neither flattery nor paint can refute.

The *lovers* also deserve censure for their humour of writing in verse. Because all poets are said to be lovers, these gentlemen sagely conclude that all lovers are poets; and on the faith of this inverted aphorism, they commence rhymers. He who cannot compose a sermon, does well to read the works of another. This example ought to be imitated by the herd of lovers. Prior and Hammond are at *their service*; their only care ought to be in the ap-

plication. And yet this caution, simple as it is, has been neglected by many lovers, who have condescended to steal. Hence it is that the wealth of the east is frequently declared insufficient for the purchase of a girl, who would be dear at half-a-crown; and Milton's description of the mother of human kind, perverted to the praise of some little milliner.

The *satyrists* come now to be considered. These men are certainly of a strange composition. While dinner is getting ready, they amuse themselves with making out a list of the faults, real or imaginary, which may be imputed to any of their acquaintance. Incapable of reflection, they know not how to employ their time, and therefore wound and murder the fame of men better and wiser than themselves. If I am not mistaken, a defamation is no less punishable when inscribed on glass, than when committed to paper. This consideration may prevent fools from scattering arrows and death, although reason and humanity cannot.

But the chief of all *satyrists* are they who scribble obscenity on windows. Every word which they write, is a severe reflection on themselves, and, in the judgment of foreigners, on their country. What opinion must foreigners entertain of a nation, where infamous ribaldry meets the eye on every window? an enormity peculiar, in a great measure, to Great Britain. Do these writers indeed believe themselves to be wits? Let them but step into the smoaking parlours, or the low rooms where their footmen have their residence, and they will perceive that the serving-men equal their masters in this species of wit. Vainly do people of fashion attempt to monopolize illiberality, ignorance, and indecency, when, if they and their footmen apply themselves to the

same studies, the latter will probably be the best proficients.

Be wise therefore, O ye scribblers, and THINK.

I am, &c.

No. 148. THURSDAY, OCTOBER 30, 1755.

CIVILITY and GOOD-BREEDING are generally thought, and often used, as synonymous terms, but are by no means so.

GOOD-BREEDING necessarily implies CIVILITY; but CIVILITY does not reciprocally imply GOOD-BREEDING. The former has its intrinsic weight and value, which the latter always adorns and often doubles by its workmanship.

To sacrifice one's own self-love to other people's, is a short, but I believe, a true definition of CIVILITY: to do it with ease, propriety, and grace, is GOOD-BREEDING. The one is the result of good-nature; the other of good-sense, joined to experience, observation, and attention.

A ploughman will be civil, if he is good-natured, but cannot be well-bred. A courtier will be well-bred, though perhaps without good-nature, if he has but good-sense.

FLATTERY is the disgrace of GOOD-BREEDING, as brutality often is of truth and sincerity. GOOD-BREEDING is the middle point between those two odious extremes.

CEREMONY is the superstition of GOOD-BREEDING, as well as of religion; but yet, being an outwork to both, should not be absolutely demolished. It is always, to a certain degree, to be complied with, though despised by those who think,

ecause admired and respected by those who do ot.

The most perfect degree of GOOD-BREEDING, as have already hinted, is only to be acquired by reat knowledge of the world, and keeping the best ompany. It is not the object of mere speculation, nd cannot be exactly defined, as it consists in a tness, a propriety of words, actions, and even looks, dapted to the infinite variety and combinations of ersons, places, and things. It is a mode, not a subtance: for what is GOOD-BREEDING at St. James's ould pass for foppery or banter in a remote village; and the home-spun CIVILITY of that village, ould be considered as brutality at court.

A cloystered pedant may form true notions of IVILITY; but if amidst the cobwebs of his cell he retends to spin a speculative system of GOOD-REEDING, he will not be less absurd than his predecessor, who judiciously undertook to instruct Iannibal in the art of war. The most ridiculous nd most awkward of men are, therefore, the speculatively well-bred monks of all religions and all rofessions.

GOOD-BREEDING, like charity, not only covers a ultitude of faults, but, to a certain degree, supplies the want of some virtues. In the common intercourse of life, it acts good-nature, and often does hat good-nature will not always do; it keeps both its and fools within those bounds of decency, hich the former are too apt to transgress, and hich the latter never know.

Courts are unquestionably the seats of GOOD-REEDING; and must necessarily be so; otherise they would be the seats of violence and desotion. There all the passions are in their highest ate of fermentation. All pursue what but few can btain, and many seek what but one can enjoy.

GOOD-BREEDING alone restrains their excesses. There, if enemies did not embrace, they would stab. There, smiles are often put on, to conceal tears. There, mutual services are professed, while mutual injuries are intended; and there, the guile of the serpent simulates the gentleness of the dove: all this, it is true, at the expence of sincerity; but, upon the whole, to the advantage of social intercourse in general.

I would not be misapprehended, and supposed to recommend GOOD-BREEDING, thus prophaned and prostituted to the purposes of guilt and perfidy; but I think I may justly infer from it, to what a degree the accomplishment of GOOD-BREEDING must adorn and enforce virtue and truth, when it can thus soften the outrages and deformity of vice and falsehood.

I am sorry to be obliged to confess that my native country is not perhaps the seat of the most perfect GOOD-BREEDING, though I really believe that it yields to none in hearty and sincere CIVILITY, as far as CIVILITY is (and to a certain degree it is) an inferior moral duty of doing as one would be done by. If France exceeds us in that particular, the incomparable author of *L'Esprit de Loix* accounts for it very impartially, and I believe very truly. *If my countrymen*, says he, *are the best-bred people in the world, it is only because they are the vainest.* It is certain that their GOOD-BREEDING and attentions, by flattering the vanity and self-love of others, repay their own with interest. It is a general commerce, usually carried on by a barter of attentions, and often without one grain of solid merit, by way of medium, to make up the balance.

It were to be wished that GOOD-BREEDING were in general thought a more essential part of the education of our youth, especially of distinction, than at

present it seems to be. It might even be substituted in the room of some academical studies, that take up a great deal of time, to very little purpose; or at least, it might usefully share some of those many hours, that are so frequently employed upon a coach-box, or in stables. Surely those who by their rank and fortune are called to adorn courts, ought at least not to disgrace them by their manners.

But I observe with concern, that it is the fashion for our youth of both sexes, to brand GOOD-BREEDING with the name of ceremony and formality. As such, they ridicule and explode it, and adopt in its stead, an offensive carelessness and inattention, to the diminution, I will venture to say, even of their own pleasures, if they know what true pleasures are.

Love and friendship necessarily produce, and justly authorize familiarity: but then GOOD-BREEDING must mark out its bounds, and say, thus far shalt thou go, and no farther; for I have known many a passion and many a friendship degraded, weakened, and at last (if I may use the expression) wholly *slattered* away, by an unguarded and illiberal familiarity. Nor is GOOD-BREEDING less the ornament and cement of common social life: it connects, it endears, and at the same time that it indulges the just liberty, restrains that indecent licentiousness of conversation, which alienates and provokes. Great talents make a man famous, great merit makes him respected, and great learning makes him esteemed; but GOOD-BREEDING alone can make him be loved.

I recommend it in a more particular manner to my country-women, as the greatest ornament to such of them as have beauty, and the safest refuge for those who have not. It facilitates the victories, decorates the triumphs, and secures the conquests of beauty; or in some degree atones for the want of

it. It almost deifies a fine woman, and procures respect at least to those who have not charms enough to be admired.

Upon the whole, though GOOD-BREEDING cannot, strictly speaking, be called a virtue, yet it is productive of so many good effects, that, in my opinion, it may justly be reckoned more than a mere accomplishment.

No. 149. THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 6, 1755.

Cantantes licet usque (minus via laedet) eamus.

VIRGIL.

To Mr. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

I DO not know that you, or any of your predecessors, have ever paid your compliments to a most useful branch of this community; I mean the ancient and reputable society of BALLAD-SINGERS. These harmonious itinerants do not cheat the country-people with idle tales of being taken by the Turks, or maimed by the Algerines, but earn an honest livelihood, by a proper exertion of those talents with which nature has endowed them. For if a brawny-shouldered porter may live by turning prize-fighter, or a gentleman of the same make, by turning petticoat-pensioner, I do not see why a person endued with the gift of a melodious voice, is not equally entitled to all the advantages which can possibly arise from it.

With regard to the antiquity of this profession, in all probability, we owe the invention of it to old Homer himself, who hawked his Iliad about the streets for an obolus a book. But as the trade was

: then brought into any repute, and as his poetry nted the refinement of modern times, he could rce earn bread for himself and his family. Thes-, the Athenian, made a great improvement in the ; he harnessed Pegasus to a cart, from which he persed his ballads; and by keeping all the pub- fairs, made shift to pick up a tolerable mainte- ıce. This improvement our English ballad-singers ve neglected: whether they think there is any ng really ominous in mounting a cart, or whe- r the sneers of the populace, who are always owing out their insolent jests on their superiors, ve prevented them from making use of that ve- le, I will not pretend to determine.

Among the Romans too this practice was pre- ved. Virgil makes one of his shepherds say to other, by way of reproach,

——— *Non tu in triviis, indocte, solebas,*
Stridenti miserum stipulâ disperdere carmen?

t this was because, as Milton translates it, 'his n and flashy songs grated on his scrannel pipe of etched straw.' But this never can be objected my fair country-women, whose melodious voices e every syllable (not of a lean and flashy, but of at and plump song) its just emphasis, to the de- ht and instruction of the attentive audience. By e way, I suspect that Virgil was a hawker himself: he says,

Ascræumque cano Romana per oppida carmen;

ıich in plain English is no more than this,

I sing my ballads through the streets of Rome.

Were it not for this musical society, the country- ople would never know how the world of letters

goes on. Party songs might come out, and the pa son never see them; jovial songs, and the squi never hear them; or love songs, and his daughte never sigh over them. I would have a ballad-sing well furnished with all these, before she sets out o her travels; then bloody murders for school-boy and apprentices, conundrums and conjuring book for footmen and maid-servants, histories and story books for young masters and misses, will turn to an ex cellent account. And as the trades of ballad-singin and fortune-telling generally go together in the coun try, like surgeon and apothecary, I think it woul not be amiss, if their friends the poets would furnis them with rhymes suited to the occasion, that thei predictions may wear the true mask of oracles, an like those of the Sibyls, be given out in metre. An to come still nearer to the original, a joint-stoo would make an excellent tripod.

Useless as this profession may seem, it serves t support two others; I mean the worshipful and nu merous companies of printers who have no busines and poets who have no genius. A good song, tha is a very good song, *I love Sue*, for instance, or *Col and Phœbe*, will run you through fifty editions: bu let it be never so good, it will always give way to newer; so that the printer has by this means con stant employment for his press, which would other wise be idle, and the poet a constant market for hi wit, which would otherwise live and die with it author in obscurity.

As I have a great regard for these itinerant sy rens, not arising from any personal favours that I have received from them, nor founded on whim and fancy, but from a well-weighed consideration o their service to the public, I have thought of a scheme, which will at once both ennoble their pro fession, and render their lives infinitely more com-

rtable. It is this: Many professors of music, hose talents have shamefully been neglected in wn (for in these degenerate days, men of merit e but little regarded) condescend, for the amusement of the country-people, to enliven the humours the wake with violins, dulcimores, harpinets, &c. ith these ingenious gentlemen I would persuade ir fair ballad-singers to incorporate. Some few isfortunes they have indeed met with, which I ink myself obliged in honour to reveal; and those e, the loss of eyes, legs, and other trifles, which a udent, thinking woman would disregard, when er-balanced hy such excellent qualifications. The pence of children may possibly be urged, as an jection to this scheme; but I answer, that children ill of necessity come, whether our ballad-singing dies are married or not: and while the parents e mutually travelling with the younger at their acks, the elder will, in all probability be able to alk; so that they may get a reputable livelihood, the lawful profession of begging, till such time as ey are of a proper age to learn the rudiments of usic under the tuition of their father. But pilring I would by all means have them avoid; it irts the credit of the profession.

Now what a comfortable life must this be! A pertual concert of vocal and instrumental music! nd if Orpheus, with only his lyre, drew after him easts and trees (by which people are apt to imane that nothing more is meant than the country mpkins) what will not the melodious fiddle of ne of these professors do, when in union with the oice of his beautiful helpmate?

As for the marriage act, and guardians consent, nd such new-fangled stuff, I would by no means ave them pay any regard to it. For as the ladies, hen in town for the winter season, are generally

resident about Fleet-Ditch, a certain public-clergyman, who lodges in that neighbourho whom I would by all means recommend, t together half a dozen couple at a minute's t and the parliament be never the wiser,

I am, SIR,

Your most humble serv

Whereas two letters, signed A. Z. have be sent to Mr. Fitz-Adam; the first containin witty, but wanton abuse of a lady of great w distinction; the second full of scurrilous re against Mr. Fitz-Adam, for not publishing letter; this is to acquaint the writer of it, tha manners bear some little proportion to his wit not be admitted a correspondent in this paper.

No. 150. THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 13

To Mr. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

HAVING observed of late years, that ou gentlemen are endeavouring to rival the all the refinements and delicacies of dress, ornamenting the bosoms of their shirts with I have, for the good of my country, and the ment of my own sex, been contriving a m rendering jewels of use, as well as ornar the male part of the human species. It wa cient custom in several of the eastern count is the practice of some few nations at this v for women to wear jewels in their noses; t

of opinion, that as affairs now stand, it would not be improper to have this elegant piece of finery transferred from the ladies to the gentlemen.

It must indeed be acknowledged that this custom of ornamenting the nose has no where prevailed but in those heathenish and barbarous nations where the women are kept in constant subjection to their husbands; and therefore I suppose it took its origin from the tyrannical institution of the men, who put a RING in the wife's nose, as an emblem of her slavery. I apprehend also, that the wife, when she found she was to be *rung*, very wisely made a virtue of necessity, and added jewels to the RING, which served two purposes at once, that of making it costly to the husband, and rendering it ornamental to herself. But as in these politer and more christian countries, the barbarous institution of obedience from wives to husbands has been entirely laid aside, the ladies have judged it proper to throw off this badge of their subjection. And as in many instances our young ladies, and young gentlemen seem inclinable to invert the order of nature, and to recommend manly airs to the female sex, and effeminate behaviour to the men, I think it adviseable to comply with the just sentiments of the present generation, and, as I said before, to transfer this ornamental part of dress from the noses of the ladies to the noses of the men.

I find myself indeed inclinable to carry this institution of the RING a little farther, and would have every man whatsoever, whether married or unmarried, if he be of a right non-resisting and passively-obedient disposition, to be well *rung*. And for this use I would have a particular sort of *nose-jewel* invented, and established by public authority, which, by the emblem, or device, that was engraven upon it, should express the kind of subjection to which

the wearer was inclined to submit. And when these passive gentry were all enrolled under their proper banners, they might annually choose some one person of distinguished merit, who should be stiled, for the time being, grand master of the most honourable order of the RING.

There was a time, when all the laity of the whole christian world ought to have worn RINGS in their noses; and if the device had been a *triple crown*, it would not have been unexpressive.

The gentlemen of the army have sometimes taken it into their heads to *ring* every body about them; and we have had instances how able they have been, by the help of these RINGS, to lead both houses of parliament by the nose. The device engraved on those *nose-jewels* was, *The Protector*. At present indeed it is thought that the gentlemen of the law have a great superiority over the gentlemen of the army, and that they are preparing RINGS for all the noses in these kingdoms, under the well-conceived device of *Liberty and Property*.

It has been a maxim of long standing among statesmen, never to employ any person whatsoever who will not bear being *rung*; and as this very much depends on the shape of the nose, which ought to be of such a disposition as not to be refractory to a perforation, I would in a particular manner recommend it to all leaders of parties, to make the knowledge of the human nose a principal object of their study; since it is manifest that many of them have found themselves grievously disappointed, when they have presumed to count noses, without a sufficient investigation of this useful science.

As I have for many years taken much pains in the study of physiognomy, I shall for the good of my country, communicate through the channel of your

paper some of those many observations, which I have made on that remarkable feature, called the nose: for as this is the most prominent part of the face, it seems to be erected as a sign, on which was to be represented the particular kind of ware that was to be disposed of within doors. Hence it was that amongst the old Romans, very little regard was paid to a man without a nose: not only as there was no judgment to be made of the sentiments of such a person, but as in their public assemblies, when they came to reckon noses, he must of consequence be always omitted out of the account.

Among these ancient Romans the great offices of state were all elective, which obliged them to be very observant of the shape of the noses of those persons to whom they were to apply for votes. Horace tells us that the *sharp nose* was looked upon as an indication of satyrical wit and humour: for when speaking of his friend Virgil, though he says, *At est bonus, ut melior non alius quisquam*, yet he allows that he was no joker, and not a fit match at the *sneer* for those of his companions who had *sharper noses* than his own. *Minus aptus* (says he) *acutis* NARIBUS *horum hominum*. They also looked upon the *short nose*, with a little inflection at the end tending upwards, as a mark of the owner's being addicted to *jibing:* for the same author, talking of Mecænas, says, that though he was born of an ancient family, yet he was not apt to turn persons of low birth into ridicule, which he expresses by saying that he had not a *turn-up* nose. *Nec* NASO *suspendis adunco*. Martial, in one of his epigrams, calls this kind of nose the rhinocerotic nose, and says that every one in his time affected this kind of snout, as an indication of his being master of the talent of *humour*. But a good statesman will hardly think it worth his while to spend nose-

jewels upon such persons, unless it be to serve as you do swine, when you *ring* them only to them from *rooting*.

The Greeks had a very bad opinion of th *nose*. The remarkable story of Socrates an physiognomist is too well known to be partic repeated: but I cannot help observing tha most particular feature in the face of Socrat his nose, which being very flat, with a little i tion upwards towards the end, caused the ph nomist to pronounce him a drunken, impude lustful person; which the philosopher acknowl to be a true character of him, in his natural s

The Hebrews looked upon this kind of nose so great a blemish in a man's character, that th of the lineage of Aaron, his having a *flat nos* by the express command of Moses an absolut clusion from the sacerdotal office. On the hand, they held *long noses* in the highest estee the certain indication of a meek and patient Hence it is that in the book of Proverbs the nal words, which literally signify *he that has a nose*, are in our English translation, and by a terpreters, rendered, *he that is slow to wrath:* the words which signify *he that has a short nose* always translated, *he that is soon angry, or ha spirit*. I shall only remark upon this, that Welch, who are by no means the *slowest to a* have generally *short noses*.

The elephant is of all animals the most do and servile; and every body knows how remarl that creature is for the length of his snout. Th sometimes it happens that he is not altogeth patient of injuries as might be wished. Hami in his travels to the East-Indies, tells us of an *phant* of Surat, that was passing with his keep *his* watering place through the streets of that

who seeing the window open of a taylor's shop, and thrusting in his trunk in search of provision, received an affront from the needle of the taylor, as he was sitting at his work. The story adds, that the elephant went soberly on to water, and after drinking his usual draught, drew up a great quantity of mud into his trunk, and returning by the window of the taylor, discharged an inundation of it on his work-board. This was, I own, an unlucky trick; but we ought not to have a worse opinion of *long noses* in general for the sake of one such story, the like of which may not probably happen again in a whole century.

I have many more curious observations to make on the various kinds of noses, which for fear of exceeding the bounds of your paper, I shall reserve to another opportunity, when I intend to descant at large on the method of *ringing* them: for some men are of such untoward and restiff dispositions, that they are like the Leviathan mentioned by Job, into whose nose there is no putting a *hook*, as our translators render it, but the original word signifies a RING.

I am SIR,

Your most humble servant.

No. 151. THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 20, 1755.

I WAS lately subpœnaed by a card, to a general assembly at lady Townly's, where I went so awkwardly early, that I found nobody but the five or six people who had dined there, and who for want of hands enough to play, were reduced to the cruel necessity of conversing, till something better should

cffer. Lady Townly observed with concern and impatience, that people of fashion, now came intolerably late, and in a glut at once, which laid the lady of the house under great difficultics, to make the parties properly. That, no doubt, said Manly, is to be lamented; and the more so, as it seems to give your ladyship some concern: but in the mean time, for want of something better to do, I should be glad to know the true meaning of a term that you have just made use of, *people of fashion:* I confess I have never yet had a precise and clear idea of it; and I am sure I cannot apply more properly for information, than to this company, which is most unquestionably composed of *people of fashion*, whatever *people of fashion* may be. I therefore beg to know the meaning of that term: what are they, who are they, and what constitutes, I had almost said, anoints them, *people of fashion?* These questions, instead of receiving immediate answers, occasioned a general silence of above a minute, which perhaps was the result of the whole company's having discovered for the first time, that they had long and often made use of a term which they had never understood: for a little reflection frequently produces those discoveries. Belinda first broke this silence, by saying, one knows well enough who are meant by *people of fashion*, though one does not just know how to describe them: they are those that one generally lives with; they are people of a certain sort ——They certainly are so, interrupted Manly; but the point is, of what sort? If you mean by people of a certain sort, yourself, which is commonly the meaning of those who make use of that expression, you are indisputably in the right, as you have all the qualifications that can, or, at least, ought to constitute and adorn a *woman of fashion.* But pray, must all women *of fashion* have

all your accomplishments? If so, the myriads of them which I had imagined from what I heard every day, and every where, will dwindle into a handful. Without having those accomplishments which you so partially allow me, answered Belinda, I still pretend to be a *woman of fashion;* a character, which I cannot think requires an uncommon share of talents or merit. That is the very point, replied Manly, which I want to come at; and therefore give me leave to question you a little more particularly. You have some advantages, which even your modesty will not allow you to disclaim, such as your birth and fortune: do they constitute you a *woman of fashion?* As Belinda was going to answer, Bellair pertly interposed, and said, Neither, to be sure, Mr. Manly: if birth constituted *fashion*, we must look for it in that inestimable treasure of useful knowledge, the peerage of England; or if wealth, we should find the very best at the Bank, and at Garraway's. Well then, Bellair, said Manly, since you have taken upon you to be Belinda's sponsor, let me ask you two or three questions, which You can more properly answer than She could. Is it her beauty? By no means neither, replied Bellair; for at that rate, there might perhaps be a *woman of fashion* with a gold chain about her neck in the city, or with a fat amber necklace in the country; prodigies, as yet unheard of and unseen. Is it then her wit and good-breeding? continued Manly. Each contributes, answered Bellair, but both would not be sufficient, without a certain *je ne sçay quoy*, a something or other that I feel better than I can explain. Here Dorimant, who had sat all this time silent, but looked mischievous, said, I could say something—Ay, and something very impertinent, according to custom, answered Belinda; so hold your tongue, I charge you. You

are singularly charitable, Belinda, replied Dorimant, in being so sure that I was going to be impertinent, only because I was going to speak. Why this suspicion of me? Why! because I know you to be an odious, abominable creature, upon all subjects of this kind. This amicable quarrel was put an end to by Harriet, who on a sudden, and with her usual vivacity, cried out, I am sure I have it now, and can tell you exactly what *people of fashion* are: they are just the reverse of your *odd people*. Very possibly, madam, answered Manly, and therefore I could wish that you would give yourself the trouble of defining *odd people;* and so by the rule of contraries, help us to a true notion of *people of fashion*. Ay, that I can very easily do, said Harriet. In the first place, your *odd people* are those that one never lets in, unless one is at home to the whole town. A little more particular, dear Harriet, interrupted Manly. So I will, said Harriet, for I hate them all. There are several sorts of them. Your prudes, for instance, who respect and value themselves upon the unblemished purity of their characters; who rail at the indecency of the times, censure the most innocent freedoms, and suspect the lord knows what, if they do but observe a close and familiar whisper between a man and a woman, in a remote corner of the room. There are, besides, a sober, formal, sort of married women, insipid creatures, who lead domestic lives, and who can be merry, as they think, at home, with their own and their husband's relations, particularly at Christmas. Like turtles, they are true and tender to their lawful mates, and breed like rabbets, to beggar and perpetuate their families. These are very *odd women*, to be sure; but deliver me from your severe and august dowagers, who are the scourges of *people of fashion*, by infesting all public places, in order to

:e their spiteful remarks. One meets them
:y where, and they seem to have the secret of
tiplying themselves into ten different places at
e. Their poor horses, like those of the sun,
ound the world every day, baiting only at eleven
ıe morning, and six in the evening, at their pa-
churches. They speak as movingly of their
· *late lords*, as if they had ever cared for one
ther; and to do them honour, repeat some of
many silly things they used to say. Lastly,
e are your maiden ladies of riper years, orphans
istinction, who live together by two's and three's,
club their stocks for a neat little house, a light-
ied coach, and a foot-boy——And, added Bellair,
:rel every day about the dividend. True, said
riet, they are not the sweetest-tempered crea-
s in the world; but after all, one must forgive
ı some malignity, in consideration of their dis-
›intments. Well, have I now described *odd*
le to your satisfaction? Admirably, answered
ıly; and so well, that one can, to a great de-
at least, judge of their antipodes, the *people of*
ion. But still there seems something wanting;
he present account, by the rule of contraries,
ds only thus: that *women of fashion* must not
for their husbands, must not go to church,
must not have unblemished, or at least unsus-
ed reputations. Now, though all these are very
mendable qualifications, it must be owned they
›ut negative ones, and consequently there must
›ome positive ones necessary to compleat so
ıble a character. I was going to add, inter-
ed Harriet, which, by the way, was more than
gaged for, that *people of fashion* were properly
e who set the fashions, and who gave the *ton* of
s, language, manners, and pleasures to the town.
mit it, said Manly; but what I want still to

know is, who gave them that power, or d
usurp it? for, by the nature of that power,
not seem to me to admit of a succession, b
ditary and divine right. Were I allowed to
said Dorimant, perhaps I could both shor
clear up this case. But I dare not, unless I
to whom I profess implicit obedience, gi
leave. E'en let him speak, Belinda, said I
I know he will abuse us, but we are used
Well, say your say then, said Belinda. S
an impertinent sneer he has already. Up
Dorimant, addressing himself more particul
Belinda, and smiling, said,

——Then think
That he, who thus commanded dares to speak
Unless commanded, would have dy'd in silenc

O, your servant, sir, said Belinda; that fit
mility will, I am sure, not last long; but how
on. I will, to answer Manly's question, sai
mant, which by the way, has something th
a catechism. Who made these *people of f*
I give this short and plain answer; they m
another. The men, by their attentions and
make the *women of fashion;* and the wom
either their supposed or real favours, make
such. They are mutually necessary to each
Impertinent enough of all conscience, said I
So without the assistance of you fashionab
what should we poor women be? Why fa
plied Dorimant, but *odd women* I doubt,
should be but odd fellows without your frien
to fashion us. In one word, a frequent an
procal collision of the two sexes is absolu
cessary to give each that high polish which
perly called *fashion.* Mr. Dorimant has,
said Manly, opened new and important matte

my scattered and confused notions seem now to take some form, and tend to a point. But as examples always best clear up abstruse matters, let us now propose some examples of both sorts, and take the opinions of the company upon them. For instance, I will offer one to your consideration. Is Berynthia a *woman of fashion* or not? The whole company readily, and almost at once, answered, doubtless she is. That may be, said Manly, but why? For she has neither birth nor fortune, and but small remains of beauty. All that is true, I confess, said Belinda; but she is well drest, well bred, good-humoured, and always ready to go with one any where. Might I presume, said Dorimant, to add a title, and perhaps the best to her claims of *fashion*, I should say that she was of Belville's creation, who is the very fountain of honour of that sort. He dignified her by his addresses; and those who have the good fortune to share his reputation ——Have, said Belinda, with some warmth, the misfortune to lose their own. I told you, turning to Harriet, what would happen if we allowed him to speak: and just so it has happened; for the gentleman has almost in plain terms asserted, that a woman cannot be a *woman of fashion* till she has lost her reputation. Fye, Belinda, how you wrong me, replied Dorimant! Lost her reputation! Such a thought never entered into my head; I only meant mislaid it. With a very little care she will find it again. There you are in the right, said Bellair; for it is most certain that the reputation of a *woman of fashion* should not be too muddy. True, replied Dorimant, nor too limpid neither; it must not be mere rock-water, cold and clear; it should sparkle a little. Well, said Harriet, now that Berynthia is unanimously voted a *woman of fashion*, what think you of Loveit? Is she, or is she not one? If she is

one, answered Dorimant, I am very m
if it is not of Mirabel's creation.——I
lieve, said Bellair; for I saw him give
one night at the opera. But she ha
claims too, added Dorimant. Her for
not large, is easy; and nobody fears c
cations from her. She has a small l
own, which she has fitted up very pr
often *at home*, not to crowds indeed, l
of the best fashion, from twenty, occas
to two; and let me tell you, that noth
woman of Loveit's sort better rece
than being often *at home*. I own, said
I looked upon her rather as a genteel le
postscript to *women of fashion*. Perha
times the cover, answered Dorimant,
equal. You may joke as much as you
poor Loveit, but she is the best-humou
in the world; and I maintain her to b
fashion; for, in short, we all roll witl
soldiers say. I want to know, said B
you will determine upon a character
from the two last, I mean lady Lovel
woman of fashion? Dear Belinda, answ
hastily, how could she possibly come int
Very naturally, said Belinda; she has
and fortune; she is genteel and well-bre
said Harriet; but still she is handso
meaning, well shaped without air, ge
graces, and well drest without taste.
an insipid creature, she seldom come
lives at home with her lord, and so
tame, that she eats out of his hand,
her young ones to peck out of her
very odd, take my word for it. Ay,
water, said Dorimant, and, as I told
ago, that will not do. No, most cert

Bellair, all that reserve, simplicity, and coldness can never do. It seems to me rather that the true composition of *people of fashion*, like that of Venice treacle, consists of an infinite number of fine ingredients, but all of the warm kind. Truce with your filthy treacle, said Harriet; and since the conversation has hitherto chiefly turned upon us poor women, I think we have a right to insist upon the definition of you *men of fashion*. No doubt on't, said Dorimant; nothing is more just, and nothing more easy. Allowing some small difference for modes and habits, the *men* and the *women of fashion* are in truth the counterparts of each other: they fit like tallies, are made of the same wood, and are cut out for one another. As Dorimant was going on, probably to illustrate his assertion, a valet de chambre proclaimed in a solemn manner the arrival of the dutchess dowager of Mattadore, and her three daughters, who were immediately followed by lord Fornial, sir Peter Plausible, and divers others of both sexes, and of equal importance. The lady of the house, with infinite skill and indefatigable pains, soon peopled the several card-tables, with the greatest propriety, and to universal satisfaction; and the night concluded with flams, honours, best-games, pairs, pair-royals, and all other such rational demonstrations of joy.

For my own part, I made my escape as soon as I possibly could, with my head full of that most extraordinary conversation which I had just heard, and which, from having taken no part in it, I had attended to the more, and retained the better. I went straight home, and immediately reduced it into writing, as I here offer it for the present edification of my readers. But as it has furnished me with great and new lights, I propose, as soon as possible, to give the public a new and complete

system of ethics, founded upon these principles of *people of fashion*; as in my opinion, they are better calculated, than any others, for the use and instruction of all private families.

No. 152. THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 28, 1755.

Floriferis ut apes in saltibus omnia libant,
Omnis ego divum depascimur aurea dicta.
LUCRET.

To Mr. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR, OXFORD, *Nov.* 11th, 1755.

I HAVE, for a long time past, had a strong inclination upon me to become one of your correspondents; but from the habits contracted from this place of my education and residence, I have felt a certain timidity in my constitution, which has hitherto restrained me (pardon the expression) from venturing into the world. However, when I reflect that Oxford, as well as her sister Cambridge, has always been distinguished with the title of one of the eyes of England, I cannot suppose that you will pay so little respect to so valuable a part of the microcosm, as to reject my letter with disdain, merely because it comes dated to you from this ancient seat of learning; especially as I assure you, you shall see nothing in it that shall savour at all of that narrow and unsociable spirit, which was heretofore the characteristic of the productions of the college,

No, Mr. Fitz-Adam, though learning itself be my subject, I will not treat of it in a manner that shall disgust the politest of your readers; and though I write from a place, which, within the memory of many now living, enjoyed in some sort the monopoly of it, yet I will not lament the loss of that privilege, but am, with Moses, thoroughly contented that all the Lord's people should be prophets.

Indeed, the main business I am upon is to congratulate the great world on that diffusion of science and literature, which, for some years, has been spreading itself abroad upon the face of it. A revolution this, in the kingdom of learning, which has introduced the levelling principle, with much better success than ever it met with in politics. The old fences have been happily broken down, the trade has been laid open, and the old repositories, or storehouses, are now no longer necessary or useful, for the purpose of managing or conducting it. They have had their day; and very good custom and encouragement they had, while that day lasted; but surely our sons, or, at farthest, our grand-sons, will be much surprised, when they are told for what purposes they were built and endowed by our ancestors, and at how vast an expence the journeymen and factors, belonging to them, were maintained by the public, merely to supply us with what may now be had from every coffee-house, and Robin-Hood assembly. In short, it has fared with learning, as with our pine-apples. At their first introduction amongst us, the manner of raising them was a very great secret, and little less than a mystery. The expences of compost, hot-houses, and attendance, were prodigious; and at last, at a great price, they were introduced to the tables of a few of the nobility and gentry. But how common are they grown of late! Every gardener, that used to pride

himself in an early cucumber. [redacted] raise a pin
apple; and one need not [redacted] seeing the
sold at six a penny in C[redacted]nt-Garden, and becon
the common treat of t[redacted]iors and hackney-coac
men.

The university of London, it is agreed, ought
be allowed the chief merit of this general dissem
nation of learning and knowledge. The students
that ample body, as they [redacted]e less straitened by rul
and statutes, have been much more communicati
than those of other learned societies. It seems, i
deed to be their established principle to let nothi
stay long by them. Whatever they collect, in t
several courses of their studies, they immediat
give up again for the service of the public. Hen
that profusion of historians, politicians, and phil
sophers, with whose works we are daily amused a
instructed. I am told, there is not a booksell
within a mile of Temple-Bar, who has not one
two of these authors constantly in his pay, who a
ready, at the word of command, to write a book
any size, upon any subject. And yet I never hea
that any of these gentleman ever drank, in a regul
manner, of the waters of Helicon, or endeavour
to trace out that spring, by the streams of Cam,
Isis.

But it is not merely the regular book, or legi
mate treatise, which has thus abounded with lear
ing and science; but our loose papers and pa
phlets, periodical as well as occasional, are, for the
bulk, equally profuse of instruction. Monthly m
gazines, which, some years since, were nothi
more than collections to amuse and entertain, a
now become the magazines of universal knowled
Astronomy, history, mathematics, antiquities, a
the whole mystery of inscriptions and medals, m
now be had, fresh and fresh, at the most easy rat

from the repositories of any of these general undertakers. What an advantage is this to the modern student, to have his mess of learning thus carved out for him, at proper seasons and intervals, in quantities that will not over-cloy his stomach, or be too expensive to his pocket! How greatly preferable, both for cheapness and utility, is this method of study, to that of proposing a whole system to his view, in all the horrid formalities of a quarto or folio! Much praise and honour are undoubtedly due to the celebrated Mr. Amos Wenman, for reducing the price of punch, and suiting it to the capacities and circumstances of all his majesty's subjects; and shall not that self-taught philosopher, Mr. Benjamin Martin, the great retailer of the sciences, come in for some share of our acknowledgment and commendation?

I expect to be told, for indeed the objection is obvious enough, that since the streams of learning have been thus generally diffusive, they have, in consequence of that diffusion, been proportionably shallow. Now, notwithstanding the prejudice which may still prevail with a few grave and solemn mortals, against the shallowness of our modern learning, I should be glad to know what good purpose was ever served by all that profundity of science, which they and our ancestors seem so fond of. It was, as is allowed on all hands, confined to a very few of the candidates for literary reputation; and the many, who aimed at a share of it, waded out of their depths, and became a sacrifice to their own useless ambition. On the contrary, no one that I know of, ever had his head turned, or his senses drowned, in the philosophy of a magazine, or the critique of a news-paper. And thus the stream, which lay useless when confined within its banks, or was often

dangerous to those who endeavoured to fathom the bottom of it, has, by being drained off into the smaller rills and channels, both fertilized and adorned the whole face of the country. And hence, Mr. Fitz-Adam, have risen those exuberant corps of readers, as well as writers. The idea of being a reader, or a man given to books, had therefore something very solemn and frightful in it. It conveyed the notion of severity, moroseness, and unacquaintance with the world. But this is not the case at present. The very deepest of our learning may be read, if not understood, by the men of dress and fashion; and the ladies themselves may converse with the abstrusest of our philosophy with great ease, and much to their instruction.

To say the truth, the men of this generation have discovered that what their fathers called solid learning, is a useless and cumbersome accomplishment, incommodious to the man who is possessed of it, and disgustful to all who approach him. Something, however, of the sort, that sits light and easy upon us, we are willing to attain to: but surely, for this, there is no need of going to the expence of massy bullion, when our own leaf-gold, or a little foreign lacker, will answer the purpose full as well, and make a better figure in the world.

Give me leave, Mr. Fitz-Adam, to conclude with my congratulations to this place of academical education, on some happy symptoms I have lately observed, from whence it should appear that the manufacture of modern learning may, one day, be able to gain some footing amongst us. The disadvantages it lies under, from ancient forms and establishments, are, it is true, very great; the general inclination, I own, is still against it; and the geniusses of our governors are, perhaps as deep and as

solid as ever; but yet, I hope, we have a set of young gentlemen now rising, who will be able to overcome all difficulties, and give a politer turn to the discipline and studies of the university. I can already assure you, that the students of this new sect, amongst us, have advanced so far as to make the coffee-houses the chief and only places of application to their studies. The productions of your London authors are here taken in, as we call it, by subscription; and, by this means, the deepest learning of the age may be dived into at the small price of two or three shillings by the year. Thus the expences of university education are reduced, and the pockets of the young men are no longer picked by those harpies the booksellers.

I can see but one reason to suspect the probability of their not gaining a sure and certain settlement amongst us; and that is, the great shyness which is observed in all these gentlemanly students, with regard to the old-fashioned languages of Greek and Latin. The avenues to our foundations are, hitherto, secured by guards detached from the ancients. Our friends, therefore, cannot very safely enter into the competitions at college elections, where these are always retained against them. But who knows what time may bring forth? Fellows of colleges themselves may reform, and become mere moderns in their learning, as well as in their dress, and other accomplishments. I could even now point out some of these, who are better acquainted with the writings of Petrarch, Guarini, and Metastasio, than with those of Homer and Horace: and know more of Copernicus and Sir Isaac Newton, from the accounts given of them by Fontenelle, Voltaire, and Pemberton, than from the original works of those two philosophers. But I shall say no more at present, for fear of betraying

that interest, which it is the *sincere* purpose of this letter to improve and advance.

I am, SIR,

Your most humble servant,

NEO-ACADEMICUS.

No. 153. THURSDAY, DECEMBER 4, 1755.

HAVING been frequently pressed by Sir John Jolly (an old friend of mine, possessed of a fine estate, a large park, and a plentiful fortune) to pass a few weeks with him in the country, I determined last autumn to accept his invitation, proposing to myself the highest pleasure from changing the noise and hurry of this bustling metropolis, for the agreeable silence, and soothing indolence of a rural retirement. I accordingly set out one morning, and pretty early the next arrived at the habitation of my friend, situated in a most delicious and romantic spot, which (the owner having fortunately no TASTE) is not yet defaced with IMPROVEMENTS. On my approach, I abated a little of my travelling pace, to look round me, and admire the towering hills, and fertile vales, the winding streams, the stately woods, and spacious lawns, which, gilded by the sun-shine of a beautiful morning, on every side afforded a most enchanting prospect; and I pleased myself with the thoughts of the happy hours I should spend amidst these pastoral scenes, in reading, meditation, or in soft repose, inspired by the low of distant herds, the falls of waters, and the melody of birds.

I was received with a hearty welcome, and many shakes of the hand, by my old friend, whom I

not seen for many years, except once, when he was called to town by a prosecution in the King's-bench, for misunderstanding the sense of an act of parliament, which, on examination, was found to be nonsense. He is an honest gentleman of a middle age, a hale constitution, good natural parts, and abundant spirits, a keen sportsman, an active magistrate and a tolerable farmer, not without some ambition of acquiring a seat in parliament, by his interest in a neighbouring borough: so that between his pursuits of game, of justice, and popularity, besides the management of a large quantity of land, which he keeps in his own hands, as he terms it, for amusement, every moment of his time is sufficiently employed. His wife is an agreeable woman, of about the same age, and has been handsome; but though years have somewhat impaired her charms, they have not in the least her relish for company, cards, balls, and all manner of public diversions.

On my arrival I was first conducted into the breakfast room, which, with some surprize, I saw quite filled with genteel persons of both sexes, in dishabille, with their hair in papers; the cause of which I was quickly informed of, by the many apologies of my lady for the meanness of the apartment she was obliged to allot me, 'By reason the house was so crowded with company during the time of their races, which, she said, began that very day for the whole week, and for which they were immediately preparing.' I was instantly attacked by all present with one voice, or rather with many voices at the same time, to accompany them thither; to which I made no opposition, thinking it would be attended with more trouble than the expedition itself.

As soon as the ladies and the equipages were ready,

we issued forth in a most magnificent cavalcade; and after travelling five or six miles through bad roads, we arrived at the Red Lion, just as the ordinary was making its appearance upon the table. The ceremonials of this sumptuous entertainment, which consisted of cold fish, lean chickens, rusty hams, raw venison, stale game, green fruit, and grapeless wine, destroyed at least two hours, with five times that number of heads, ruffles, and suits of clothes, by the unfortunate effusion of butter and gravy. From hence we proceeded a few miles farther to the race-ground, where nothing, I think, extraordinary happened, but that amongst much disorder and drunkenness, few limbs, and no necks, were broken: and from these Olympic games, which to the great emolument of pickpockets lasted till it was dark, we gallopped back to the town through a soaking shower, to dress for the assembly. But this I found no easy task; nor could I possibly accomplish it, before my cloaths were quite dried upon my back; my servant staying behind to settle his betts, and having stowed my portmanteau into the boot of some coach, which he could not find, to save himself both the trouble and indignity of carrying it.

Being at last equipped, I entered the ball-room, where the smell of a stable over which it was built, the savour of the neighbouring kitchen, the fumes of tallow-candles, rum-punch and tobacco, dispersed over the whole house, and the balsamic effluvia's from many sweet creatures who were dancing, with almost equal strength contended for superiority. The company was numerous and well-drest, and differed not in any respect from that of the most brilliant assembly in London, but in seeming better pleased, and more desirous of pleasing; that is, *happier* in themselves, and civiller to each other.

I observed the door was blocked up the whole night by a few fashionable young men, whose faces I remembered to have seen about town, who would neither dance, drink tea, play at cards, nor speak to any one, except now and then in whispers to a young lady, who sat in silence at the upper end of the room, in a hat and negligee, with her back against the wall, her arms a-kimbo, her legs thrust out, a sneer on her lips, a scowl on her forehead, and an invincible assurance in her eyes. This lady I had also frequently met with, but could not then recollect where; but have since learnt, that she had been toad-eater to a woman of quality, and turned off for too close and presumptuous an imitation of her betters. Their behaviour affronted most of the company, yet obtained the desired effect: for I overheard several of the country ladies say, 'It was pity they were so proud; for to be sure they were prodigious well-bred people, and had an immense deal of wit:' a mistake they could never have fallen into, had these patterns of politeness condescended to have entered into any conversation. Dancing and cards, with the refreshment of cold chickens and negus about twelve, carried us on till day break, when our coaches being ready, with much solicitation, and more squeezing, I obtained a place in one, in which no more than six had before artificially seated themselves; and about five in the morning, through many and great perils, we arrived safely at home.

It was now the middle of harvest, which had not a little suffered by our diversions; and therefore our coach-horses were immediately degraded to a cart; and having rested during our fatigues, by a just distribution of things, were now obliged to labour, while We were at rest. I mean not in this number to include myself; for, though I hurried

immediately to bed, no rest could I obtain for some time, for the rumbling of carts, and the conversation of their drivers, just under my window. Fatigue at length got the better of all obstacles, and I fell asleep; but I had scarce closed my eyes, when I was awaked by a much louder noise, which was that of a whole pack of hounds, with their vociferous attendants, setting out to meet my friend, and some choice spirits, whom we had just left behind at the assembly, and who chose this manner of refreshment after a night's debauch, rather than the more usual and inglorious one of going to bed. These sounds dying away by their distance, I again composed myself to rest; but was presently again roused by more discordant tongues, uttering all the grossness of Drury-lane, and scurrility of Billingsgate. I now waked indeed with somewhat more satisfaction, at first thinking, by this unpastoral dialogue, that I was once more returned safe to London; but I soon found my mistake, and understood that these were some innocent and honest neighbours of sir John's, who were come to determine their gentle disputes before his tribunal, and being ordered to wait till his return from hunting, were resolved to make all possible use of this suspension of justice. It being now towards noon, I gave up all thoughts of sleep, and it was well I did; for I was presently alarmed by a confusion of voices, as loud, though somewhat sweeter than the former. As they proceeded from the parlour under me, amidst much giggling, laughing, squeaking and screaming, I could distinguish only the few following incoherent words—*horrible—frightful—ridiculous—Friesland hen—rouge—red lion at Brentford—stays-padded—ram's-horn—saucy minx—impertinent coxcomb.* I started up, dressed me, and went down, where I found the same polite company, who break-

fasted there the day before, in the same attitude, discoursing of their friends, with whom they had so agreeably spent the last night, and to whom they were again hastening with the utmost impatience. I was saluted with how-d'ye from them all at the same instant, and again pressed into the service of the day.

In this manner I went through the persecutions of the whole week, with the sufferings and resolution, but not with the reward of a martyr, as I found no peace at the last: for at the conclusion of it, sir John obligingly requested me, to make my stay with him as long as I possibly could, assuring me, that though the races were now over, I should not want diversions; for that next week he expected lord Rattle, sir Harry Bumper, and a large fox-hunting party; and that the week after, being the full moon, they should pay and receive all their neighbouring visits, and spend their evenings very sociably together; by which is signified, in the country dialect, eating, drinking, and playing at cards all night. My lady added, with a smile, and much delight in her eyes, that she believed they should not be alone one hour in the whole week, and that she hoped I should not think the country so dull and melancholy a place as I expected. Upon this information I resolved to leave it immediately, and told them, I was extremely sorry that I was hindered by particular business from any longer enjoying so much polite and agreeable company; but that I had received a letter, which made it necessary for me to be in town. My friend said, he was no less concerned; but that I must not positively go, till after to-morrow; for that he then expected the mayor and aldermen of his corporation, some of whom were facetious companions, and sung well. This determined me to set out that

very evening: which I did with much satisfaction; and made all possible haste, in search of silence and solitude, to my lodgings next door to a brasier's at Charing-cross.

No. 154. THURSDAY, DECEMBER 11, 1755.

STEPPING into a coffee-house in the Strand the other day, I saw a set of young fellows laughing very heartily over an old sessions-paper. The gravity of my appearance would not permit me to make any inquiry about what they were reading; I therefore waited with some impatience for their departure, and as soon as they were gone, took up the paper as it lay open, and found the subject of their mirth to have been the trial of a young lad of seventeen, for robbing a servant-maid of her pockets in St. Paul's church-yard. The evidence of the maid was in the following words;

'And please you, my lord, I had been with another maid-servant at Drury-lane play-house to see the Country-wife. A baddish sort of a play to be sure it turned out; and I wish it did not put some wicked thoughts into the head of my fellow-servant; for she gave me the slip in the play-house passage, and did not come home all night. So walking all alone by myself through St. Paul's church-yard, the prisoner overtook me, and would needs have a kiss of me. Oho! young spark, thought I to myself, we have all been at the play, I believe; but if a kiss will content you, why e'en take it, and go about your business; for you shall have nothing more from me, I promise you. This I said to myself, my lord, *while* the young man was kissing me; but, my lord,

e went on to be quite audacious; so I stood stock-till against the wall, without so much as speaking a ord; for I had a mind to see how far his impudence ould carry him. But all at once, and please you, hen I was thinking of no such thing, crack went ıy pocket-strings, and away ran the young man ith the pockets in his hand. And then I thought it as high time to cry out; so I roared out murder nd stop thief, till the watchman took hold of him, nd carried us both before the constable. And lease you, my lord, I was never in such a flurry in ıy life; for who would have thought of any such ıing from so good-looking a young man? So I tood stock-still, as I told you before, without so ıuch as stirring a finger; for as he was so young a ıan, I had a great curiosity to see how far his im-udence would carry him.'

The extreme honesty of this evidence pleased ıe not a little; and I could not help thinking that ; might afford a very excellent lesson to those of ıy fair readers, who are sometimes for indulging ıeir curiosity upon occasions where it would be rudence to suppress it, and for holding their ɔngues when they should be most ready to cry ut.

Many a female in genteeler life, has, I believe, ıdulged the same curiosity with this poor girl, ithout coming off so well, though the thief has ever been brought to the Old Bailey for the rob-ery he has committed: indeed, the watchmen are sually asleep that should seize upon such thieves, nless it be now-and-then a husband or a father; ut the plunder is never to be restored.

To say the truth, the great destroyer of female onour is curiosity. It was the frailty of our first ıother, and has descended in a double portion to lmost every individual of her daughters. There

are two kinds of it that I would particularly caution my fair countrywomen against: one is the curiosity above-mentioned, that of trying how far a man's impudence will carry him; and the other, that of knowing exactly their own strength, and how far they may suffer themselves to be tempted, and retreat with honour. I would also advise them to guard their pockets, as well as their persons, against the treachery of men: for in this age of play, it may be an undetermined point whether their designs are most upon a lady's purse or her honour; nor indeed is it easy to say, when the attack is made upon the purse, whether it may not be a prelude to a more dangerous theft.

It used formerly to be the practice, when a man had designs upon the virtue of a woman, to insinuate himself into her good graces by taking every opportunity of losing his money to her at cards. But the policy of the times has inverted this practice; and the way now to make sure of a woman, is to strip her of her money, and run her deeply in debt: for losses at cards are to be paid one way or other, or there is no possibility of appearing in company; and of what value is a lady's virtue, if she is always to stay at home with it?

A very gay young fellow of my acquaintance was complaining to me the other day of his extreme ill-fortune at piquet. He told me that he had a very narrow miss of completely undressing one of the finest women about St. James's, but that unfortunate repique had disappointed him of his hopes. The lady, it seems, had played with him at her own house, till all her ready money was gone; and upon his refusing to proceed with her upon credit, she consented to his setting a small sum against her cap, which he won and put into his pocket, and afterwards her handkerchief; but that staking both

cap and handkerchief, and all his winnings, against her tucker, he was most cruelly repiqued when he wanted but two points of the game, and obliged to leave the lady as well dressed as he found her.

This was indeed a very critical turn of fortune for the lady: for if she had gone on losing from top to bottom, what the last stake might have been, I almost tremble to think. I am apprehensive that my friend's impudence would have carried him to greater lengths than the pick-pocket's in the trial, and that he would hardly have contented himself with running off with her clothes: and besides, what modest woman, in such a situation, would object to any concessions, by which she might have recovered her clothes, and put herself into a condition to be seen?

Since my friend's telling me this story, I have been led into two or three mistakes in walking through the streets and squares of the politer part of this metropolis: for as I am naturally short-sighted, I have mistaken a well-dressed woman's taylor, whom I have seen coming out of a genteel house with a bundle under his arm, for a gentleman who has had the good fortune to strip the lady of her clothes, and was moving off in triumph with his winnings.

To what lengths this new kind of gaming might have been carried, no one can tell, if the ladies had not taken up in time, and put a stop to beginnings. A prudent man, who knows he is not proof against the temptations of play, will either keep away from masquerades and ridotto's, or lock up his purse in his escritore. But as, among the ladies, the staying at home is an impracticable thing, they have adopted the other caution, and very prudently leave their clothes behind them. Hence it is that caps, handkerchiefs, tippets, and tuckers are rarely

to be met with upon the young and handsome; f as they know their own weakness, and that the m are not always complaisant enough to play with the upon credit, they throw off at their toilettes all the coverings which they are in any immediate dang of losing at a *tête-à-tête*.

The ladies will, I hope, think me entitled to the thanks at least, for ascribing to their prudence th nakedness of dress, which inconsiderate and ign rant persons have constantly mistaken for wanto ness of indiscretion. At the same time I would r commend it to all young ladies, who are known be no gamesters, either to wear a covering on the necks, or to throw a cloak over their shoulders all public places, lest it should be thought that l displaying their beauties to attract the eyes of th men, they have a *curiosity*, like the maid-servant the trial, *to see how far their impudence will car them.*

To conclude a little seriously, I would entre my fair readers to leave gaming to the men, ar the indelicacies of dress to the women of the tow The vigils of the card-table will sully those beauti which they are so desirous of exhibiting; and th want of concealment render them too familiar t be admired. These are common observations, confess; but it is now the season for repeating an for enforcing them. Loss of time and fortune a the usual mischiefs of play; but the ruin does n always end there: for, however great may be th paradox, many a woman has been driven to sell h HONOUR, to redeem her credit. But I hope m country-women will be warned in time, and th they will study to deserve a better eulogy than wa once given, in a funeral oration, of a lady wh died at a hundred and five, 'that towards the la

'ter part of her life, she was exemplary for her 'chastity.'

No. 155. THURSDAY, DECEMBER 18, 1755.

To Mr. Fitz-Adam.

Sir,

I have the honour to sit at the feet of a Gamaliel in this city, in the capacity of a parish-clerk, which office I hold in commendam with the employment of an undertaker. The injuries I have suffered are so little cognizable by the laws of the land (till it shall please God to teach our senators so much wisdom as to amend them in this particular) that I have none to whom I can appeal, but the World; to whom I beg that you would please to present this my humble remonstrance and proposal.

I hope you will excuse the trouble I now give you, not only because I chuse to submit myself to the judgment of your court, but as I have reason to believe that the news-writers would not be faithful enough to lay this complaint before the public; these gentlemen being the very parties concerned, and against whom it is to be lodged.

My case, sir, is this. As I was one morning furnishing my head with the news of the day, to my great surprize I read a paragraph, which informed me that a very rich gentleman of our parish died the day before. This startled me, as I had never heard of his illness, and therefore had employed nobody to watch him in his last moments, and to bring me the earliest intelligence of his death, that I might not be wanting in my respects to the family by my condolence, and the offers of my service in

paying my last duties to so worthy a master. was apprehensive too, lest some sharper lookt might be before-hand with me, and run away the job. I therefore whipt on my black coat white perriwig, as fast as I could, to wait on disconsolate widow. I rung gently at the door, fear of disturbing her; and to the footman opened it, delivered my duty and condolence to lady, and begged, if she was not provided with undertaker, that I might have the honour to Mr. Deputy.

The servant gaped and stared, and from the concern he was under for the loss of his master I apprehended) was rendered so stupid, that seemed not readily to understand what I said. fore I could new-frame my message, to put it possible, into more intelligible words, I was my seized with the utmost horror and confusion, seeing the apparition of the deceased stalk out the compting-house, which opened into the pass where I stood. I observed a redness in his coun nance, more than was usual in *dead people;* and deed, more than he himself was wont to wear wl he was alive: and there was a sternness and sever in his features, beyond what I had ever seen in h before. Strait a voice more dreadful than thun burst out, and in the language of hell, sweari cursing, calling me a thousand names, and tell me he would teach me to play tricks with him, dealt me half a score such substantial blows, as p sently convinced me they could proceed from ghost. I retreated with as much precipitation a could, for fear of falling myself into the pit, wh I hoped to have dug for him.

Thus, sir, the wantonness of the news-papers d appointed me of furnishing out a funeral, depriv me of my dues as clerk, got me well thrashed, a

probably lose me the gentleman's custom for
r: for, perhaps, next time he dies, he will order
ther undertaker to be employed.
low, sir, is it not a shame, that people should
s die daily, and not a single fee come to the
k of the parish for a burial? and that the news-
ers, without commission from his Majesty, or
nce from Warwick-lane, should kill whom they
se, and we not get a shilling to comfort us in
midst of so much mortality?
here are other inconveniencies, though of an
rior consideration, which may attend this dying
print. A young heir at Oxford, just come of
, reads that his father was carried off by an apo-
tic fit such a day: catching the lucky minute,
marries that divine creature, his taylor's daugh-
before the news can be contradicted. When it
fear of the old gentleman's displeasure makes
bribe his new relations to secrecy for a while:
process of time he marries a lady of fortune and
ily by his father's directions: Tatterrella raves
h all the spirit and dignity of a lady of the Bri-
fishery; proves her prior marriage: not only
s, but records lady Mary a whore; bastardizes
children of the second venter, and old Snip's
ndson runs away with the estate.
low often have these disturbing papers whirled
expectants of places to town in their post-chaises,
whirl back again, with the old SQUEEZE, and
shall not forget you WHEN the place is vacant?
w often has even the reverend divine suffered the
lent concussions of a hard-trotting horse for
ve threescore miles together, to wait on a patron
benefice vacated by the Evening Post; where
has met with the mortification of smoaking a
e with the incumbent? Perhaps a lady too, whose
derness and sensibility could not permit her to

to attend her sick huſband to Bath, read
count of his death in the papers. What shri
faintings, what tears, what inexpressible
flicts the poor relict! And when she has
in half a week, as much as any reasonab
would do in a whole year, and (having
legacy of sorrow to his memory in th
which by the courtesy of England she mi
taken a twelvemonth for) begins to think
husband, home comes the *old one*, and talk
ture of the virtues of Bath-water. Whil
satisfaction the news-writers give this un
afflicted poor lady, is, 'The death of A
mentioned in these papers last week, prov
take.'

I know but one instance where any reg
parish-clerks has been had, or our interes
least taken care of in these temporary and oc
deaths; and that was a gentleman of rank,
generally reported and allowed for dead.
at law, not caring to bury the real body, for
best known to themselves, (though one
reasons might be because it was alive) yet c
of the reasonableness that a funeral should
demise, dug up a poor drowned sailor out of
the shore, into which he had been tumbled,
great solemnity interred the departed k
proxy. There was justice in this; every
his due. It was acting with the wisdom o
Athenian.

A practice of the Athenians may serve
swer to such (if any such there are) w
modern prejudices object to the funerals
not really dead. Our doctor told us in on
sermons upon regeneration, that among the
nians, if one who was living, were report
dead, and funeral obsequies performed fo

(which plainly implies their custom of celebrating funerals for persons who were dead in their news-papers, though they were not so in reality)—if afterwards he appeared, and pretended to be alive, he was looked upon as a prophane and unlucky person, and no one would keep him company. One who fell under this misfortune (it matters not for his name, though I think the doctor called him Harry Stonehouse*, or something like it) consulted the oracle how he might be re-admitted among the living: the oracle commanded him to be regenerated, or new-christened; which was accordingly done, and grew to be the established method of receiving such persons into community again.

And here in England before the reformation, as I am informed, it was usual when a rich person died, to celebrate yearly and daily masses, obits, and commemorations for him; so that one who died but once, should be as good as buried a thousand times over: but among us it is just the reverse; a man may die here a thousand times, and be buried but once.

However I hate popery, and would not wish the restoration of it: yet as I hope a christian country will not come behind-hand with a heathen one in wisdom and justice, permit me to recommend the practice of the Athenians before-mentioned, and petition the WORLD immediately to pass it into a fashion, and ordain that hereafter, every man living, who has been killed in the news-papers, shall account to the clerk of the parish where such decease is reported to have happened; or, if no place is specified, to the clerk of the parish where the person has resided for the greater part of the month preceding, for a burial fee: and also before he is ad-

* *Aristinus.*

mitted to any ball, rout, assembly, tavern, church, drum, or coffee-house, that he account to the said clerk for his regeneration, or new-christening fee; and in case the report was made without the privity and consent of the party, and if he shall be found not guilty of his own death, that then he shall have a fashionable demand upon the publishers for the recovery of both fees to reimburse himself.

This, sir, might put some stop to this very alarming practice, so grievously to the disappointment of widows, heirs, and expectants: or at least do some justice to that very respectable, but greatly injured body of parish-clerks, to which I have the honour to belong.

I am, SIR,
Your most obedient,
humble servant,
THOMAS BASSOON.

No. 156. THURSDAY, DECEMBER 25, 1755.

An ideo tantum venit, ut exires? MARTIAL.

To Mr. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

As I find you are a person who make the reformation of mankind your care, and stand forth like another Hercules to correct the irregularities and indiscretions which folly, vice, or that unmeaning fickle thing, called fashion, give birth to; I take the liberty of troubling you with my thoughts upon a species of animals, which at present are very numerous, and to be found in all public places of amusement. But though I am going to give you my re-

marks upon this race of beings, I must confess that I have never yet heard of any appellation by which they are distinguished. The futility indeed of the age, has occasioned many ridiculous and contemptible persons to rise up among us, who, without aiming at any laudable purpose, or acting under the dictates of any principle, have formed themselves into clubs and societies, and assumed names and titles, as innocent of sense and meaning, as are the persons themselves who bear them. Such are the *Bucks*, *Stags*, and *Bloods*, and many more with which the news-papers have from time to time made me acquainted. But the animals which I would now place under your notice, are of a very different kind; they are, in short, a species of young men, who from a certain blind impulse are always rambling up and down this town, and never fail to be present at all places of diversion, without having a taste or capacity to enjoy any.

Upon my going lately to a capital play, I saw several of them sitting indeed with great order and decorum, but so inattentive, so indifferent and unmoved through the whole performance, whilst the rest of the audience were all eye and ear, that they appeared to me to be so many statues. Their behaviour surprized me extremely, and led me at the same time to ask myself for what purpose those young sparks came to a play? and if, like Cato of old, it was *only to go away again*? For if they never attend to what passes before them; if they are not susceptible of those emotions, which a well-wrought scene raises in every feeling breast; if they do not follow the actor through all the sweet delusion of his art; in short, if they do not, as other people do, *laugh with those that laugh, and weep with those that weep*, what business have they there?

To judge *indeed* by their appearance, one would

imagine nothing could make them quit their tea-table and looking-glass. And yet, sir, no public place is free from them; though, as far as I can judge, the opera-house is their favourite haunt. To reconcile this seeming contradiction, I must inform you, that I have studied and examined them with great attention, and find their whole composition to consist of two ingredients only; these are *self-admiration* and *insensibility*; and to these two causes operating jointly and separately, all their actions must be referred. Hence it is, that they are always to be found in public places, where they go, not to *see*, but to be *seen*, not to *hear*, but to be *heard*. Hence it is, that they are so devoted to the opera; and here indeed they seem to be peculiarly directed by that power called *instinct*; which always prompts every creature to pursue what is best and fittest for it. Now, the opera is to them, if I may use the expression, a very nursing mother, which feeds them with the pap of its own soft nonsense, and lulls and rocks them to their desired repose. This is indeed their proper element, and as if inspired by the genius of the place, I have sometimes seen them brighten up and appear with an air of joy and satisfaction.

The mind, as well as the stomach, must have food fitted and prepared to its taste and humour, or it will reject and loath it: now the opera is so good a cook, and knows so well to please the palates of these her guests, that it is wonderful to see with what an appetite they devour whatever she sets before them: nay, so great is their partiality, that the same food drest by another hand shall have no relish; but minced and frittered by this their favourite, shall be delicious. The plain beef and mustard of Shakspeare (though served up by very good cooks) turn their stomachs, while the maccaroni of Rolli, is, in *their* opinion, a dish fit for the gods. Thus Julius

Cæsar, killed by the conspirators, never touches them: but *Julio Chefare*, killing himself, and singing and stabbing, and stabbing and singing, till swan-like, he expires, is *caro caro*, and *divino*. Scipio, the great conqueror of Afric, is with them a mighty silly fellow; but *Shippione* is a charming creature. It is evident then, that the food must be suited to the taste, as the taste to the food; and as the waters of a certain fountain of Thessaly, from their benumbing quality, could be contained in nothing but the hoof of an ass, so can this languid and disjointed composition find no admittance but in such heads as are expressly formed to receive it. Thus their insensibility appears as well in what they like, as in what they reject; and like a faithful companion, attends them at all times, and in all places: for I have remarked that, wherever they are, they bring a *mind not to be changed by time or place*. However, as a play is the very touchstone of the passions, the neutrality which they so strictly observe, is no where so conspicuous as at the theatres. There they are to be seen, one while when tears are flowing all around them, another when the very benches are cracking with peals of laughter, sitting as calm and serene, as if they had nothing but their own innocent thoughts to converse with.

Upon considering their character and temper, as far as they can be guessed at by their actions, and observing the apathy in which they seem to be wrapt, I once was inclined to think, that they might be a sect of philosophers, who had adopted the maxims of the stoics of old; but when I recollected that a thirst after knowledge, contempt of pain, and whatever is called evil, together with an inflexible rectitude in all their actions, were the characteristics of those sages, I soon perceived my mistake: for I cannot say that I ever found that these philosophers prac-

tine any of those virtues. To speak the truth, it is very difficult to know in what class to place them, and under what denomination they ought to pass. Were I to decide, I should at once pronounce them to belong to the vegetable world, and place them among the beings of still-life; for they seem too much under the standard of their species to be allowed to rank with the rest of mankind. To be serious, is it not strange that their heads and hearts should be impenetrable to all the passions that affect the rest of the world; nay, even more so than age itself, whose feelings Time with his icy hand has chilled, and almost extinguished? and yet age with all its infirmities is more quick, more alive and susceptible of the finer passions, than these sons of indifference in their prime and vigour of youth.

An old woman, whom I found at my side in the pit the other night, gave me an instance of the truth of this assertion. She did justice both to the poet and the actors, and bestowed her applause plentifully, though never but where it was due. At the same time I saw several of these inanimate bodies sitting as unconcerned, as if they had not known the language, or could not hear what was said upon the stage.

It is a proverbial expression (though perhaps a little injurious) to call an insipid and senseless person of the male sex an *old woman*. For my part, I was so charmed with mine, that I will make no disrespectful comparisons: but yet, sir, how contemptible must these triflers be, who can be out-done by a toothless old woman, in quickness, spirit, and the exertion of their faculties? From a regard then to that agreeable and sensible matron, I will not liken these *insensibles* to those grave personages; but yet I *cannot* forbear thinking that they approach very

near to what is most like old women, *old men*; and that they resemble the picture of those crazy beings in the last stage of life, as drawn by that inimitable painter of human nature, Shakspeare; for these young men, like his old men, are *sans eyes, sans ears, sans taste, sans every thing.*

I am, SIR,

Your faithful,

humble servant,

PHILONOUS.

P. S. The verses underneath upon the same subject as the letter, I venture to tack to it (like a bit of embroidery to a plain cloth) and if you think either or both deserving any notice, you may present them with my service to the gentle reader.

The INSENSIBLE.

While crowded theatres attentive sit,
And loud applauses echo through the pit,
Unconscious of the cunning of the scene,
Sits smiling FLORIO *with insipid mien.*
Fix'd like a standing lake, in dull repose,
No grief, no joy, his GENTLE *bosom knows;*
NATURE *and* GARRICK *no attention gain,*
And hapless WIT *darts all her stings in vain.*
Thus on the Alps eternal frosts appear,
Which mock the changes of the various year;
Intensest suns unheeded roll away,
"And on the impassive ice the lightnings play."

END OF VOL. XXVIII.

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JB -E. 4-

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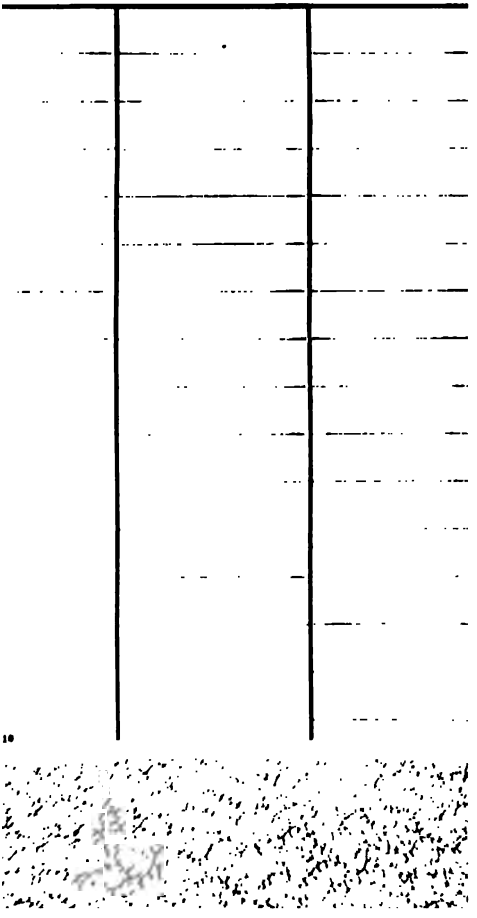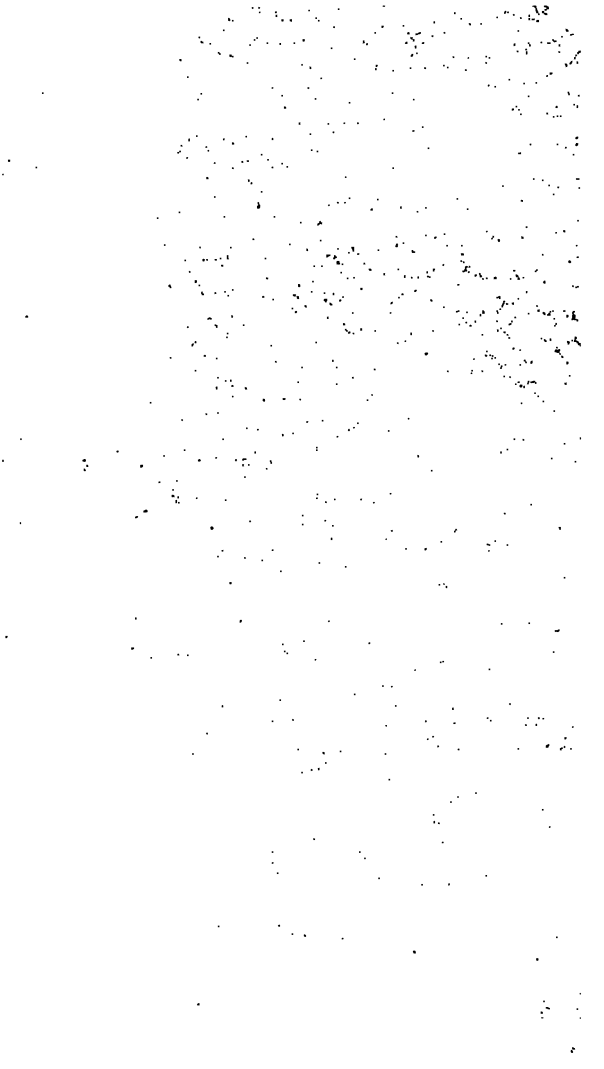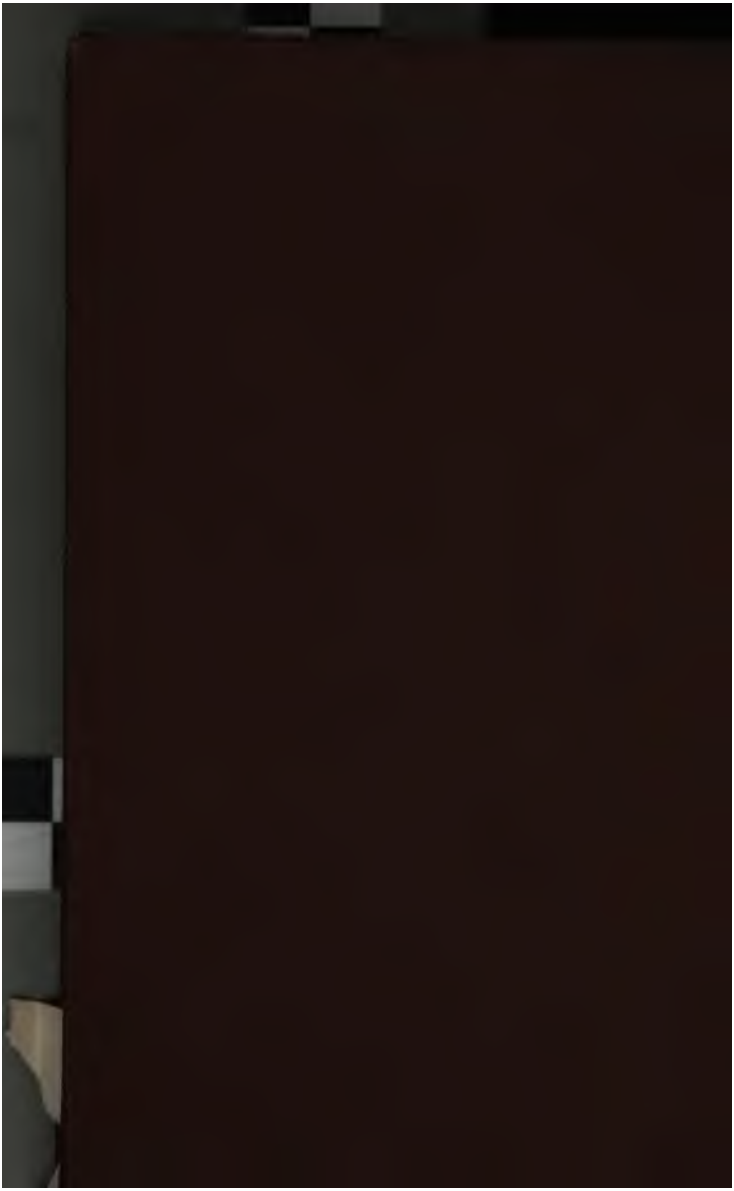
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